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LETTERS

The Administration

(Following are excerpts from two letters bearing on points raised in an NAR editorial [Summer 1970]:)

To the Editor:

The number of Americans killed in Southeast Asia as a result of hostile action through 20 June 1970 is 42,754, and the number who have died from causes other than hostile action through 20 June 1970 is 8,122. The number of casualties in the Vietnam conflict is reported accurately and the names of those who die of wounds or other causes, as well as those who are killed on the battlefield are published in the casualty lists released by the Department of Defense. The casualty figure generally appearing in the news media is for the number of deaths from hostile action. Sometimes the number of deaths from other causes (released separately but at the same time as non-hostile deaths) becomes combined with the number of hostile deaths and leads to an apparent inconsistency or impression of change. I am enclosing a sampling of our daily casualty lists and a copy of our latest statistical summary.

There are times when the next of kin, for reasons of their own, request that names of servicemen and the names and addresses of the next of kin not be released on our daily casualty lists. This occurs infrequently, however, and in all such cases the deaths are reported in the weekly statistical summary.

Your comment that during a week in February 1970, when the official death toll was announced as 88 (later revised to 123), the Oakland Army Base processed the arrival of 217 bodies flown from the war zones is not contradictory because the arrival of remains at Oakland is not related directly to death statistics for that week. Each Thursday, the Military Assistance Command Vietnam (MACV) in Saigon announces the weekly casualty figures. These are official figures and do not require revision or updating. The official casualty figures for the week ending 7 March 1970 were 88 deaths due to hostile action and 33 deaths due to other causes.

Personnel who die in the Far East are returned through the Oakland Army Terminal to their homes in the western, central and southern United States. They are brought to this country by air. Because they arrive on large aircraft, and due to logistical scheduling of aircraft the number of bodies at Oakland are not indicative of the number of U.S. killed in any specific week.

Jerry W. Friedheim
Principal Deputy Assistant Secretary
Department of Defense

To the Editor:

It should be noted that the White House is not able to answer all the mail that it receives. Because of this, priorities have been established. As much mail as feasible is answered which is critical of Administration policies when it is felt it would be meaningful.

Ronald L. Ziegler
Press Secretary to
The President

More Middle East

To the editor:

I am delighted to learn that Mr. Ben-Israel [NAR, Summer 1970] takes my "myths" to be contrived. He is not likely to be guilty of them, since he is familiar with the issues. I disagree, however, with the implication that "thinking people," for instance, do not believe the conflict to be a religious one. A host of clergymen I have heard, including Billy Graham, *do* think so.

Let's look at the heart of the matter, as discussed by Mr. Ben-Israel.

1. "The Arab view of Israel is the most significant and dangerous myth of all, the view that the state of Israel is itself a myth." Here Mr. Ben-Israel is playing with words. Surely the Arab refugees do not think that Israel is a myth. Surely Egyptians did not think that Israel was a myth, when they feared that any day Israeli planes could strike *anywhere* within Egypt. Non-recognition is not the same as presuming a non-existence. What is at issue is not the recognition of the existence of Israel's control over certain areas, but of the legitimacy of that control (other than on the basis of force, which of course is itself assumed to be an illegitimate basis).

2. He is quite right in stating that Arab states have steadfastly refused to recognize the Israeli nationhood (which I take to mean statehood), because any recognition implies a renunciation of claims to what to them are deemed to be inalienable territorial rights. Why is this so? Because Zionism sought the establishment of a state in a territory which had been settled dominantly by Arabs for almost one-and-a-half thousand years (or for longer, depending on how one defines "Arab"). Palestinian Arabs wonder: is this not enough of a claim for continued settlement? The real tragedy is not the refusal of the Arabs to recognize Israel; this is merely a consequence. The tragedy was the very establishment of an Israel in land belonging to others. (In 1945, Palestine's Jewish minority owned less than 6 per cent of the land.) Thus, the establishment of Israel, from a Palestinian Arab point of view, was an aggression, and that is why they cannot come to terms with it. The enormous wickedness of the early Zionist slogan that the Zionist movement aimed to "transport a people without a country to a country without a people" was referred to earlier this year as being

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"wrong in both its premises" by no less a Zionist than Dr. Nehum Goldmann in his celebrated April 1970 *Foreign Affairs* article.

One may counter: "Very well, let's say for the sake of argument that this is correct. But now Israel is there, and so let's start now, forget the past, and seek a settlement." The Palestinian Arab answer is simple indeed: how can a movement whose very *raison d'être* is a historical claim ask another movement to forget history? If Zionists did not forget after two thousand years, why should Arabs forget after twenty? Moreover, does the passage of time mean that a presumed injustice can be erased? Isn't the Jewish Documentation Center (based in Vienna) still hunting Nazi war criminals?

3. Ben-Israel is partially right in saying that in this conflict "one of the parties to it, the Arabs, seek victory in terms of the elimination of the other," and he is quite correct that the issue in the final analysis is not "the delineation of borders, but the very existence of a state." The Arab liberation movement seeks the non-existence of a for-Jews-only state, and suggests as a solution a secularization and de-Zionization of the state, so that there can evolve a country in which non-Jews can feel that they belong for no other reason than simply because this is the land of their forefathers for dozens of generations. It is no secret, I presume, that Israel welcomes, in fact actively seeks, Jewish immigrants, people whose *only* claim is that they are Jewish; nor is it a secret, surely, that Palestinian Arab refugees no longer "belong," no longer can live on their own property. The argument that surely Israel cannot permit a potential fifth column is fatuous and malicious: exactly why might these people become a fifth column? Precisely because they would not feel that they belonged in a for-Jews-only state established on their own land. Here we go back to the fundamental cause of the tragedy, the very establishment of an Israel: a Russian Jew, for example, has automatic rights to Palestinian territory simply because he is a Jew; a Palestinian Arab can claim no such rights simply because he is *not* a Jew.

4. "In 1948 Israel accepted the borders of the UN partition resolution until assaulted by Arab invasion." Correction: aggression was started by the Palestine Zionist community before a state of Israel was declared on May 14, 1948, when they occupied areas which had been allotted to the Arab state by the November 1947 UN resolution recommending the partition of Palestine. Ben Gurion, in his *Rebirth and Destiny of Israel*, writes (p. 296): "As April began, our War of Independence swung decisively from defense to attack." And on page 530: "Until the British left, no Jewish settlement, however remote, was entered or seized by the Arabs, while the Haganah (Zionist underground army), under severe and frequent attack, captured many Arab positions and liberated Tiberias and Haifa, Jaffa and Safad. The first town to fall to the Haganah was Tiberias. That was on April 18." (One may note the word "liberated," most recently used in connection with the seizure of Arab Jerusalem.) Such expansionism occurred before any army of an Arab state entered Palestine.

5. Ben-Israel refers to the "myth of expansionism" as being "engendered by the Arabs' own policy and behavior." Myth indeed! (a) In 1951 the Israeli Yearbook spoke of "that part of the country which we so far occupy." (b) The 1952 Yearbook stated that "the State has been established on a small part only of our true homeland." (c) A detailed city plan for the whole of Jerusalem existed in the 1950's, well before June 1967. (d) The official Survey of Israel, on a scale of 1:100,000 and consisting of 26 maps, appeared in the early 1960's. Two sheets, numbers 9 and 12, contain not one square inch of land under Israeli occupation. The sheets are labeled "Survey of Israel," and there is no indication on them that the territory is Jordanian, or even as under Jordanian administration. (e) I have an English translation of a Hebrew book, *Geography of Israel* by Efraim Orni and Elisha Efrat, printed in Jerusalem (Israel) in 1963; the English translation is dated 1964. Not only does the book include quite casually Jordan's West Bank in the discussion, also a whole chapter is entitled "Transjordan," including such areas east of the Jordan River as Gilead, Ammon, Moab, and Edom. (f) During the abortive mid-1950's talks about regional water development, Israel's 1954 Cotton Plan made claim to Litani waters. The Litani River rises in Lebanon, flows entirely in Lebanon, and empties into the Mediterranean in Lebanon. (g) I have a copy of a map distributed by the Israeli Ministry of Tourism to visitors to historical sites "in Israel." (This map was issued after June 1967.) It has no boundaries other than the 1967 cease fire lines, so that such places as Hebron, Bethlehem, Jericho, as well as Arab Jerusalem are assumed to be within Israel.

Even more telling than the above examples is the very essence of the Zionist movement: that a certain people gravitate towards a territory allotted to them by divine Providence and by ancient history. If the people living in this land reject the movement, then the movement has to engage in aggression to achieve the most minimal success. Israel's successes, I should think most will agree, have been more than minimal. As one Palestinian Arab intellectual recently quoted by *Newsweek* put it: "A moderate Israeli is someone who is less expansionistic, while a moderate Arab is one who is more submissive."

6. "One looks forward to the day when there will be many who will display readiness to reappraise in objective and critical spirit the assumptions to which they have clung for so long and which have spawned only arid warfare, human misery, and the untold wastage of resources that should go to needy populations." I believe that Israel's young generation is now beginning to produce such individuals, such as members of the Israeli Socialist Organization and of the Israeli Revolutionary Action Committee.

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AMERICAN EYE

DYLAN HAS A SONG THAT BEGINS, "IF YOU'RE TRAVELIN' IN THE NORTH COUNTRY, FAIR . . ."

SAINT NORBERT

January

It is difficult to find Saint Norbert on a map of Manitoba. But if you follow Highway 75 north from the border to Morris and then Agathe and then go just a few miles farther you will come to Saint Norbert; Winnipeg is a dull glow on the horizon to the north. Saint Norbert is a tiny place on the prairie, nothing much more than an Oblate Fathers Novitiate, a few stores, a house or two and a hotel with a "beverage room." Outside on the beverage room parking lot it is dark and the snow is crusted and rutted and the wind flows unhindered and the temperature is thirty-two degrees below zero.

Inside the beverage room it is 7:30 p.m. The room is sixty, maybe eighty feet long with a bar at one end and a platform, perhaps a foot high, twelve feet square, to the right. On the platform is a four man Caribbean band playing whining island music. From time to time the leader of the band sings slightly suggestive songs. "Workin' for the Yan-KEE dol-lar bill" is his favorite. "Mon!" The beverage room is packed with people; tables are tight together, every chair is filled; there is scarcely a passage to walk through the room, waitresses struggle with trays of "Blues" through zig-zag gaps. Much of the crowd is noisy. There are drunks in wool shirts and heavy jeans yelling, some in ragged French and some in English. There are some quiet couples, the husband in a Montgomery Ward suit, the wife with her skirt well below her knees, sitting straight. But no one appears to be listening to the Caribbean band.

Promptly at 8 p.m. the Caribbean band dismantles its electric guitars and moves the drum to one side of the platform. The crowd quiets. A tall blonde girl with a long heavy wool cape wrapped around her comes in from the parking lot door and zigzags her way towards the platform. She has a blank, symmetrical face with a great deal of black eye paint, long false eyelashes. She is followed as she squirms through the maze of tables by a tall gaunt man with a hawk face, an overcoat over one arm, wearing what must be a zoot suit, wide shoulder padding, stripes, big cuffs. He is carrying a phonograph record. The girl goes to the platform-stage and throws off the cape. She is dressed in a red spangled brassiere and red shiny panties that are not tiny and V-shaped like bikinis but more U-shaped, like the white cotton panties housewives buy at Penneys to wear under their jeans while doing the housework—only hers are red and shiny. She stands there, motionless, staring expressionless at the packed room. Her ponce has taken his phonograph record to a little room behind the bar. The crowd has quieted.

The bartender walks to the microphone on one side of the platform; "Ladies and Gentlemen, TEQUILA-A-GO-GO!"

The ponce in the little room puts the record on the loud speaker hook-up. It is Elvis Presley singing "Blue Suede Shoes." Tequila begins grinding her pelvis, moving the Penneys red panties in regular, mechanical circles, not much movement from front to back, no explicit jerks or bumps, mostly just around and around. Her hands fondle her brassiere. The record ends and she stops moving, automatically. The ponce has another record. It is "Night Train." Tequila begins again the mechanical circles. Her hands fondle her brassiere, she lowers one strap, pulls down the cup and fondles the naked breast, looking down at it, smiling.

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There is something maternal in the action. The record ends. She replaces the strap and puts on the cape, wrapping it tightly about her body. She begins zig-zagging towards the door, the ponce following carrying the records. The crowd becomes noisier. The Caribbean band begins moving the drum back into the center of the platform.

THE GHOST OF ROBERT BLY

> "That's a hell of a literary anecdote," Pop said, "Who's Joyce?"
>
> *Green Hills of Africa*

August

Big Deb Wylder sat in a booth at the Bemidji Bridgeman Dairy Store with a wide-brimmed western hat on his head, wearing a black and red plaid shirt and wheat jeans. He was eating a Bridgeman cheeseburger.

"Bly was just too good," he said, "too good."

The Bridgeman Dairy Store is four blocks from the campus of Bemidji State College where the "First Annual Upper Midwest Writers' Conference" was going on. Bemidji, Minnesota, is a little northern swamp town that in January is often the coldest spot in the United States, touched by Lake Bemidji, surrounded by Indians now more or less friendly, dotted with Indian curio shops for the summer tourists where the tourists can buy beaded moccasins and the pelts of wild animals and toy tomahawks and snowshoes in a variety of shapes. In the early spring a fraternity puts an old automobile on the ice of Lake Bemidji and people pay fifty cents to guess the minute and the day the automobile will slip through the ice beneath the water and the winner gets a prize. Near Highway 2 at the edge of town there is a museum with rows of beaded moccasins in glass cases, long-stemmed Indian pipes in other glass cases, and a special room with a deep pit close by the door. The pit is lit with a kind of greenish light and at the bottom of the pit is the skeleton of an Indian with several bones missing. Admission is fifty cents.

And now the college was having a north country writer conference and Robert Bly had driven up from Madison and stayed a week and the college people couldn't stop talking about him. His presence sort of floated in the air, permeated things, overwhelmed people, a literary Paul Bunyan or maybe a north country Neal Cassady if Ginsberg or whoever it was hadn't dropped Cassady's manuscript overboard.

Bill Elliott, sitting next to Deb Wylder, put his sandwich down and looked at Holly. "When Bly got up there last night and read, I've never seen anybody do a thing that well. He read a lot of his Nam stuff — part of 'The Teeth Mother Naked at Last' and 'Driving Through Minnesota During the Hanoi Bombings' and stuff like that. Him and David Ray up on the stage and at one time Bly asked Ray to recite one of Ray's poems and Ray couldn't remember it, or he said he couldn't, and Bly put his arms around Ray's neck and sort of rocked back and forth and Bly recited the poem for him, you know, over his shoulder, and Ray just rocked with him and laughed and my god the people in the audience went nuts. Just nuts. Wild. Man, that's the wildest thing I've ever seen in Bemidji; that crowd wouldn't stop."

He took a bite of his California-burger. Holly was drinking a milk-shake and she took the straw out of her mouth and asked Elliott, "Has he left? Is Bly still here in Bemidji?"

"He left right after the reading last night, drove off in his camper headed south."

John Milton and Robert Tucker sitting with us drank their shakes in their beards and nodded.

Someone said Bourjaily and Ignatow had been pretty good too when they were at the conference.

"It's too bad Sig Olson couldn't come. He knows more about the north country than anybody."

"You're right. But man, you should have heard that Bly."

"He is good, all right. It's funny *TLS* didn't think much of him in London."

"That *Times Literary* thing really made me mad. They said Bly was self-righteous," Holly said, "self-righteous in those Nam poems. That really made me mad. It doesn't make any difference what you do or how you try, somebody's going to try to get at you. Boy, those guys made me mad."

Up in Elliott's office in the English department a man came in with some 8 x 10 photographs — Bly and Ray and Elliott; Bly and Wylder; Bly and Milton; Bly and Ray and Wylder; Bly and Elliott; Bly. He was dressed in what appeared to be an old army shirt and jeans and he looked very tired.

So Holly and I stood there with Wylder and Elliott and looked at the photographs, one by one, and Holly said yes that one's good and this one is kind of blurred, isn't it? Elliott decided to put some of them up on the bulletin board next to a picture of him receiving $1000 from a foundation for a story he'd written, which is a pretty good thing you must admit. And we watched as he pinned the photographs up and then Wylder said it was time to go in the classroom and do whatever it was I was going to do before the twenty-four students enrolled in the "Poetry Section." The first thing that happened there was a girl in the back of the room raised her hand and I said, "Yes?" and she said, "Did you hear Robert Bly read last night?"

Later on in the afternoon, driving through town on our way to Duluth, we stopped at a kind of stationery book store and Holly bought a copy of the *I Ching*, and I was looking at a row of Sig Olson's books — *The Singing Wilderness* and all the rest — and I asked the clerk if she had a copy of *The Light around the Body*.

"No, I don't think so," she said. "Who wrote it?"

KENORA

July

The encyclopedia will tell you that the important things in Kenora are the lumber, flour, pulp and paper mills, but in Kenora the real subject

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is Indians. There at the head of the Lake—the Lake of the Woods—with all of that water stretching south past Sioux Narrows and Whitefish Bay, miles of it full of fish and islands, the banks dense with pine, running south maybe one-hundred miles almost to the border at International Falls, there in Kenora with the new Kenora Holiday Inn circular and shining and the grocery stores selling corned beef at $2.00 a pound and special tenderized ham slices and bits of exotic pickled fish and white meat turkey slices at $2.50 a pound and cheeses from Denmark specially wrapped, all for the rich tourists from the States who come to the north woods to get away from it all and get close to nature, it's the damned Indians that cause the trouble.

There are too many Indians and they drink and get very drunk. They come to town and get drunk and lie in the streets and fall on the sidewalks; they fight.

A scientific-medical-type study is made and establishes with near certainty that alcohol affects Indians quicker and harder than it does non-Indians. Hormones or something. CBC or somebody does a Documentary on Kenora. Kenora has 10,904 citizens and taxes are high and the city cannot hire enough police to pick up all of the drunk Indians off the streets, especially on Saturday. And anyway, even if someone could pick them all up, where would they be kept? There is a need for a larger jail, a much larger jail. "Perhaps," someone says on the Documentary, "Ontario should acknowledge that the Indians are a provincial problem and most of them don't even live in Kenora but out in the woods and places and the province should contribute to the cost of more police and a bigger jail."

The camera focuses on a man, prone on the sidewalk, arms flung outward, one dangling over the curb into the street. A group of men in faded plaid shirts and jeans, brown faces, soft felt hats, lurch past the fallen man; one of their members veers or stumbles to the right and collides with a lady carrying a shopping bag. She is startled and drops the bag; what appear to be five or six oranges roll out of the bag. One of the men picks up an orange and puts it in his pocket and continues unsteadily down the sidewalk.

A counter-proposal is made on the Documentary: let the Indians set up a sort of Indian drying-out half-way house where they could take their own people and then the city wouldn't have to police the problem. The Issue is debated.

Two tourists walk towards the Safeway to get some special tenderized ham and a few slices of turkey, make sandwiches, take them out on the lake. The sidewalk is full of people, people pushing, stumbling. It is Saturday. All of the Indians are in town. A man, brown face, faded blue jacket, jeans, soft felt hat moves, half falls, out of the curio shop doorway and smashes the tourist in the face with a fist. The Indian lurches away, down the street and leans against the drug store window, staring at the sidewalk. He does not look back at the tourist. The tourist's nose is bleeding a bit and he dabs at it with a white handkerchief. What are you going to do?

DULUTH

"-write me a letter from Duluth
tell me how things are with you."
Frank Polite
"Letter from Duluth"

June 7, 1920

Editor
Duluth *Herald*

The other evening I recognized my own thoughts put into words when I read "Duluthians are as cold as the Climate." I want to say that "Lonesome Stranger" knows what he is talking about. I also have traveled somewhat extensively and will admit that this town is the worst place I have ever struck. The people of this town are all serious souls, full of the gloom of living. It is a town that gives you the least for your money and gets the most out of you.

No "Stranger" you are not too hard on the Duluthians, for they are colder than the climate — and as for the town — well, it should have been buried forty years ago.

I. M. WRIGHT

The lake boats and the foreign ships — Japanese and French and British — come through the Saint Lawrence Seaway up the lakes to Duluth-Superior, right in the middle of the continent, 150,000 people at the bottom of the Great Canadian Shield, surrounded by fragments of the Canadian north woods, two-hundred-fifty miles south of Kenora, ringing the very southernmost tip of Lake Superior. And here in the center of the continent there is much boat talk — self-unloaders and crane boats and bow thrusters and straightdeckers and whalebacks — but the talk is mainly inland lake talk so the vessels that carry the iron ore from the Mesabi and the grain from the Dakotas down to the lower lake ports like Detroit and Chicago are "boats" or sometimes "steamboats" but never "ships" even though they might be six hundred feet long, and the deckhands and wheelsmen aboard say, "I'm goin' back-aft," so there's no doubt of the direction. Mostly they're midwesterners or north country boys and they didn't grow up with salt water talk. But the foreign vessels that come to take away the powdered milk and the wheat are usually "ships," even though some of them aren't much more than half the size of the ore boats.

Over at the shipyard in Superior it is June and maybe the Hillman Junior is in the dry dock, up on wooden skids, and the riveters are working on her hull, standing some under her and some beside her, wearing colored hard hats, yellow and silver and red, the color indicating the wearer's job. The deck is forty feet above. The rivets are red-white hot in the brazier beside the hull and the man with the tongs picks one out and tosses it to a man under the hull who catches it in a funnel and the riveter jams the red-white hot rivet into the Hillman and they yell over the noise of the riveter. It all looks very easy, but it is not.

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In January, when the lake is frozen and the harbor closed, the light house dark and all the marker buoys out of the water that is now ice, some of the ore boats lay up at the shipyard, angle on angle, maybe a dozen boats frozen in the ice, looking almost like toys flung carelessly. You drive over the high bridge right above the boats frozen in at angles to one another and you're almost close enough to reach out and touch the stacks, like the hard hats of the workers painted in color and design codes for identification — black with a big white W, a huge star, silver and black for the Pittsburgh fleet, the biggest on the lakes. It's a tough, cold, metallic place, this shipyard in the middle of the continent, all cranes and angles and rivets and plates of steel, all set not half-a-mile from the woods with the white birches and the pines and the mountain ash.

Across the bridge and through Duluth, to the north a bit, surrounded by white birches and the pines and the mountain ash, is a very large Air Force installation that sends sophisticated aircraft aloft daily to seek in the skies above the lake and the woods unfriendly aircraft presumably bent on destroying Chicago or maybe Detroit. So far as is known, no such unfriendly aircraft has been sighted during the past ten years, but the search continues daily.

Nevertheless, with the coming and going of the boats and the ships, moving from April to early December back and forth to the outside world, with the sophisticated aircraft aloft daily scouring the skies, Duluth and Superior remain locked in, isolated, caught by the cold nature of the North—not mid-west, you understand; *North*. The North of blowing snow and unbroken miles of trees and portages into hidden lakes and the short summer growing season and the cautious reserve of a Scandinavian tradition that mistrusts the outside world and tells jokes about Olaf "who came back from Minneapolis because he couldn't stand the heat down there."

There is a certain suspended, limbo quality to this north woods life. There are no riots, no protest violence, no civil disorders. There is some vague, indefinable urge to preserve a woods-like simplicity to life, even though there are 150,000 people around; not let life become driven, hurried, technologized like life is imagined to be elsewhere.

"I took a Greyhound bus from here to Saint Louis and back last week," a friend said the other day. "I'm glad I'm back. We're lucky to be living here. There are terrible things happening in this nation. I only saw one smiling face from the time I left Duluth 'til I got back and do you know where I saw that? It was a little nigger boy pissing on a wall in an alley in Saint Louis."

Now a man from Minneapolis has opened a bookstore on Superior street where he sells a variety of films and books and magazines which local law enforcement officials consider "obscene." He is presently charged with several hundred counts of selling obscene materials. The city council is tripling the fine for such misdemeanors.

July 12, 1969

Editor
News Tribune

Sir: I have been reading good articles on the subject and I favor parks for our own people who need good recreation. In regard to arrests for the selling of literature alleged to be pornography, why discriminate about this one thing when there are so many unfit films shown in the theatres.

Why not have clean pictures only, not the kind of pictures we would not want young people to imitate in real life?

I am a mature man who gets around and I would not waste time and cost watching TV.

Let's clean up the picture shows, some of the dance halls and clubs which seem to get away with anything.

Also, I've seen young boys put their money in cigarette vending machines — which should be stopped. Why not clean up, and stop all detrimental things that our young people are allowed to see or to use? Let's stop it all, not a particular few.

For Clean Duluth

Perhaps it is impossible to become *l' homme engagé* in Duluth. At a party I was standing beside a faculty wife, young, just new from California. "The other day," she said, "this woman called and she wanted me to join SANE and I was telling her about some of the things Ronald Reagan was doing to California, it's just awful what he's done, you know. She said down in Madison they were MACING students all the time. We were talking like that, get the picture? Well, I looked out the window in the back and there was a deer or maybe it was a moose over by the garbage can. I said, 'Look, dear, I'd love to talk about this more but there's this animal in the yard and I'd better knock off the talk and call somebody.' "

A moose is a very large animal which, reportedly, can destroy a VW by simply kicking it apart.

BAYFIELD

May

You have to go to Bayfield by automobile or by boat; there is no bus, no railroad, no air service. Bayfield is a fishing village on the south shore of Lake Superior. You come around a curve on Highway 13, just after the Red Cliff Indian reservation where VISTA workers sometimes work with the Chippewas and you come around the curve and you are at the top of a hill and below you, below you on the road, is Bayfield, 960 people, white clapboard houses somewhat like New England but very weather-beaten and not carefully preserved, with the lake blue and green on your left and the Apostle Islands — Outer Island and Michigan Island and the biggest of them all, Madeline Island — to your left. If it is spring and morning the sun is on the lake and there are apple trees in bloom on your right and you can see the ferries — the Gar-How and the Island Queen and the Nichevo, which was built in the shipyard in Superior, seventy miles west. The Gar-How is

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half way to Madeline Island, carrying cars and people the three miles to the island dock at La Pointe; the Island Queen and the Nichevo are tied up at the wooden dock at the foot of Bayfield's main street and cars are driving onto them, carefully, perhaps ten cars on each ferry, $2.50 one-way to the island. And it is very beautiful to look down on this from the top of the hill above the town, the islands out there covered with pines and the Gar-How making white patterns of wash in the blue water and the herring gulls circling over the little brown tug-shaped fishing boats moving out towards Outer Island. It is very beautiful, the greens and blues and browns and the moving white and the smell of the apple blossoms.

Down the hill into town is the Bayfield Inn on a little rise of land with a lawn stretching down to the water and in the middle of the lawn a gazebo, once painted white. In the dining room of the inn you can sit and watch the ferries and listen to the conversation of the Bayfielders at the next table. Because it is spring, the conversation will be about apples and strawberries and fish and the price of land on the island. If it were winter, the conversation would be about fish and the depth of the ice on the lake and the price of land on the island.

Or you can sit in the dining room and eat lake trout, the Nichevo moving through the opening in the breakwater, heading for La Pointe, and talk to Fred who more or less runs the inn and who wants to talk about education and social problems and is concerned about the general state of the world. He sits there in an expensive grey striped shirt, a Hathaway most probably, wearing suspenders and looking sleepy, always sleepy. I tell him about the writers' conference coming up in Bemidji in August.

"Is there any real north writing?" he says, his eyelids drooping low. I can barely see his eyes.

"Well there's Sig Olson up in Ely. He writes a lot of books, but I don't know if they're exactly literature — it's more like kind of a nature religion. He says things like, 'I go out into Nature to get the kinks out of my soul.' Kind of a nature-freak. It's too romantic to work, though; he sort of ignores things like the Kenora Indians. They live in the woods and it hasn't done a hell of a lot for them."

It is impossible to tell whether or not Fred is interested in this subject for he appears almost to sleep, but he looks up and says, "You know any others?"

"Well, Sinclair Lewis lived in Duluth for a while and wrote *Cass Timberlane* mostly about Duluth and there's some pretty good descriptions there, but mostly I don't think he was North so much as mid-west."

Fred sits there sleepy and out beyond the breakwater a brown fishing boat moves slowly, the gulls sweeping the skies over her. Apparently Fred does not want to talk any more about literature and he starts to leave for the kitchen and I say, "There's Robert Bly. He's pretty good, but he's not really North either; he's more central plains, or else international, depends on how you look at it. There used to be Frederic Philip Grove; he did some good Canadian things."

Fred sits back down and takes a piece of paper out of his pocket and smoothes it out and draws an arrow → on it with a Magic Marker. "Now I don't know much about literature, but the way it seems to me, it's kind of like this line, living up here in this country, our kind of life goes in this direction, like the boats out there and the lake and the Indians up at Red Cliff." He draws another arrow going the opposite direction and at an angle ↖ "That's writers. The two haven't got together right yet, like this . . . ." He draws two more lines ⇒ . "If they did, we'd probably get some literature, but they may not be able to make it because things get in the way . . . ." He goes on talking like this, making more arrows and X marks and two big O marks around one of the arrows, then ✓ and a series of plus signs +++, these all over the paper, talking earnestly all the while, his eyelids drooping, giving meaning to all of these signs he is putting on the paper, connecting some of the signs with dotted lines and leaving other isolated. I watch the Gar-How move out of the harbor and pretty soon I am not exactly certain what Fred is saying and what all these marks mean, but it seems that in some complicated way he is saying the North is better done by photograph than by word. And I say, "You know, Fred, I hadn't thought about that before, but you might be right."

I walk up the hill to the library, a square stone building sitting atop an abrupt rise of land so that you must climb steps to get to the door. Inside, the librarian is shelving books in the single rectangular room, dark, the floors shining with wax but the ceiling needing paint or plaster. There are pictures on the walls beside the door, faded, yellow pictures of Chippewas and early settlers proudly standing together, 1887, posing together, everyone very straight and serious-proud looking, somehow giving the impression the pictures were taken as pledges of friendship. There are many children's books on the shelves in the library — perhaps books are mostly for children in a fishing town, but no, I walk farther and there is a whole shelf of fiction. I read the titles and there is *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. How marvelous!

I walk over to Manypenny street and then turn back and walk towards the dock. There are Indians lounging about, leaning against the buildings, mostly young men, mostly laughing. There are wooden tubs full of petunias out on the sidewalk in front of the grocery store and the bank and a realty office. There is a group of women gossiping in front of Gronkies restaurant. I walk along and remember the librarian saying to me a few minutes before, "Bayfielders like Bayfield. I wouldn't live anywhere else."

I take the Island Queen to the island. It is a new, awkward looking vessel with an elevated rectangular box above the level of the automobiles on the deck for passengers to sit in. I climb the ladder to the box and sit down.

On the island, there are many complicated things in relationships, like Fred's piece of paper with all the arrows and the check marks and the circles. A rich developer has built a

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huge marina with complex red winches and pulleys for getting boats in and out of the water and the marina basin is choked with shiny boats; he has built a private club with a golf course where the greens fee is reportedly $25 and a huge sign in front of the drive saying FOR MEMBERS ONLY and two tennis courts for members only and even they must pay $3.00 an hour. Near all of this plush are Indian burying grounds which are a group of curious triangular wicker basket-like structures under which, presumably, Indians lie. There is a small Franciscan chapel with a steeple and a cord running down; tourist children pull the cord and the steeple bell rings. Near the chapel is the cemetery with many very old, fragile, grey-white vertical tombstones, some sitting at angles, some nearly fallen, some with the inscriptions washed away, some still sad after nearly two-hundred years:

MARIE LOUISE DUVAL
1811 1816
IN GOD'S HANDS

Near the dock at La Pointe, across from the beauty shop and down the street from the grocery store, is a museum built of logs with a log fence running all around and bright flags flying above. Out in back of the museum is a coach house shed. In the shed is an old peanut vendor machine, the kind with a whistle and the vender sat inside, and beside the vendor is a hearse. The hearse is very old—black with carved wooden tassels; the tongue of the hearse is long enough to accommodate four horses, two abreast. They sit there side by side, the peanut vendor and the hearse, the hearse resting on runners like skis; its wheels hang from wooden pegs in the wall. It must have been retired during the winter.

A SONG

In certain parts of the mid-west in the 1930s, grade school children were fond of singing a song that began,

"When the war breaks out in Mexico I'm goin' to Montreal"

These lines were thought to be extremely funny. —*Leo J. Hertzel*

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No more thorough historical examination of the events and personalities connected with internal opposition to Adolf Hitler is presently available than in Peter Hoffmann's WIDERSTAND, STAATSSTREICH, ATTENTAT: DER KAMPF DER OPPOSITION GEGEN HITLER (RESISTANCE, COUP D'ETAT, ASSASSINATION: THE OPPOSITION STRUGGLE AGAINST HITLER), *published in 1969 by R. Piper & Co. Verlag, Munich, and now about to enter its second edition. The chapter presented here—translated into English for the first time—details the terrible aftermath of the unsuccessful 20 July 1944 attempt against Hitler's life. Professor Hoffmann is in the history department at McGill University.*

PETER HOFFMANN

OPPOSITION ANNIHILATED: Punishing the 1944 Plot against Hitler

1. MARTIAL LAW

After it had become clear on 20 July 1944, that both the attempt on Hitler's life in the Dictator's East Prussian Headquarters "Wolfschanze" by Colonel Claus Schenk Graf von Stauffenberg, and the attempted *coup d' état* using the command machinery of the Home Army in Berlin had failed, a number of officers of the Home Army in leading positions who chose to be loyal to the *Régime* regained control from the conspirators. Some officers of the Home Army in key positions had participated in the conspiracy, some of them taking leading rôles, some of them acting overtly enough at least to be irreparably compromised after the failure of the *coup*. Most of them were drawn into the whirlpool, and they perished in the wave of persecution that followed the *coup*. Hundreds of civilian leaders and supporters suffered the same fate. The military participants served only as the arm and the executive of this essentially non-military conspiracy. But the military action against the National Socialist *Régime* was a necessary first step. Since the attempt never progressed beyond its first, military stage, the uprising has a military aspect, at least superficially, which is misleading. The Headquarters of the conspiracy had to be in military surroundings although even most of the military leaders rejected the idea of a military dictatorship replacing Hitler's *Régime* for more than the first few hours of the *coup d' état*.

Unfortunately for its chances of success, Stauffenberg, as Chief of Staff to the Commander of the Home Army, General Friedrich Fromm, had two functions in the attempt: He was the only one willing and able to assassinate Hitler and he was the only one willing and able to lead the take-over in Berlin. Berlin could be reached from East Prussia, where the attempt on Hitler's life had to be made, in about two hours. It had been part of the plan to inform the conspirators in Berlin of its success immediately after the attempt, so that they could initiate the take-over while Stauffenberg was on his way to Berlin. He would have arrived in time to steer the revolt through its critical phase. But the explosive in Stauffenberg's briefcase had not killed Hitler in the conference room where it had been planted. Hitler escaped with minor injuries, although several others in the room were killed. The news that reached the conspirators—more precisely only one of them, General Thiele—was not that Hitler was dead but that the explosion had occurred, and though the assassination had failed, it was nevertheless necessary to go ahead with the uprising now that the conspiracy had shown itself openly.

After the mishap in East Prussia, the revolt could still have succeeded if Berlin had acted at once and energetically. The Chief of the Signal Corps, General Fellgiebel, had seen to it that "Wolfschanze" would be cut

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off from all outside communications for a few hours at least, so that the *Régime* could neither know of nor prevent what was happening in Berlin. Even if two or three hours later the news of Hitler's survival had leaked out, the insurgency would have progressed so far that it would have been extremely difficult to halt it. But General Thiele in Berlin, who had received the news of the explosion from General Fellgiebel in "Wolfschanze", did not think it wise to act with Hitler still alive—partly because he believed that as long as Hitler's spell and his automatic hold over the Army as Supreme War Lord was not broken, the Home Army would not carry out the orders of the conspirators. Thiele said nothing to the other conspirators, but toward three p.m. on this day, while Stauffenberg was about to land in Berlin, convinced that he had been successful and that Hitler was dead, they gradually learned of the failure of the assassination attempt.

When Stauffenberg arrived at the Headquarters of the Home Army in Bendlerstrasse, at approximately four p.m., he told his associates he had seen with his own eyes how the dead Hitler had been carried off, and they believed him. With all possible speed the *coup d' état* machinery was set in motion, but then other breakdowns occurred. Since the *Régime* had really remained intact it was impossible for General Fellgiebel to maintain the communications blackout beyond four p.m. and Field-marshall Keitel and General Jodl were able to countermand all orders that the conspirators issued from Berlin. From 6:30 p.m. on the news of the assassination attempt and of Hitler's miraculous survival was broadcast by radio all over Europe. Although some district and field commanders willingly followed the orders they received from the conspirators in Berlin, the uprising never really gathered momentum, and it collapsed completely before midnight of 20 July.

In Home Army Headquarters in Bendlerstrasse some officers had tried to keep one foot on each side until it should be clear who was winning, and some of them managed to draw the "wrong" foot onto the "right" side in time to survive. But not all were equally successful. General Fromm had been informed of the conspiracy, and he was willing to cooperate if he could be certain that Hitler was dead. But he had learned of Hitler's survival, and when Stauffenberg returned and requested Fromm's participation in the uprising, Fromm refused and was placed under arrest by the conspirators. Although he could have telephoned, or even left the building, Fromm made no attempt to escape or to thwart the revolt.

However, after some other anti-conspiracy officers had taken the initiative to arrest Stauffenberg and his friends, Fromm decided that for him, too, it was time to act. He reappeared in his office which had been taken over by the conspirators, and he declared under arrest the leaders of the coup: Generals Beck, Hoepner and Olbricht, Colonels Graf von Stauffenberg and Ritter Mertz von Quirnheim, and First Lieutenant Werner von Haeften. All were asked to hand over their pistols. Those present and not under arrest were declared by Fromm to constitute a court martial, with himself acting as presiding judge.

General Beck asked to be allowed to keep his pistol "for private use"; Fromm gave him permission and then told him to get on with it. Beck raised his weapon; while he made ready to shoot himself, he tried to say a few words about his long years of military service together with Fromm, but Fromm interrupted him brusquely and again told him to hurry. Beck fired, wounding himself in the temple. He stumbled and was supported by Stauffenberg; then he fired at his head again and collapsed, but he was still alive.

General Fromm asked the arrested conspirators if they had any last wishes. General Hoepner declared himself uninvolved in the *coup*, and he wanted a chance to defend himself. Fromm reluctantly allowed him to write down a statement. Olbricht wanted to write something, too, and was given permission to do it. The writing dragged on, close to half an hour, and Fromm became quite impatient. He wanted the leaders of the *coup* shot as soon as possible. When he was told that a detachment of the Berlin Guard, the *Wachbataillon* "Grossdeutschland", had arrived, he announced: "In the name of the *Führer*, a court-martial set up by me has passed this sentence: Colonel von Mertz of the General Staff, General Olbricht, the Colonel whose name I will not mention, and First Lieutenant von Haeften are sentenced to death."

Stauffenberg, who had stood by in angry silence, now spoke briefly. With a few short, precise words he assumed full responsibility for everything. All others including those now sentenced to death had acted as soldiers and had only followed his orders. Fromm, who was standing in the doorway, said nothing. Then he stepped to the

In preparing the bomb which was to have killed Hitler, Stauffenberg made use of only half of the plastic explosive he had brought to "Wolfschanze;" the remainder he threw from the car while he and his aide, von Haeften, were being driven to a nearby airfield to return to Berlin. Stauffenberg's failure to use all of the explosive remained for many years a matter of some speculation among historians. There has never been any doubt that the psychological pressure on Stauffenberg was considerable—the 20 July attempt was, after all, his third in a short period of time—nor that his physical handicaps (he had lost an eye, his right hand above the wrist, and two fingers of his left hand in the North African campaign) made a special problem for him in setting the bomb's chemical fuse. What is now clear, as the statement on the following page reveals, is that Stauffenberg and von Haeften were interrupted in the act of fusing the explosive. In correspondence with Professor Hoffman, Werner Vogel—in 1944 an NCO on Fieldmarshall Keitel's personal staff—made the accompanying statement, which is included in the second edition of Hoffmann's book.

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THE MAN WHO INTERRUPTED STAUFFENBERG

On 20 July 1944 at approximately 11:40 a.m. I walked over from the bunker of the Chief of *OKW* [*Oberkommando der Wehrmacht* - Armed Forces Supreme Command; Fieldmarshall Keitel was the Chief] to the office barracks. I met First Lieutenant von Haeften in the guest sitting-room of this office barracks. The guest sitting-room was opposite the door connecting the office barracks with the bunker.

As I walked on down the corridor, I noticed, a few steps from my own office door, an object wrapped in a piece of camouflage cloth, on the floor. Since this was unusual (the corridor was always empty), I went back to Haeften and asked him if the package was his. He said, yes, it was, and explained that Colonel Graf von Stauffenberg would need it for his scheduled report to the *Führer*. Thereupon I went to my office, and while I was doing some work I noticed a certain nervousness about our guest: First Lieutenant von Haeften was constantly moving about, walking up and down before the open door of the guest sitting-room.

Shortly before 12 noon I looked down the corridor from my office, and I did not see the object mentioned above, but I did not want to ask First Lieutenant von Haeften about it again.

Soon afterward, as I remember it, the Chief (Fieldmarshall Keitel), Lieutenant-Colonel John von Freyend, General Buhle and two other gentlemen came down the corridor from the office of the Chief of *OKW*. They went toward the exit, passing my office and the guest sitting-room. In this room at that time were Colonel Graf von Stauffenberg and First Lieutenant von Haeften. They were whispering and working on an object, as I could see when I stepped across into the bunker for a moment. When I came back into the office barracks, the five gentlemen I mentioned earlier were standing before it, and Lieutenant-Colonel John von Freyend told me to ask the two gentlemen in the guest sitting-room to hurry. The door of this room was closed now, and I opened it and asked the gentlemen, Stauffenberg and Haeften, to come along because Fieldmarshall Keitel was waiting for them. Both were still working on the same object. Graf von Stauffenberg reacted very nervously and abruptly to my request, and he said he would come immediately. At this moment Lieutenant Colonel John von Freyend called from the exit: "Stauffenberg, you really must come now!"

I left the door of the guest sitting-room open and waited in the corridor. When Colonel Graf von Stauffenberg finally came to the exit, Lieutenant Colonel John von Freyend tried to carry his briefcase for him that weighed heavily in the three fingers of Stauffenberg's left and only hand. But the Colonel virtually tore the briefcase from Lieutenant Colonel John von Freyend and gave him an almost insulted look. I admired the energy and the pride of Colonel Graf von Stauffenberg who had been wounded and maimed very badly.

During this incident First Lieutenant von Haeften had left with the remark that he was going over to the Guest Barracks [where Hitler's daily situation conferences were held].

After all the gentlemen had left, I locked the guest sitting-room in which I did not notice any strange objects now, and I also locked the office barracks door. Then I went to the messhall for lunch.

After lunch, while I was talking with some other soldiers who worked in this Headquarters compound, there was an explosion not far away, but we paid no particular attention to it. [Animals often stepped on mines of which there was a great number along the outer fences.] But soon we heard people shouting "explosion in the Situation Barracks!" At this I ran back to our office barracks immediately and unlocked the door. A short time later, Fieldmarshall Keitel and Lieutenant-Colonel John von Freyend arrived. These gentlemen were rather excited, and they were a bad sight. Lieutenant-Colonel John von Freyend was forced to lie down at once, and I think he was given an injection somewhat later.

Fieldmarshall Keitel, whose uniform coat had been spattered with blood, and torn, demanded a fresh shirt and uniform. He washed, and later he had some of his wounds dressed. (Regarding this, I cannot remember the details because I had to carry out several orders and make a number of telephone calls immediately.)

Soon a number of gentlemen arrived in the office of Fieldmarshall Keitel, and hectic activity set in. Our compound was sealed off almost hermetically by *SS* guards. Sentries patrolled rooms and walks. The precise details of the arrangements escaped my attention.

Later, I talked over my experiences on 20 July 1944, which I have described above, only with our adjutants [of Fieldmarshall Keitel]: Lieutenant-Colonel John von Freyend and Major von Szymonski, who was outside of Headquarters this day on some official business. The *Gestapo* never questioned me.

Finally, I fully remember the following incident: *Reich* Leader of the *SS*, Himmler, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Home Army by the *Führer* on this day. Keitel drafted the order, and I typed it. I was forced to type out this *Führer* order five times because I made a serious typing error every time. Fieldmarshall Keitel was standing in the door of my office, waiting for the order so that he could take it directly to the *Führer* for signing. But, unconsciously, and without being nervous in any way, without realizing it at the moment, I was led to make the same typing error again and again. It was a peculiar incident.

[signed] W. Vogel

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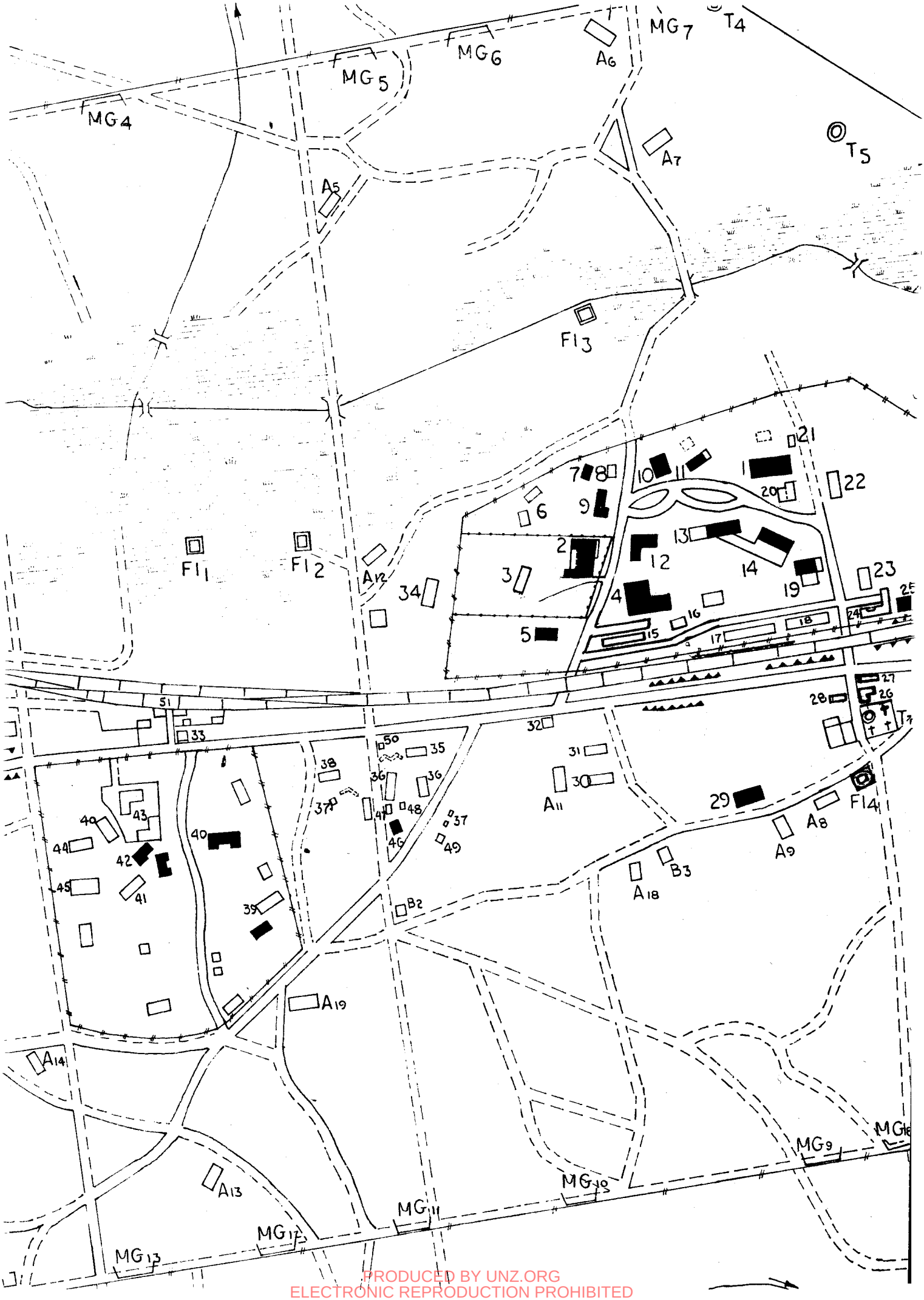

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side—the gesture could not be mistaken. Stauffenberg, Mertz von Quirnheim, Olbricht, and Haeften walked out past him quietly, showing no emotion. An hour earlier Haeften had given Stauffenberg's driver, Schweizer, instructions for an escape; but he was quite controlled now. Hoepner was to be shot with the others. He pleaded with Fromm, but Fromm shook his head. Then Hoepner requested an interview with Fromm alone. Fromm agreed, and both went into Stauffenberg's office. What was said there is not known, but when Fromm came back, he gave orders to guard Hoepner. He, Fromm, would now go to see Dr. Goebbels.

While Beck had fired at his head twice without killing himself, Fromm had ordered his adjutant, Major Bartram, to make ready a firing squad of ten men under the command of an officer. Bartram had hurried down to the guard room, but on the way he had met Lieutenant-Colonel Gehrke and First Lieutenant Schlee of the *Wachbataillon*. He passed Fromm's order on to Schlee, and Schlee in turn ordered Lieutenant Werner Schady and ten non-commissioned officers to serve as a firing squad. Schady went to Fromm to receive specific instructions, such as whom to shoot, and he was told to take Hoepner to the military jail in Lehrter Strasse. As Beck was still alive, Fromm ordered a General Staff officer to relieve him by shooting him. This officer ordered a member of the *Wachbataillon* to shoot Beck.

As Haeften was walking downstairs to be shot, he was overcome once again by the will to live, and he tried to tear himself free. But when the condemned men arrived in the courtyard of the Home Army Command building where they were to be shot, he was quiet and under control again.

One by one the officers to be shot were led before a small mound of sandy earth that had been dug in some construction work in the courtyard. Drivers of cars parked in the yard were instructed to turn on their headlights and place their vehicles so that the scene was lighted. General Olbricht was the first to be shot. Then followed Stauffenberg; he shouted: "Long live holy Germany!" The salvo was heard, but Haeften had thrown himself in front of Stauffenberg and caught the bullets. Only the next salvo killed Stauffenberg. Mertz von Quirnheim was shot last. It was just past midnight.

After the executions General Fromm got onto a military vehicle and made a brief speech, addressing with stentorian voice all who happened to be present in the courtyard. He mentioned the beloved *Führer* and Providence, and in conclusion he led three thunderous cheers of "Sieg Heil" to the *Führer*. Then he had himself driven over to Goebbel's Propaganda Ministry.

2. ARRESTS

A number of other officers and some civilians had been arrested with Beck, Hoepner, Stauffenberg, Olbricht, Mertz, and Haeften—particularly Graf Yorck von Wartenburg, Fritz-Dietlof Graf von der Schulenburg, Graf Schwerin von Schwanenfeld, Berthold Schenk Graf von Stauffenberg, Lieutenant Colonel in the General Staff Bernardis, Lieutenant Colonel von der Lancken, the uninvolved aide of Olbricht, Captain of the Reserves Barnim von Ramin, and Dr. Eugen Gerstenmaier.

Dr. Otto John, who had come to Bendlerstrasse in the afternoon to take part in the *Putsch*, had become impatient with the lack of progress, and he had left a little before the counter-insurgency movement had gotten under way. Owing to his position with the Lufthansa airline, he was able to get on a flight to Madrid on 24 July, and he escaped. Olbricht's son-in-law, Air-Force Major Friedrich Georgi, had been able to leave the house after Olbricht had put in a word for him with the *Wachbataillon* guards who had already sealed off the building. Also, he was able to leave because he wore the *Luftwaffe* uniform and was therefore not automatically linked with the conspiracy in the Home Army. Later, however, he was arrested on grounds of his in-law relationship with Olbricht. Hauptmann Klausing, who had accompanied Stauffenberg on one of his two earlier assassination attempts in Hitler's Headquarters, also managed to leave the building about 11 p.m., before the arrival of Kaltenbrunner's *SD*, the Security Service of the *SS*. Another young conspirator, First Lieutenant Ludwig Freiherr von Hammerstein, who knew the building quite well from his childhood days when his father was Chief of the Army Command there, got out, too. And so did Captain Dr. Hans Fritzsche, who offered assistance to a helpless-looking, very old Austrian Colonel of the *Wehrmacht* Propaganda Branch. He got past the guards by passing himself off as the Colonel's adjutant. Lieutenant von Oppen got out by simply accompanying an *SS* officer whom he had arrested with great tact during the afternoon. Fritzsche and Oppen, however, were finally arrested. though somewhat later, while Hammerstein went underground and managed to stay in hiding until the end of the war. Lieutenant Ewald Heinrich von Kleist, who had volunteered on the advice of his father for one of the many abortive assassination attempts against Hitler, had been sent during the afternoon on a liaison mission to the Commandant of the City and to the Presidium of Police. When he returned, he found the house in turmoil. He made two unsuccessful attempts to escape, knocking down an officer and a soldier who was guarding

A partial map of "Wolfschanze" in East Prussia, where the 20 July assassination attempt occurred. The base was well fortified, with anti-aircraft batteries (Fl) near its center, machine gun nests (MG) around its perimeter, and machine gun towers (T) arranged at irregular intervals (including one inside a cemetery at far right center). The terrain was generally one of forests and swampland; solid figures represent concrete bunkers, while barracks appear in outline. Hitler's personal bunker (1) was still under construction in July 1944, and he was quartered in the Guest Bunker (2); the Communications Bunker lay just to the southeast. Stauffenberg fused the bomb at the OKW building (19); the explosion took place in the so-called "Situation Barracks" (3).

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him with bayonet mounted, but in his search for a window through which he might jump from the building he barged into a room full of *SS* men.

Dr. Gerstenmaier had the distinct impression that all those arrested were to be shot at once. With Yorck, Schulenburg, Schwerin, Berthold Graf Stauffenberg, Bernardis and Lancken he found himself in Claus Graf Stauffenberg's office and held in check by some men with guns. But the group managed, perhaps with the tacit approval of the guards, to burn on the floor all papers and documents they could get their hands on, thus removing traces of the events of the afternoon and evening which might have embarrassed some of the officers on the "right" side, too. An attempt to break through the guards in the hallway, however, failed. Gerstenmaier and others were now put in the custody of the commando in charge of the executions. Then, about half an hour past midnight, a detachment of *SS* burst into the Home Army Command building. They were led by Otto Skorzeny, who had snatched Mussolini from captivity on the Gran Sasso in September, 1943.

When the troops of Major Remer, Commander of the *Wachbataillon*, had surrounded the government district and the *SS* Headquarters, still acting under orders of one of the conspirators (the Commandant of the City, General von Hase), the *Gestapo* had initiated counter-measures and prepared for defense against a possible occupation of its buildings. But only when it was approximately 8 p.m., and after the *Wachbataillon* Commander had recognized the situation and had ceased to carry out orders of the conspirators, did the Government branches located in the center of the city regain freedom of movement. It was only then that the defensive steps taken by the *Gestapo* reached any useful level. During the afternoon it would have been quite easy for the conspiracy to take control of all *Gestapo* and most *SS* installations in Berlin.

At the *Reichssicherheitshauptamt, (RSHA)*, the great police center for the entire *Reich*, it had been learned quite early that an assassination attempt had been made on Hitler; the news had gotten through even before the communications black-out ordered by General Fellgiebel had taken effect. As early as 1:45 p.m., approximately, a special detachment of the Sabotage Group led by Criminal Counselor Kopkow had been dispatched by plane to Rastenburg, about seven miles west of "Wolfschanze". In the course of the afternoon suspicion centered on Stauffenberg as the perpetrator of the attempt, and a *Gestapo* officer, Dr. Achamer-Pifrader, was sent to Bendlerstrasse to arrest him. At this time no one thought the attempt more than an isolated act, but even though the truth—the fact of a well-prepared *coup d' état*—must have been clear between six and seven p.m., it still took quite some time until energetic counter-action was taken by the *SS* and the *RSHA*. Not until approximately 6:45 p.m., did *SS*-General Heinrich Müller ("*Gestapo* Müller") give the order to put the *RSHA* in defense readiness; then a platoon of the 2nd Tank Repair Company of the *SS*-Body-Guard Division "Adolf Hitler", 51 men in all, took up positions. But it was approximately 10 or 11 p.m. before the protective troops and the available supply of weapons and munitions could be considered sufficient; and it was only at one a.m. on 21 July, when it no longer mattered, that a tank and an armored reconnaissance car of the police arrived. About five a.m. most of these precautions were rescinded by Heinrich Himmler, the Commander-in-Chief of all *SS* and, since the afternoon of 20 July, Commander of the Home Army. If any disloyal motives played a rôle in this extremely slow reaction of the *SS*—the most feared, and, presumably, the most swift of the private armies at the disposal of Hitler—Himmler never talked about it, naturally. At any rate, the *SS* seem to have been greatly surprised, and after the first surprise it could be seen that Remer and his *Wachbataillon* had turned against the revolt. And in Berlin at least the *Putsch* was put down by the Army itself, a fact much better for its morale than any intervention by the *SS*. Any bloodshed between the *SS* and the Army would certainly not have helped internal unity or the war effort, and had to be avoided if possible.

SS-General Walter Schellenberg, Chief of the Foreign Intelligence Office of the *SD* in *RSHA (Amt VI)*, received the first news of the events in Berlin late in the afternoon of 20 July. Skorzeny had just left to take a train to Vienna, but Schellenberg managed to have him called out of the train. About seven p.m. Skorzeny was back in *Amt VI* in Berkaer Strasse, and Schellenberg gave him orders for some reconnaissance missions in Berlin. After Skorzeny had personally checked conditions at *SS-Leibstandarte* "Adolf Hitler", and after he had talked with paratroop General Student, he returned to Berkaer Strasse. Then he was told to take an *SS* Company to Bendlerstrasse to assist Major Remer.

Skorzeny turned into Bendlerstrasse shortly before one a.m. on the morning of 21 July, and he met Kaltenbrunner and Fromm, who said he was going home but actually went to see Goebbels. Major Remer greeted Skorzeny at the gate of the Home Army Command building. Skorzeny went to the second floor and received a report on the evening's events from the leaders of the counter-insurgency action. It was about half an hour after the executions.

Skorzeny had no thought of continuing the shootings or of allowing them to be continued. First of all he had to find out who was who in this *melée*. He went through the building and chanced upon Kleist, who was handcuffed and waiting to be taken away. Skorzeny bowed slightly and introduced himself: "Skorzeny." Kleist got up, bowed slightly, and said: "Kleist." It was only then that Skorzeny noticed the handcuffs, murmured "oh", and turned away. Skorzeny decided that all those present in the building and not under arrest were to go back to their offices and to resume their work which had been interrupted in the afternoon of the previous day. This would bring some order into the house. But the heads of the various departments were missing. They were either at home, or arrested, or shot, and at a time of such uncertainty no one was very willing to make on his own

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decisions that were made by his superiors even in normal times. Thus Skorzeny was constantly requested to make decisions about replacement and supply problems which he did not understand at all. Only gradually during the early hours of the morning of 21 July did relative calm and order return to the building, as Kaltenbrunner, General Reinecke of the General Armed Forces Office (*Allgemeines Wehrmachtsamt*), General Thiele (who pretended not to be involved in the *coup*), and SS-General Jüttner arrived as deputy for Himmler. Jüttner especially soon managed to take the reins with efficiency.

Meanwhile, the corpses of the five dead leaders of the *coup*—Beck, Olbricht, Stauffenberg, Mertz, and Haeften —had been loaded onto a truck and taken to the Matthäi church cemetery in Schöneberg. There they were buried during the night with the uniforms and medals of the dead men. But on the following day Himmler had them exhumed, identified, and cremated. The ashes were cast over some fields.

In Bendlerstrasse more arrests were made, and in the continuing confusion harmless bystanders were arrested while some conspirators were never even interrogated. An Army captain, who had nothing whatever to do with the events of 20 July, was arrested and taken to the notorious *Gestapo* cellar in Prinz-Albrecht-Strasse merely because he had made a telephone call to his wife during the night. After four days he was released without explanation, and he returned to his office in Bendlerstrasse where he was received with some astonishment. When he had been arrested, he was convinced that he would be set free as soon as his harmlessness was established, and he had tried to shake hands with his comrades who carefully overlooked his outstretched hand. Of course, not only the *Gestapo* made mistakes. During the night and on the day following the *coup*, Fromm's Operations Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Sadrozinski, was arrested, as were Major Freiherr von Leonrod, who had guarded Fromm during the afternoon, and Captain Helmuth Cords. The *Gestapo* were quite bewildered at first; they hardly knew how and where to begin their investigation because there was such an endless number of suspects and possible suspects. But, as the head of the processing office for the Special Commission investigating the conspiracy, Dr. Georg Kiessel, recalled: "The manly attitude of the idealists immediately shed light on the matter. . . They did try to cover up for their comrades, but for experienced criminal investigators it was easy to put the mosaic together [from what the arrested did not conceal of their own involvement]." Jails and concentration camps were filling up.

In view of the great number of arrests in connection with the *coup* of 20 July 1944—Kiessel mentioned 600—it is not possible to relate even a great part of the names and circumstances in detail. Besides, not nearly all the names of those arrested are known, nor even all the names of those who were executed. The purpose of this and the following portions of the chapter is to give a survey of the consequences of the *coup d' état* for the Resistance Movement, and of the extent and methods of the persecution of the Movement. A few more details about the reaction of the *Régime* at some focal points of the revolt may also be helpful.

Fromm, who had decided to "put down" the rebellion after it had failed, found himself arrested almost at the same time as the first conspirators. He had gone to Goebbels, who was in his apartment in Hermann-Goering-Strasse during the afternoon and evening, to demonstrate his loyalty to the *Régime*, but was placed under arrest. Later he was tried and convicted for cowardice.

In the Headquarters of the City Commandant, Unter den Linden 1—the Commandant was already under arrest at Goebbels' apartment—Remer's *Wachbataillon* troops had found it impossible to distinguish between conspirators and loyalists; they had ordered everyone to remain where he was, but some of the conspirators behaved with such authority and self-assurance that the often lower-ranking *Wachbataillon* officers did not always succeed. Major Hayessen, who had served as a liaison officer between Hase and Bendlerstrasse, was arrested during the night by a co-conspirator, Lieutenant-Colonel Schöne, who soon was arrested himself. Another conspirator, a department head in the City Command, Major Adolf-Friedrich Graf von Schack, who had been burning papers with Hayessen under the eyes of Schöne (who did not try to stop them), was also arrested during the night. Several others managed to walk out, secretly or on pretexts of one kind or another.

At the Military District Command Headquarters on Hohenzollerndamm, the first to be officially suspected of complicity in the plot were General von Thüngen and Major von Oertzen. Thüngen was able to leave without difficulty during the night, and General Herfurth, the Chief of Staff of the District Command who was also involved, was not arrested immediately. But Oertzen was detained and interrogated, and he tried to deny some facts which could easily have been proven—such as his assignment with the District Command in the fall of 1943, when he was assisting Stauffenberg with the preparations for the *coup d' état*. Thüngen had conducted this first interrogation of Oertzen under orders from the District Commander, General Kortzfleisch, who had been arrested in Bendlerstrasse by the conspirators but had returned about 11 p.m. Colonel von Wiese, the Adjutant of the District Command had participated in the interrogation. Shown the result of the interrogation, Kortzfleisch decided that Oertzen had obviously had nothing to do with the conspiracy, that he had been involved only accidentally; yet he did not want to release Oertzen, and Colonel von Wiese took Oertzen's pistol. Early on the morning of 21 July, when Oertzen had been given permission to use the toilet, he succeeded in burning and flushing down some incriminating papers and in hiding a pair of high-explosive rifle grenades (his person had not been searched) in two of the sandbags that were kept all over the hallways for fire-fighting purposes. About 10 a.m. Oertzen again requested permission to use the toilet, and afterwards he wanted to get some fresh air by walking in the hallway. No one noticed as he pulled one of the grenades from the sandbag and detonated it close to his

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head. The lieutenant who had been guarding Oertzen tried to dash toward him at the last moment and was wounded. Oertzen himself collapsed with horrible head-wounds. He was thought to be dead; a physician was called, and the scene was sealed off by guards. But Oertzen, who was still alive, dragged himself to the next sandbag, took out the other rifle grenade, put it between his teeth and pulled the igniter. The explosion blew off his head, and the guards and officers standing nearby barely escaped serious injury. A few moments later General Kortzfleisch, the loyal National-Socialist, appeared at the scene and remarked that Oertzen had died like a decent man.

Fieldmarshall von Witzleben had been willing to act against Hitler even in 1938, during the Sudeten Crisis, and he had been involved in almost every plot since then. On 20 July 1944, he had shown up in two of the centers of the conspiracy in Berlin, but he had been disgusted by the confusion he found, and by the failure of the conspirators to kill Hitler. After he had made some acid remarks about the lack of military organization (as he saw it), he returned to the estate of Graf von Lynar, in Seesen, where he had been staying. He was arrested there on 21 July.

Not all arrests, of course, were made on appearances or because someone happened to have been present at a center of the conspiracy. As soon as the extent of the *coup d' état* was known even in rough outline, the *Gestapo* had begun arresting people whose opposition to the *Régime* had long been known to them, regardless of their involvement in the *coup*. Thus they arrested, among many others, the former Economics Minister, Dr. Schacht; the former Chief of Staff of the Army, General Halder; the Prussian Finance Minister, Professor Popitz, former Armed Forces Minister Noske, and General Oster and Admiral Canaris, who had been dismissed from their Intelligence posts several months earlier over an affair that had come perilously close to uncovering the entire conspiracy. All were interrogated, but without any conclusive results at first. Witzleben, for his part, denied any connection with the conspiracy. He did not know how far the plotters had gone nor how much they had revealed themselves by their actions. It would have been unwise, he felt, not to try and save one's own life when it seemed possible—though many others had rigid concepts of the "honor of an officer" and refused to lie. Open admission of involvement, however, more often than not led the police to the discovery of, or proofs against, other conspirators.

General Eduard Wagner had helped prepare the uprising with Fellgiebel and Witzleben. He had a key position as Quartermaster General, and his participation had been of the utmost importance to the other conspirators, only partly because he provided air transportation for Stauffenberg between Berlin and "Wolfschanze". Witzleben had visited him twice on 20 July, in Zossen near Berlin, at the Army High Command Headquarters, and when Wagner learned that several of his co-conspirators had been arrested, he realized it was only a matter of hours before his turn would come. He shot himself at his Zossen Headquarters at 12:41 p.m. on 23 July.

The teletype messages which the Opposition leaders in Bendlerstrasse had sent out during the afternoon of 20 July, to bring about the take-over of power in the provinces and in the military districts, had named certain persons trusted by the plotters who were to serve as liaison officers between Bendlerstrasse and the military districts, and certain others who were to serve as political advisors to the district commanders. These teletype messages had been only partially destroyed in Bendlerstrasse, and in any case they could be found in most of the district headquarters and in a number of other military command posts where they had been sent by mistake or as a means of sabotaging the plot. These messages, of course, were a ready-made arrest list. But beyond these, the *Gestapo* found no lists—such as rosters for a post-*coup* government—as some legends have it. On the contrary, the *Gestapo* had to spend many weeks interrogating and torturing hundreds of arrested suspects to put together even an incomplete list of persons who had been slated by the conspirators for some government position, sometimes without the knowledge of the person concerned. Even a large haul of documentary material collected by Hans von Dohnanyi, Hans Oster, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer, which the *Gestapo* stumbled onto in Zossen in September of 1944, did not help them beyond confirming what the investigation had already brought to light. If anything, the Zossen documents served to further implicate persons against whom there was already more than enough material to justify the death sentence, according to standards then prevailing. Even the most compromising group of documents discovered at Zossen —those which concerned clandestine negotiations of the conspirators with the British Government, through the Vatican, in 1939 and 1940—did not help the *Gestapo* because these negotiations had been disguised as intelligence operations. In this field it is often impossible to distinguish between deceit of the enemy and actual treason, unless it can be determined what the intentions of the operators were and whether the enemy had derived significant advantages from the contacts. At any rate, it was impossible to use this kind of material in a trial before the notorious "People's Court".

In the Headquarters near Rastenburg, in East Prussia, one of the first to be arrested was General Fellgiebel. He

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Probably the last photograph ever taken of Colonel Claus Schenk Graf von Stauffenberg, far left, on 15 July 1944 —five days before the bomb blast which laid bare the conspiracy. This picture was made at the entrance to the "Wolfschanze" headquarters building. Shaking Hitler's hand is General Bodenschatz; Fieldmarshall Keitel stands at the right. In the background, beyond the camouflage netting, is the bunker—its walls seven yards thick—where the Führer stayed during the conferences.

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had collaborated closely with Stauffenberg, who had stood and watched with him shortly before 1 p.m., until the explosion in the conference room had occurred; then he had telephoned Thiele in Berlin and ordered the communications blackout. His presence in "Wolfschanze" had been insufficiently motivated (his own Headquarters at this time was located some 10 miles to the east, at "Mauerwald"), and he had also been conspicuous in the company of Stauffenberg before and after the assassination attempt. When Stauffenberg began to be suspected, Fellgiebel, who had gone back to his own Headquarters between one and two p.m., was asked to drop in at "Wolfschanze" to answer a few questions but was allowed to return once more to his Headquarters. Late in the evening, however, Fieldmarshall Keitel had him come over to "Wolfschanze" again; the order was passed on to Fellgiebel through Lieutenant-Colonel Sander, a special liasion officer in Hitler's Headquarters for the Signal Corps and matters of communications, and through Major Wolf, who commanded the special Headquarters Communications Detachment in "Wolfschanze".

Fellgiebel knew now that his rôle must have been discovered, though he still had time to avoid the sufferings he was to undergo. Yet very few of the conspirators were prepared for Hitler's sadistic cruelty; most of them took it for granted that, according to ancient traditions, those convicted of high treason would at least be considered worthy of a bullet. Perhaps it was difficult to imagine that a German Government could barbarically torture and finally hang such high-ranking officials and officers as Fellgiebel, Witzleben, Popitz, Adam von Trott zu Solz, or Helmuth Graf von Moltke; it was their lower-ranking assistants and comrades who knew better what the powers-that-be were capable of. Fellgiebel's *aide-de-camp*, First Lieutenant Dr. Arntz, asked "his general" whether he had a pistol, but Fellgiebel replied: "One stands; one does not do that." He did not want to miss the opportunity of telling his interrogators—surely they would be officers in a court-martial—the truth about the criminal leadership of the *Reich* under Hitler. So he went back to "Wolfschanze" to be arrested. In parting he told Arntz: "If I believed in another world, I should say 'Until we meet again.'" Late that evening Fellgiebel's driver came back to "Mauerwald" alone—with tears running down his cheeks.

The single fact that Fellgiebel's Chief of Staff, Colonel Hahn, who had collaborated with him closely in the conspiracy, was not arrested until 12 August, 23 days after Fellgiebel's arrest, speaks volumes for the fortitude of the General. In the French *Résistance*, for example, it was taken for granted that anyone caught by the Germans could not be expected to protect his comrades-in-arms for more than 24 hours, since the methods employed by the *Gestapo* were well-known; it was up to those possibly compromised by the arrest to disappear and to extinguish any traces. Of course, this was easier for Frenchmen in German-occupied France who were fighting a foreign oppressor than it was for Germans in Germany where they were committing high treason against their own government in wartime. Fellgiebel was tortured terribly, but for at least three weeks he did not reveal the names of any of his co-conspirators, although he was quite truthful about his own rôle. In fact, the evidence against him and against Hahn, Thiele, and Colonel Hassel, another high-ranking Signal Corps officer in Berlin, was so overwhelming that no amount of silence or lying on the part of Fellgiebel could protect them. Other plotters, particularly Lieutenant-Colonel Bernhard Klamroth, revealed that Thiele and Hahn had participated in preparatory conversations, and the rough outlines of the involvement of high-ranking Signal Corps officers in the conspiracy began to emerge.

General Thiele had become Fellgiebel's successor after 20 July, and had moved to "Mauerwald". Taking charge of Fellgiebel's staff, he made a speech that was repulsive to most of those who heard it because it was so untruthful and undignified. Thiele described Fellgiebel as a blot of shame on the shield of the German Army and the Signal Corps—yet everyone knew how closely Fellgiebel and Thiele had co-operated, and how much Thiele owed to Fellgiebel in his career. Thiele was avoided by most of his staff. He was extremely nervous, defensive, and irascible; he constantly thought he was being suspected, and would fly into a rage at what only he would consider provocation. Naturally, these reactions did not help him; they only contributed to the discovery of his rôle as conspirator, and he sought an escape in drink. There can be no doubt that Thiele regained his composure after his arrest on 11 August, and that he conducted himself quite bravely during the interrogations and during the subsequent trial, for the many other confidants of his and of Fellgiebel's—Burchardt, Degner, Arntz, Hoepfner, Hassel, and Koellner, to mention only the most prominent ones—remained relatively unmolested. Some of them—for instance, Lieutenant-Colonel Hassel—were arrested, detained for several weeks and ill-treated, but eventually released without a trial. Thiele's successor, General Albert Praun, appointed by the new Chief of Staff of the Army, General Guderian, on 12 August, immediately made remonstrances with Kaltenbrunner against further arrests and persecutions among those under his command. He said it was impossible to keep the communications networks functioning if key staff members were arrested without warning, and he had to be allowed to keep all those whom he still had. Even the mere threat of arrest might paralyze operations. On the day after Praun's appointment, Lieutenant Colonel von der Osten, who was in charge of the important signal intelligence control station at Lötzen, a few miles east of "Wolfschanze", had committed suicide. Praun went to Kaltenbrunner to protest any suspicions concerning Osten, and he was told to see the *Gestapo* Chief, Heinrich Müller. Müller said Osten's suicide was "unnecessary" because there had not been any proof against him, and he promised that no other Signal Corps staff members would be investigated.

It should be emphasized here that the persecution of those plotters who had worked under Fellgiebel and

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The conference room at "Wolfschanze" following the bomb blast of 20 July. Seated at this end of the table, Hitler was leaning forward when the explosion occurred; the table top shielded him, although four officers near him were killed—two of them instantaneously. The statement printed on page 13 confirms the fact that von Stauffenberg was interrupted as he prepared the bomb, and was obliged to use only half of the explosive material.

Thiele was halted not only because their expertise was indispensable for the war effort. Many staff members escaped with their lives because Fellgiebel had been careful not to tell them any more than they needed to know for their rôles, and most of all because Fellgiebel, Thiele, and Hahn, who knew all of them, did not give them away even under torture. Others, such as Hitler's adjutants, Lieutenant Colonel John von Freyend and Major von Szymonski, and the Headquarters Communications Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Sander, also kept from the *Gestapo* much of what they knew, although they were not sympathetic toward the conspirators.

Another of those arrested in the Headquarters area in East Prussia during the first hours after the *coup d' état* was the Chief of the Organization Section in the General Staff of the Army, Brigadier General Helmuth Stieff. He was arrested in "Mauerwald" about midnight on 20 July. In Stieff's case, as in other cases, the *Gestapo* were aided by the astonishing frankness with which some conspirators answered questions. As Praun put it to Guderian: "They were used to giving evidence as officers in military courts-of-honor before their peers, not before the investigators of the *Gestapo*." Thus, the *Gestapo* learned from Stieff as early as 22 July that he had discussed the assassination of Hitler with Major General Heusinger, General Wagner, and General Lindemann. But it still took another six days during which Stieff was tortured before he gave details of the preparations. In the *Gestapo* report to Martin Bormann and Hitler dated 28 July, one finds the revealing phrase: ". . the confession that Brigadier General Stieff finally made, as well as the interrogations of Schulenburg and various others, [provide] *significant insights*". Naturally not everyone was able to withstand torture for long; but Stieff still implicated primarily himself and comrades who were dead, such as Wagner or Brigadier General von Tresckow.

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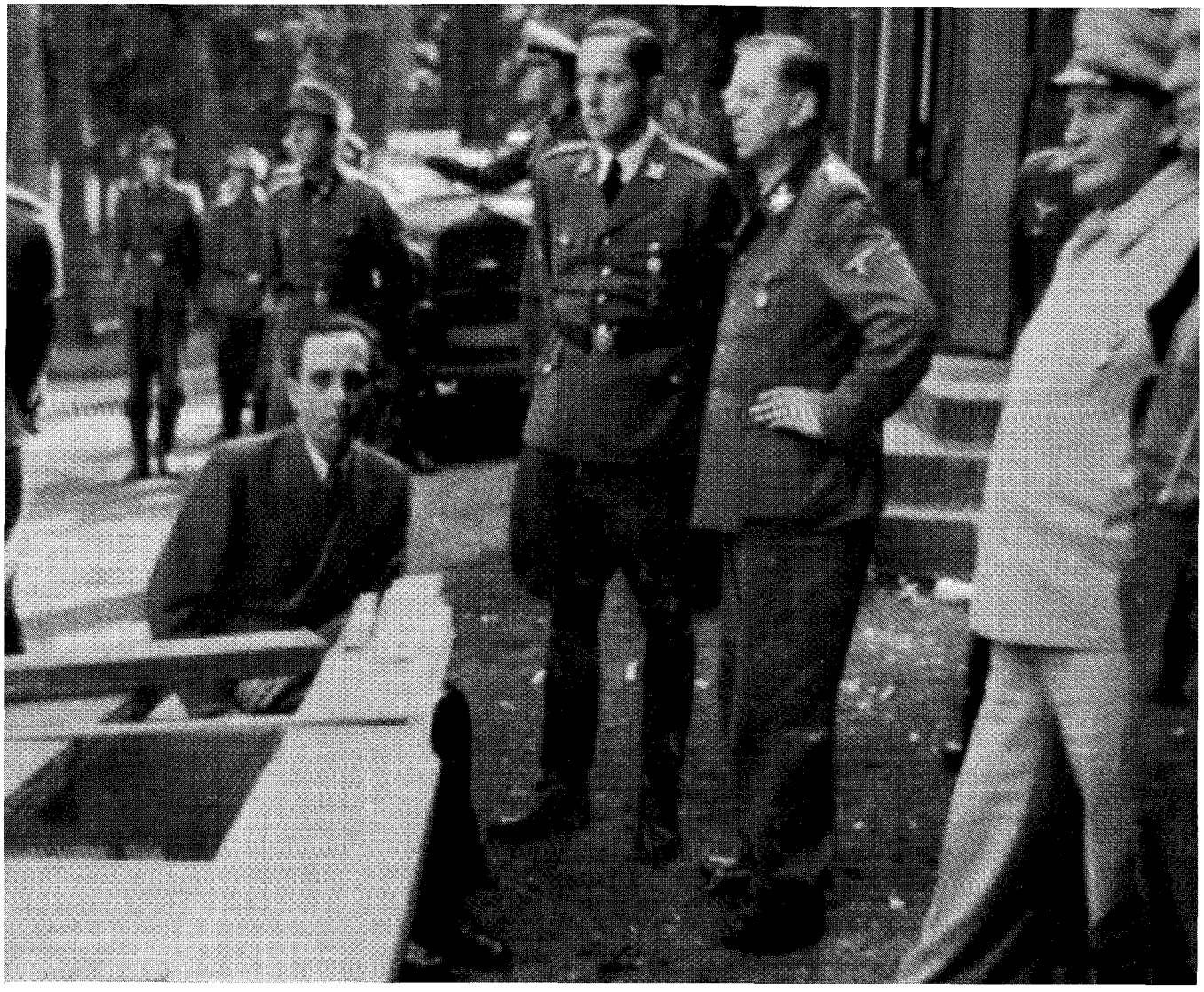
By 25 July, the *Gestapo* were fairly well informed on how the explosive material for the assassination attempt had been procured. There was evidence of the involvement in this phase of the preparations on the parts of Stieff, Oertzen, First Lieutenant Albrecht von Hagen, Lieutenant Colonel Klamroth, and Major Kuhn. Except for Oertzen and Kuhn, who was on the Russian front and escaped arrest and death by deserting to the Red Army, all of them were already under arrest. But now, others who had helped provide explosives had to reckon with their detection and arrest: Lieutenant Colonel Werner Schrader took his own life in his quarters in Zossen on 28 July, and on the table he left a note with the words: "I will not go to jail, I will not let them torture me!"

The Chief of the Army Affairs Section in the *OKH*, Colonel Wessel Freiherr von Freytag-Loringhoven, had already committed suicide, on 23 July. Yet it took until the last days of July, and the first days of August, before the *Gestapo* reports could list any new names in this connection. The *Gestapo* gained clues not so much from interrogations as from the private diary of Captain Hermann Kaiser of the Staff of the Home Army which contained some easily decipherable cover names, and from the hints provided by suicides.

For long weeks the investigation was confined—by reason of lack of information—to a relatively small group of persons. But the discovery of some documents, intensive analysis of interrogation results, and finally the statements made by Dr. Karl Goerdeler, who had been arrested on 12 August after weeks of successful flight, at least took the *Gestapo* a few steps further. According to the *Gestapo* reports, Goerdeler made "extremely *far-reaching statements*" during his interrogations. His biographer, Gerhard Ritter, has convinced himself that Goerdeler was not tortured and that he was not concerned with

In this photograph, taken on 21 July—the day after the assassination attempt—the atmosphere of apprehension at "Wolfschanze" is apparent. Seated at left, behind a bit of wreckage, is Goebbels; Goering is standing at right.



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prolonging his life; nor did he want to inundate the *Gestapo* with so much (often irrelevant) material that the war would be over before they could cope with all of it. According to Ritter, Goerdeler's motive was simply to reveal the full truth. He wanted the *Gestapo* and, thus, the *Régime* to see exactly of what kind and how widespread the Opposition really was. He was an inveterate optimist, and he still hoped to be able to induce Hitler to make peace by being given a chance to try persuasion in an interview with Hitler or, at least, with Himmler. On the other hand, the exactness of detail in Goerdeler's statements often concealed very successfully a strategy of deception, to which the *Gestapo* fell victim the more easily the more they believed that Goerdeler was simply blurting out everything he knew. A similar case of successful deception by seemingly minute preciseness in giving detailed information was the official report submitted by Theiele's office on the events in the communications center in Bendlerstrasse on 20 July. Actually, Goerdeler managed to protect several of his closest friends and co-conspirators against arrest entirely, although he knew exactly where they might have been found. This was true for Goerdeler's friends Jakob Kaiser, Dr. Elfriede Nebgen, Hans Walz, and Ernst Lemmer.

The mass arrests—"*Gewitteraktion*"—of 22 August 1944, during which some 5000 former *Reichstag* members and functionaries of the old political parties (including Konrad Adenauer and Kurt Schumacher) were arrested and thrown into concentration camps, were not directly connected with the investigations following 20 July; they had been planned by the *Gestapo* long before the *coup d' état*. However, they were indirectly connected with the larger investigation, and they should be noted because they have influenced the estimates of the number of arrests as a result of the *coup d' état*. Such a massive arrest action, of course, must be seen as a sign of some helplessness on the part of the *Gestapo*, who had difficulties in determining exactly who was and who was not a conspirator, but the possible rationale that this was a collective arrest action against well-defined groups from which a number of conspirators had come is not applicable. A repetition of the conspiracy was impossible for lack of an executive, arrest in itself did not yet reveal participants, and, most important of all, the same method would have had to be used against clergymen, Foreign Office officials, lawyers, professors, General Staff officers, etc.—a strategy which obviously would have been absurd.

The difficulties of the *Gestapo* will be even more appreciated in light of the success with which very prominent fugitives managed to escape arrest for a long time. General Fritz Lindemann was not arrested until 3 September, after weeks of intensive search and investigation, in Berlin. When the *Gestapo* caught up with him, he tried to jump out of a fourth-floor window, but shots which hit him in the stomach and in the legs stopped him. He was immediately operated on so that he might be tried in court, but he died of his wounds on 21 September.

The other side of Lindemann's escape and final fate, however, was tragic. Five of those who had put him up in various places during his flight, between 22 July and 3 September, were sentenced to death by the "People's Court" on 27 November and 1 December, respectively. Two of them were so-called "Jewish-mixed persons of the first degree", and another was the widow of a Jew. Their heroism is underlined by the fact that they themselves were of course constantly in acute danger of being deported to a death camp because of their Jewish connections or "Jewish blood". Moreover, they had hidden a fugitive before—a fact that could only aggravate the case against them, should it be discovered. Now they had shared their apartments with General Lindemann, who passed as a retired major and a journalist by the name of Exner. Needless to say, Lindemann's protectors did not waver for a moment, even when in the middle of August a prize of $125,000 was offered for information leading to Lindemann's arrest.

Arthur Nebe, Director of the Central *Reich* office of the Criminal Police, similarly managed to hide out with the skill of a criminal investigator, aided by the willingness of friends to help him stay underground. In the first days after 20 July, he appeared eager to help round up the conspirators, but he had to abandon this ruse and take flight after one of his closest collaborators in the conspiracy, Berlin Police Chief Graf von Helldorf, was arrested on 24 July. Nebe left behind suicide notes, and, at the place of his pretended suicide, food items, identification papers, ration cards, and other valuables that no sane man could be expected to leave behind unless he had really decided to depart from this life. He also colored his hair, used assumed names, and accepted shelter from friends. He was not arrested until 16 January 1945. Dr. Gisevius, a member of the fledgling *Gestapo* in 1933, but actively involved at least since 1938 in almost every single conspiracy against Hitler, had gone underground together with Nebe; he managed to cross into Switzerland, on 23 January 1945, by using forged papers.

In the military districts and in the areas of the military commanders in the occupied territories there were far fewer arrests than the ratio of participation in the conspiracy would have led one to expect.

In Vienna, the provincial National-Socialist Party boss, Baldur von Schirach, had been on a trip on 20 July; when he returned and received a report of the events, he went up to the City Commandant, Major General Sinzinger, and tore the Golden Party Badge off the General's uniform. Sinzinger had carried out orders from Bendlerstrasse, and he had arrested *SS*-officers. The Chief of Staff in the District Command, Colonel Kodré, was arrested several times by the *Gestapo* for some extremely unpleasant interrogations, and finally he found himself in the Mauthausen Concentration Camp where he remained until the end of the war. General von Esebeck had been in charge of the District on 20 July, in the absence of the Commander, and Esebeck suffered a fate similar to that of Kodré. The political liaison men, and many nationalist-Austrian politicians were arrested, of course, and the situation was perhaps more serious in

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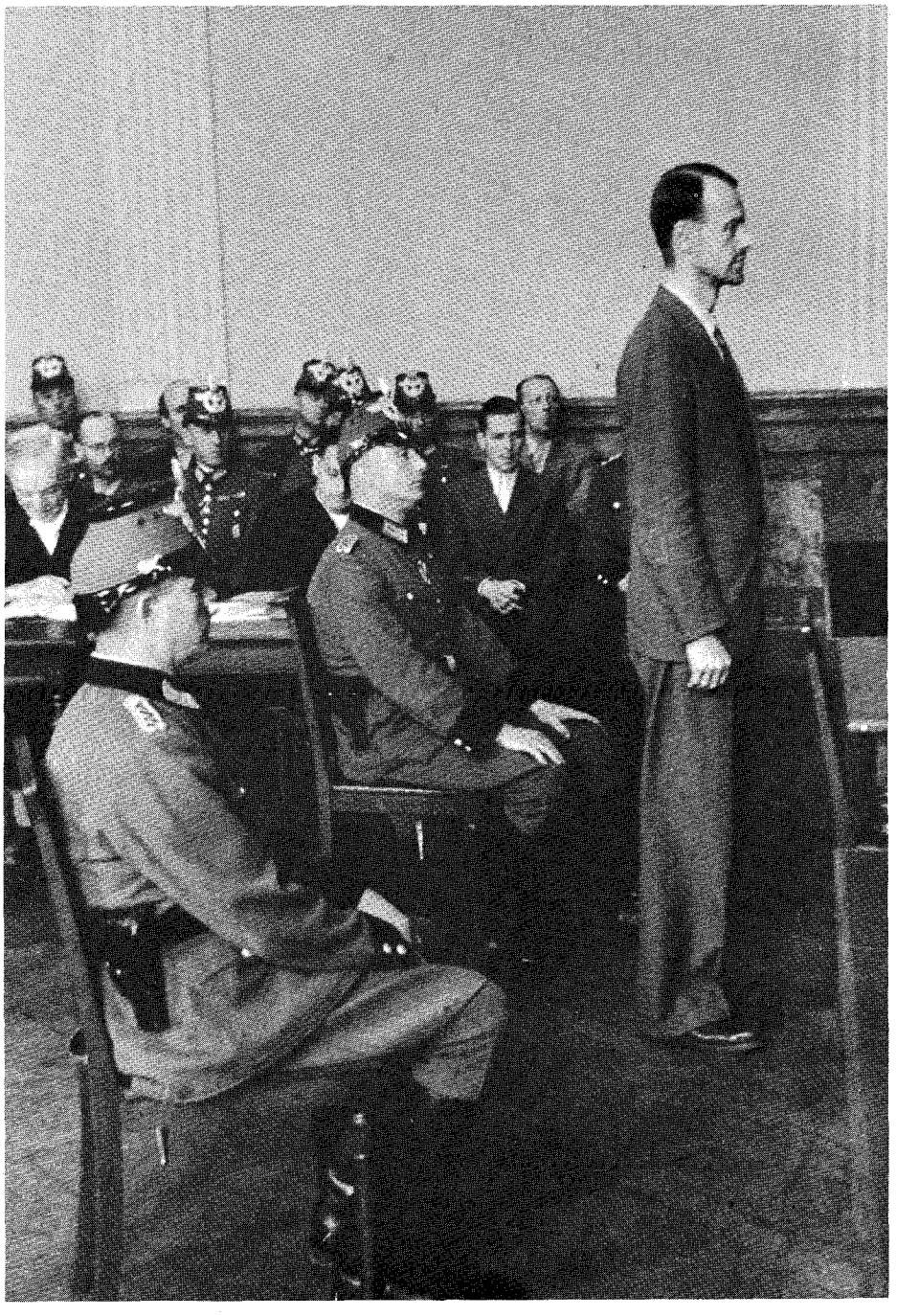
some other districts where the milder attitudes so well established in Austria did not prevail. But hardly any of those arrested in this category, even if they carried out the orders of the Berlin conspirators during a few hours, lost their lives.

Even in the staffs of the Military Commanders of Belgium and Northern France, and of France, where conspiratorial participation had been widespread, arrests and persecution did not reach any proportionate level. General Freiherr von Falkenhausen, Military Commander in Belgium and Northern France, was arrested on 29 July. His Chief of Staff, Colonel Bodo von Harbou, took his life in his cell after his arrest. In Paris, the leaders of the *coup* action there agreed with the *SS* and *SD* to declare the whole thing an exercise publicly. Internally it was declared a misunderstanding. The Higher *SS* and Police Leader Oberg; the *SD* Chief, Dr. Knochen; and the Chief of Staff of the Supreme Commander West, General Blumentritt, agreed on this tenor for their reports to their superiors. The Army officers had carried out the Berlin orders with great dispatch and diligence; and the *SS* officers had thought those orders "genuine" and had submitted to their execution almost voluntarily, so that in France, both sides were interested in as little exposure of these circumstances as possible. Without this rare community of interests between Army and *SS*, the arrests among members of the German Army would have gone into the hundreds.



Hans Bernd von Haeften, Legation Councillor in the Foreign Office. After a month of imprisonment and torture, his clothes scarcely fitted him; he was hanged on 15 August 1944.

Flanked by police, Dr. Berthold Schenk Graf von Stauffenberg—brother of the man who planted the bomb at "Wolfschanze"—is led into the courtroom. Himself a judge, he was hanged in Plötzensee on 10 August 1944, at the age of 39.

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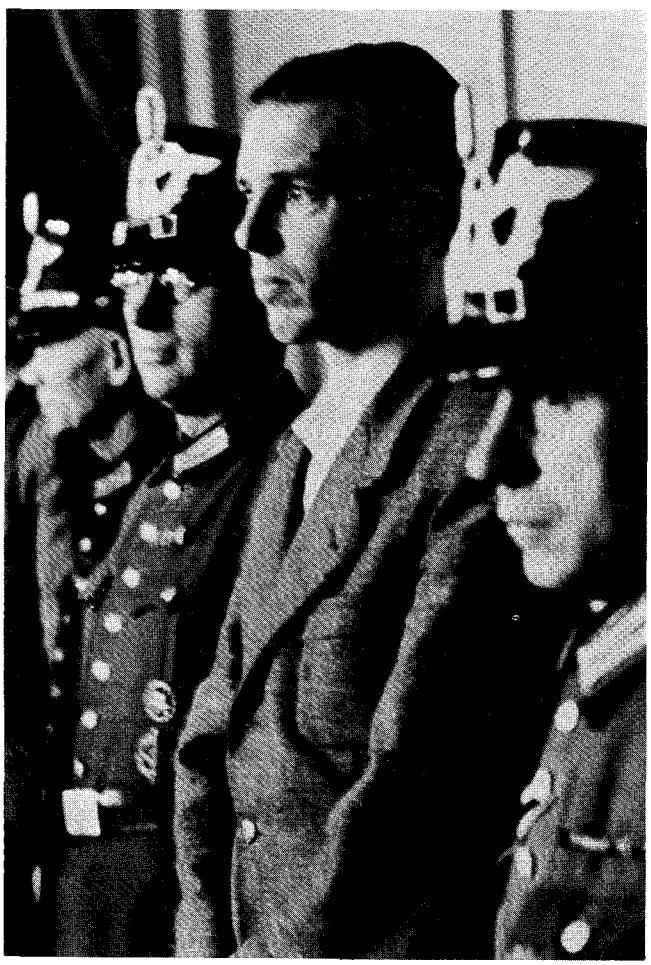
A few officers, of course, had revealed themselves as conspirators on 20 July, and some of the most prominent could not be saved. The Military Commander in France, General Karl-Heinrich von Stülpnagel, had been relieved of his command by Fieldmarshall von Kluge during the night of 20/21 July, and he was too compromised to be reinstated, or to be protected against a formal investigation. General Blumentritt attempted to protect Stülpnagel, but Kluge, who was overly eager to dissociate himself from the conspiracy, had already reported on Stülpnagel to *OKW*. On the morning of 21 July, Stülpnagel was ordered to report to Berlin to answer questions. Members of his staff—Lieutenant Colonel Dr. von Hofacker, Dr. Horst, Dr. Teuchert and Dr. Thierfelder—meanwhile destroyed all documentary traces of the *coup d' état* and warned others who had been involved and informed.

Stülpnagel started to Berlin by car. When he reached the old World War I battlefield on the Maas river north of Verdun, he told his driver to stop. He got out, walked up to the Maas Canal, and shot himself through the head, but without killing himself. His driver and his *aide-de-camp* ran up to the Canal, found Stülpnagel floating in the water, fished him out, and took him to a field hospital in Verdun. During the same night Stülpnagel was operated on, and the doctors saved his life, though he remained blind. Those who had been with Stülpnagel on the trip did not know anything about the conspiracy or



Stülpnagel's involvement, and they believed that he had been shot by members of the French *Résistance*. But it was soon clear that Stülpnagel had tried to commit suicide. From the time of Kluge's report to *OKW*, no one really believed the version of a "misunderstanding" in Paris, and Stülpnagel's suicide attempt could only be seen as an admission of guilt. Stülpnagel's Chief of Staff, Colonel von Linstow, had at first asked the driver to stick to the version of a *Résistance* attack; he had appealed to the driver's loyalty to "our General". But after hours of interrogation the driver admitted during the night of 22/23 July, that he had been asked by Linstow to give this version.

Now it had become impossible even for the most benevolent *SS* and *SD* chiefs in Paris to pretend there were no grounds for suspicion. Linstow was interrogated on 23 July and placed under house arrest, and he was definitively arrested on 27 July. Hofacker was arrested on 25 July. Other arrests in France included the Quartermaster West, Colonel Finckh, Captain Dr. Gotthard Freiherr von Falkenhausen, Dr. Ernst Röchling, Geheimrat Kreuter, and Freiherr von der Osten-Sacken—all officials in the economic administration of occupied France. Subsequently, the wave of arrests in France subsided. General Blumentritt and, at first, even Fieldmarshall von Kluge remained in their respective positions. The City Commandant of Paris, Major General Freiherr von Boineburg-Lengsfeld, and his deputy, Brigadier General Brehmer, were transferred; but the Commander of the Paris Security Regiment, Colonel von Kraewel, who had carried out the arrests against *SS* and *SD* on 20 July, was neither arrested nor transferred.

After a few weeks, however, the investigation was reaching into France again, and Kluge's involvement in the conspiracy for several years gradually came to the attention of the *Gestapo*. Kluge also believed that his good name as a soldier was being destroyed by his inability to halt the invasion of the Allies in Normandy. On 15 August, Kluge had himself driven into the semi-encircled area of Falaise, probably to seek death. On the way to the front his cars were pinned down for some time by Allied fighter bombers, and he lost his signal truck, so that for a number of hours the Commander-in-Chief of the German front in France had disappeared and his own Headquarters and *OKW* were unable to locate him anywhere. By evening, Hitler believed that the Fieldmarshall had deserted to the Allies (which says more about Hitler's mentality than about Kluge's desperation). Without waiting any longer Hitler appointed Fieldmarshall Model as Kluge's successor. Kluge returned to his Headquarters during the night of 15/16 August, but he was not informed of the change of command until an hour before the arrival of Fieldmarshall Model on 17 August. Kluge was ordered to return to Germany; on his way back on 19 August, during a stop near the old World War I battlefields where Stülpnagel, too, had stopped, Kluge took cyanide.

The figures given here and there for the total number of those arrested in the wake of 20 July—for instance,

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the 600 cited by the *Gestapo* investigator, Dr. Kiessel—are certainly impressive. But they are only vaguely representative of the true extent of the Opposition movement against Hitler. In fact, the *Gestapo*, after half a year of large-scale investigations, were still far from anything approaching adequate information about the Opposition, as the investigation reports clearly show. The reason for this lack of information was not laxity, and only in the last three months of the war did the investigation really lose momentum—in part because of constant Allied bombings with the resulting evacuations of offices and agencies, in part because of the approach of the front-lines, and in part because many *Gestapo* officers wished to avoid compromising themselves unnecessarily during those last weeks, when they could see that they themselves might have to answer charges before long. This last-mentioned consideration did not automatically save any of the arrested conspirators. On the contrary, from the point of view of many *Gestapo* men, prudence now required the "elimination" (murder) of those who might have unpleasant things to say about them.

On the other hand, in view of the attitudes of many conspirators, and in view of the methods with which the *Gestapo* tried to extract confessions, it is still surprising how little they learned about the Opposition. Many who might have escaped with false papers, or who might have gone into hiding, refused to endanger their friends. The fate of those who helped General Lindemann illustrates the point. Ulrich von Hassell, for example, refused to seek shelter. He wandered about the streets of Berlin for days and finally awaited his arrest at his desk.

Those who did try to escape, however, not only endangered everyone who helped them, but also endangered their own families. The National-Socialists, pretending to revive ancient "heroic" customs of those they claimed as their Germanic forbearers, had devised a diabolic system of "clan arrests" (*Sippenhaft*). Himmler explained it in a speech to the provincial Party bosses of 3 August 1944: "When they [the Germanic forbearers] put a family under the ban and declared it outlawed, or when there was a vendetta in the family, they were unbelievably consistent about it. When the family was declared outlawed and put under the ban, they said: 'This man has committed treason, the blood is bad, there is treasonous blood in it, this will be exterminated.' And in the vendetta they exterminated even the last member of the entire clan. The family Graf Stauffenberg will be exterminated down to its last member."

Thus, not only the wives of Claus and Berthold Graf von Stauffenberg, their uninvolved brother, Alexander Graf von Stauffenberg, and the small children of the brothers (aged 2 to 8), but also cousins, uncles, aunts, and even in-laws in great numbers (who had no "bad, treasonous blood", presumably) were arrested. Besides the small children, the *Gestapo* arrested the octogenarian father of a cousin of Claus Graf von Stauffenberg, his mother, and many other relatives and friends. (Stauffenberg's mother, incidentally, was unimpressed by her arrest. After she had been released later in 1944, she told people who had the courage to visit her: "I knew of my son's deed beforehand, and I still approve of it.") Arrests included relatives of families such as those of Goerdeler, Lehndorff, Schwerin von Schwanenfeld, Tresckow, Seydlitz, Hagen, Freytag-Loringhoven, Hase, Lindemann, Bernardis, Hansen, Hofacker, Finckh, Yorck von Wartenburg, Moltke, Hoepner, Oster, Dohnanyi, Bonhoeffer, Haushofer, Trott zu Solz, Leber, Leuschner, Jakob Kaiser, Hammerstein, Popitz, Harnack, Kleist, Haeften, Haubach, Schulenburg, to mention only a few. The application of the principle of family arrest, however, remained unsystematic, under Himmler's express orders.

The prisoners arrested under the family-arrest "system" were often dragged from one jail or concentration camp to another as the Allied fronts moved in on Germany, and they were often transported in cattle cars. Such notorious camps as Stutthof, Lauenburg, Buchenwald, Dachau, and Sachsenhausen were among the stations of their undeserved odyssey of suffering. Many of these prisoners were taken to Tyrol with the VIP group from Dachau which included the former Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg. There they were to be shot by the *SS* before they could be liberated by American troops, but General Heinrich von Vietinghoff

Dr. Julius Leber. Leber was a leading Social-Democrat and a journalist; he was hanged in Plötzensee, 5 January 1945, at the age of 53.

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genannt Scheel, Commander-in-Chief Southwest, heard about the prisoners and freed them by having the *SS* guards disarmed.

Not only were those who had committed or tried to commit the unlawful act against the *Führer* to be persecuted and punished, but also the very spirit of the action was to be punished. The spirit of *humanitas*, of peace, and of justice was to be exterminated. The family, where the spirit of freedom and the resistance against injustice and arbitrariness is often inculcated and cultivated first, was to be exterminated. For the purposes of the *Regime* it would have been necessary physically to destroy entire social strata, and such a radical social revolution had been seriously envisioned by Hitler. But he had put it off again and again for the sake of short-range aims, especially the satisfaction of his desire for a war. The war, of course, caused such profound disruption of social and political structures that the extermination of those groups whom Hitler considered his enemies would have entailed an impossibility. In the present situation, too, the *Régime* could not afford to act with the thoroughness that was thought appropriate.

As a threat and as a form of torture family arrests were quite effective even if they remained relatively spotty. The suspects who had been arrested could be threatened with the arrest and mistreatment (the words *concentration camp* were enough to convey the point) of their wives and children, of their parents, of brothers and sisters, and of other relatives. No one can fully appreciate the horrible decisions which had to be made between giving away co-conspirators and friends on the one hand, and having one's wife and children thrown into one of the murderous concentration camps on the other. Not all those arrested by the *Gestapo* managed to say just enough to satisfy their interrogators (and so protect their families), but not enough to endanger any collaborators who were still free.

There were other kinds of torture, too. They were officially sanctioned, and no amount of lying on the part of *Gestapo* officials who were tried after the war can change that. This torture was officially termed Intensified Interrogation. No one felt quite at ease about it, however, and those who inflicted it without many scruples nevertheless were bashful when it came to calling a spade a spade. Reinhard Heydrich, who was then Chief of the Secret Police Office in Prussia, wrote to all office heads working under him on 28 May 1936: There was reason "to point out that the application of Intensified Interro-

A wider view of the courtroom, as Leber faces the trial judge. Defense counsel are seated along the table at the defendant's left; toward the rear of the room are "listeners" and some representatives of the press.

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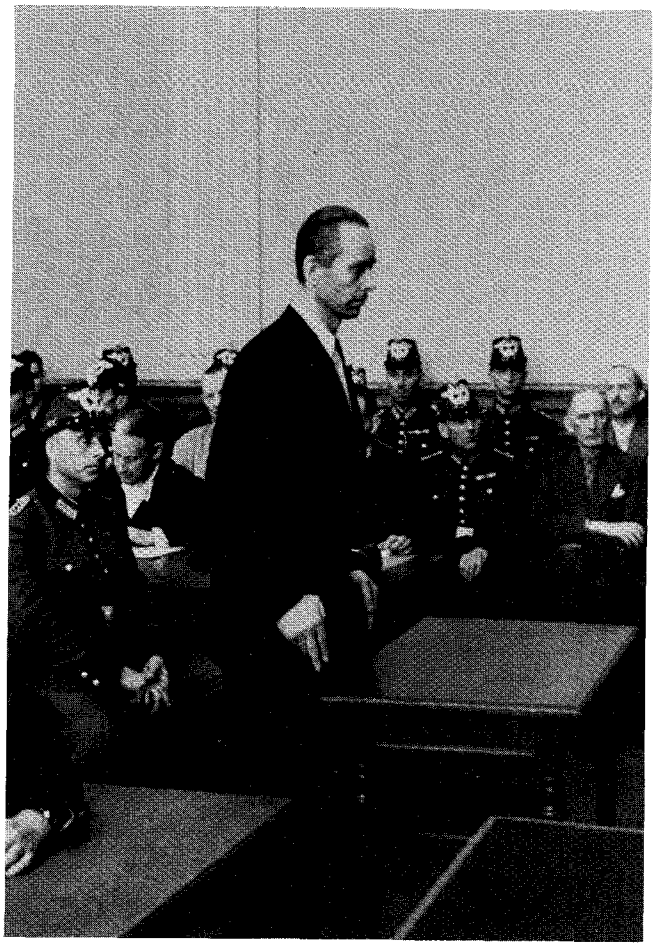
gation may in no case be documented." Even as late as 1941, Heydrich wrote his office heads that he had cause to remind them that certain regulations must be followed in the application of Intensified Interrogation. What must the conditions have been if a man like Heydrich thought it necessary to restrain *Gestapo* interrogators! Intensified Interrogation, Heydrich continued, was permissible only in dealing with "Communist or Marxist functionaries, Witnesses of Jehovah, and saboteurs." "If an Intensified Interrogation should be justifiable and required in other particularly important cases," Heydrich's specific permission had to be requested, though not for Poles and Russians. But a year later, after Heydrich's assassination, the Chief of Security Police and *SD*, Heinrich Müller ("*Gestapo* Müller"), changed these regulations. Under the date of 12 June 1942, he wrote to all officials concerned, "in order to simplify" the Decree on Intensified Interrogation of 1 July, 1937: Intensified Interrogation might only be applied if it was clear that a suspect *could* give information "about important facts concerning hostility to state and nation," but does not *want* to. Even at that time this relaxation was limited to "Communists, Marxists, Witnesses of Jehovah, saboteurs, terrorists, members of the resistance movements [in the occupied territories], parachute agents, a-social types, and Poles or Soviet-Russians who refused to work or who loafed." Permission could be granted for exceptions, and this also applied to the following regulation: "Intensified Interrogation may not be used to bring about confessions of acts committed by the person subjected to Intensified Interrogation . . . For exceptions, my permission must be obtained in advance."

Müller at least hinted at the methods of Intensified Interrogation in his letter: "the most modest food (water and bread), hard beds, dark cell, withdrawal of sleep, fatigue exercises" could be terrible tortures. One must imagine that under these regulations people could be (and were) forced to go without sleep for many days and nights, or to stand upright for ten, twelve, or fifteen hours (fatigue exercise). "Dispensation of strokes with a stick" could be used, too. For more than twenty strokes a physician had to be brought in; but who was counting, and who checked on the interrogators? And the concentration-camp trials since 1945 have shown what some doctors were capable of.

Once one is familiar with these official regulations, one will more readily understand many a strange phrase in the *Gestapo* interrogation and investigation reports produced after 20 July 1944. If one of them states: "Only after a pause of several days in the interrogations did Schlabrendorff openly reveal . . .", it is not difficult to guess (correctly) what had happened during this pause. Fabian von Schlabrendorff was tortured so cruelly, in fact, that he was forced to abandon his initially total refusal to talk. He made extensive "confessions" in which he implicated himself and conspirators he knew were dead. This seemed to him the only way to avoid tortures during which he might lose control of what he wanted to say. The *Gestapo* had discovered contacts between Schlabrendorff and Graf von Lehndorff (who was to be one of the Liaison Officers between the conspirators and one of the military districts); Lehndorff could not deny that Schlabrendorff and Treskow, one of the leading conspirators who had taken his own life on 21 July 1944, had co-operated closely, and Schlabrendorff had been arrested on 17 August. But the Investigating Commission could not report any statements or confessions made by Schlabrendorff until 18 September. In the interval Schlabrendorf had been tortured, and others held in the *Gestapo* cellar of Prinz-Albrecht-Strasse 8 in Berlin saw him brought back from "interrogations" bloody and unconscious several times. Schlabrendorff's case is particularly useful as an example for illustrating exactly what was meant by torture and what the real meaning of Intensified Interrogation was, because the torture to which Schlabrendorff was subjected was documented in the People's Court even before the collapse of the Third *Reich*. The *Gestapo* officials could not deny it then or later.



Dr. Peter Graf Yorck von Wartenburg, a lawyer and Government Councillor who was hanged on 8 August. Behind him, half-hidden, is General Hoepner; at far right are von Witzleben and von Hase.

As a first step, Schlabrendorff's hands were tied behind his back and each of his fingers separately were

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Dr. Adam von Trott zu Solz, a Rhodes Scholar and a Legation Councillor in the Foreign Office, hears the conspiracy charges read against him. He was condemned and hanged in Plötzensee, 26 August 1944.

put into an apparatus where each finger tip was met by an iron thorn. By the turn of a screw, the thorns were made to penetrate deeper and deeper into the fingers and down to the bones. When this did not result in a "confession", Schlabrendorff was strapped to a cot, and his legs were put in pipes which had a great number of sharp metal thorns on the inside. Again, a mechanism was set in motion by which the thorns penetrated more and more deeply into the flesh of the legs. Schlabrendorff's head was put in a kind of metal hood and also covered with a blanket, so that the "interrogators" did not have to hear the screams of the victim. All the while, and also between turns of the screws, Schlabrendorff received beatings with bamboo sticks and leather whips. In the third stage of this torture, still by the use of the versatile cot apparatus, the body of the victim was stretched either briefly and strongly, or gradually and increasingly. As often as Schlabrendorff fainted, he was revived with cold water. When none of these extreme cruelties produced any statements from Schlabrendorff, another method of torture was used. He had to stand bent over forward, and shackled, so that he could move neither backward nor sideways, and he was beaten from behind with heavy sticks. Under every stroke he fell forward onto his face with the full weight of his body. He was put on his feet again and beaten again.

All of these methods of torture were used on Schlabrendorff on one and the same day with the only result that he lost consciousness. On the following day he suffered a severe heart attack and was paralyzed for several days following. When he had recovered somewhat, the torture was resumed. Finally, after weeks in the *Gestapo* cellar, Schlabrendorff decided to admit something. He said he had known that Tresckow had often talked about a bloodless, or, if necessary, a violent elimination of Hitler, that Tresckow had been busy in unusual ways just before 20 July, and that he had sent Oertzen to Berlin. This information, Schlabrendorff said, was all that he had known, and he claimed that at the time he had not understood what it meant. The *Gestapo* seemed satisfied with this result of the "interrogation" for the time being. It was enough to have Schlabrendorff sentenced to death for complicity by the People's Court, which was not fussy about such paraphernalia as proof of guilt. For a time, at least, Schlabrendorff was left alone. The *Gestapo* never found out that he, Tresckow, Gersdorff, and a number of other members of the Staff of Army Group Center had made several assassination attempts against Hitler—including the famous bomb-on-the-airplane attempt of 13 March 1943—and Schlabrendorff remained the only one of the group who was ever arrested.

Many others were beaten and tortured in the same and similar ways, usually by notorious thugs like Criminal Commissar Stawizki, who belonged to the Special Group of a *Gestapo* thug named Leo Lange. Admiral Canaris, for instance, had his hands and feet tied and was tortured by constantly-lit bright lights and by denial of privacy (his cell door was open day and night). General Fellgiebel, Dr. Walter Bauer, Dr. Carl Langbehn, Graf von Bismarck, Walter Cramer, former State Secretary Erwin Planck, and Dr. Eugen Gerstenmaier, among many others, were badly beaten and tortured. In several cases, such as that of Adam von Trott zu Solz, the execution of a death sentence was postponed in order to extract more information. The *Gestapo* reported: "Since Trott doubtlessly has kept back a great deal of information, the People's Court's death sentence has not been carried out, so that Trott is available for further clarification."

In view of such conditions, and in view of the great number of those arrested, it is astonishing and admirable that so many of those involved in or informed about the conspiracy were saved and protected by suffering, silence, and by misleading of the *Gestapo*. This resistance, even after the total collapse of the Opposition as a group and as a movement that hoped to overthrow the *Régime* of Adolf Hitler and his henchmen, can be explained and understood only by reference to those sources that had nourished the Opposition against National-Socialism and against Hitler from the very start: the conviction of an ethical responsibility to fight injustice, crime, and destruction in general, even at the price of one's own life.

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3. PEOPLE'S COURT, EXECUTION, CONCENTRATION CAMP

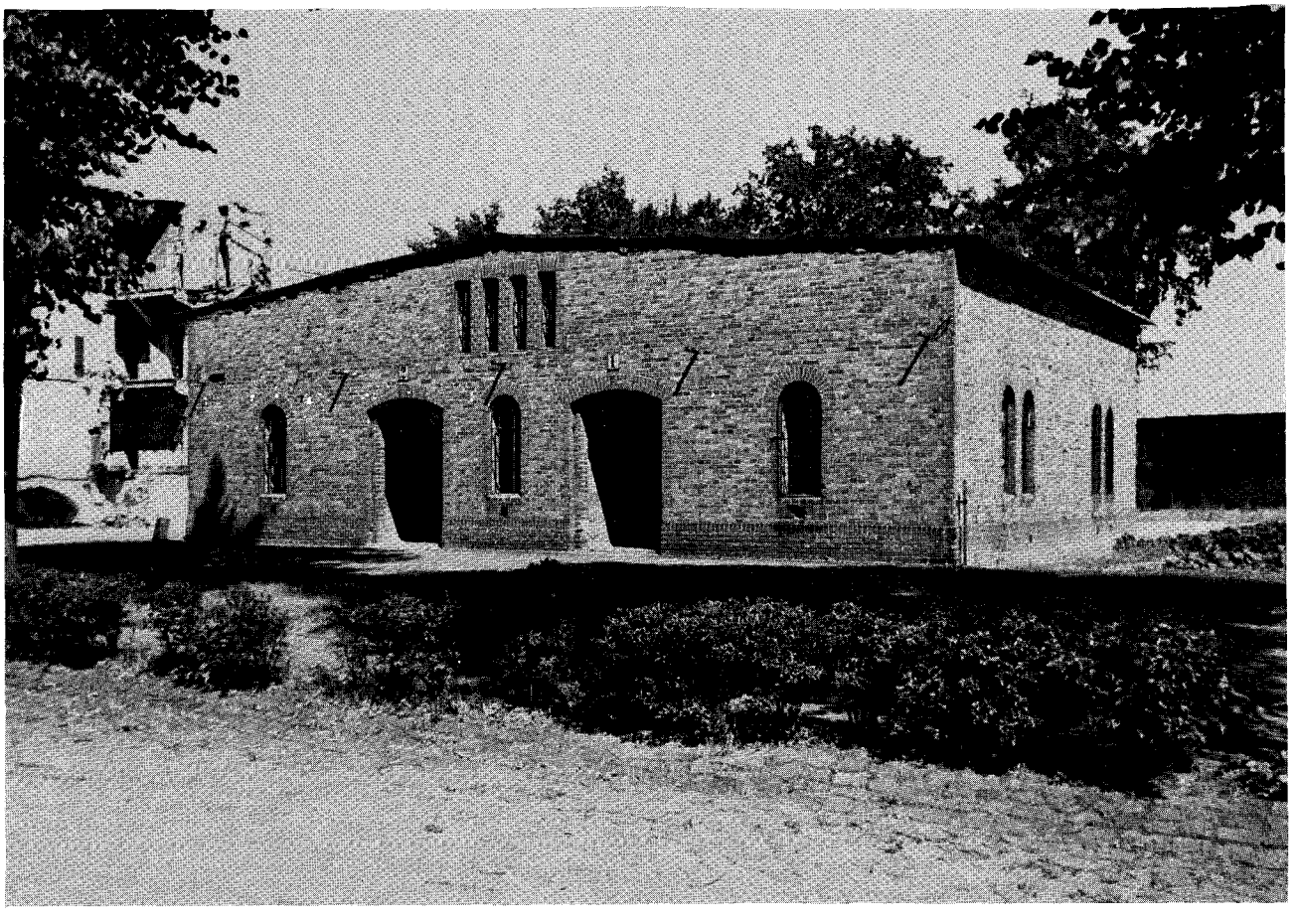
The "People's Court" was first formed in 1934, in order to give an effective instrument to what was called the "sound sense of the people" ("*gesundes Volksempfinden*") against the enemies of the people. In reality there was not one aspect of this mandate that was not dubious: the stated intention; the claim that the sense of the people was indeed sound on such intangible points of law as to who was and who was not an enemy of the people; the contention that the judgments of the Court would reflect that sense whatever it was; and the assumption that those convicted by the Court would indeed be enemies of the people. The truth was that the People's Court from its very beginning was meant to be a political instrument of rule for the *Régime* of the National-Socialists and for their concept of "National-Socialist Law"—a law of terror and oppression of all opposition and dissent, and the exact opposite of all humanist, liberal principles and traditions of justice. Long before 20 July 1944, the judgments of this Court were arbitrary and contrary to existing statute laws. In many cases they were decided before the trial had even begun, or were repealed or commuted by the Government when they did not suit it.

On 11 August 1944, Vice-Consul Dr. Sonnenhol, Section Chief of *Inland II* in the Foreign Office in Berlin, received the following report in writing: "During today's meeting with *SS* Brigadier General Panzinger the following developed: 1) von Trott zu Solz will be sentenced to death at the next session of the People's Court, probably Tuesday or Wednesday of next week." Usually the trials of conspirators after 20 July 1944 lasted less than a day, and conviction, sentencing and execution usually took place on the same day. Trott's trial, of course, had not even begun when the official communication just cited was written.

On 22 December 1942, *SS* Major General Heinrich Mueller wrote Himmler that he had learned from Mr. Lehmann, an official in *OKW*, that the death sentences passed against members of the Schulze-Boysen group (they were part of the espionage organization *Rote Kapelle*) had been confirmed by Hitler, but that "The *Führer* has not confirmed the sentences [of 6 and 10 years in the penitentiary, resp.] against Mrs. Harnack and Gräfin Brockdorff. The *Führer* has decreed that both must be sentenced again by another group of judges of the Court." This sentencing was done, and the two women were duly hanged.

Military courts were still competent for offenses committed by members of the Armed Forces until September

The Death House in Plötzensee Prison, Berlin, where many of the conspirators of the 20 July plot were executed.



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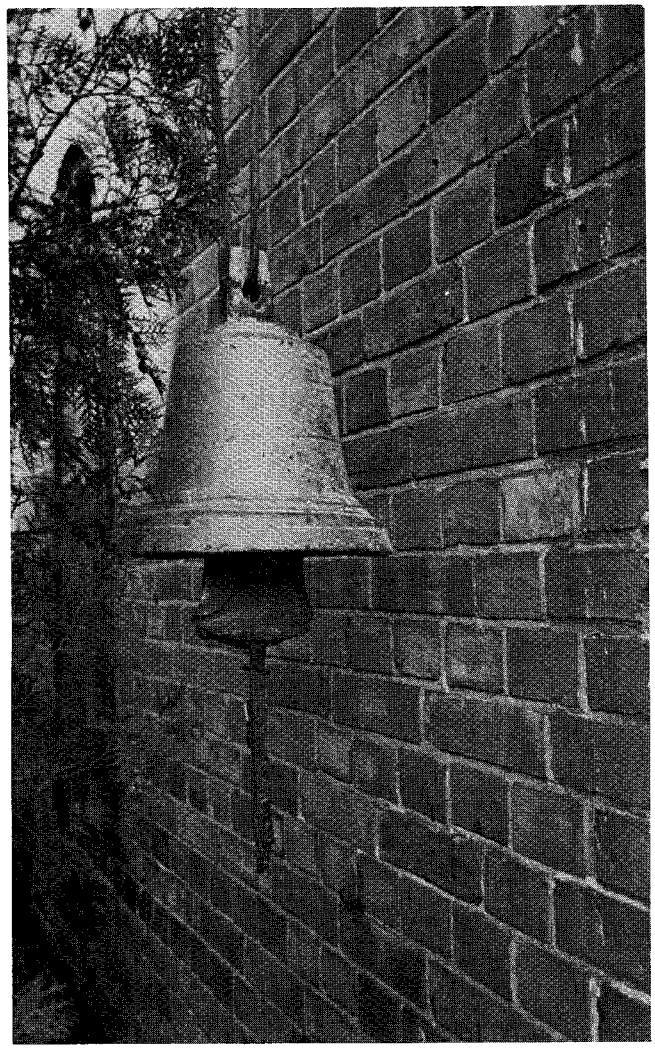
1939. But after that time members of the Armed Forces could be tried by the People's Court if civilians had been accomplices or parties in whatever the military men were being accused of. This was the case, of course, with the conspiracy of 20 July 1944. The law of 1939 also added: "The *Führer* and Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces can order a retrial even if a trial has been legally completed and the judgment and sentence have become final." The trial could be repeated as often as necessary until it had reached the result desired by the Government. This method was said to be in conformity with the "leader principle" (*Führerprinzip*). The *Führer*, it was claimed, personified in some mystical way the vital interests, the spirit, and the justice of the people. In reality, this was arbitrariness, pure and simple, hardly covered up with "legal" regulations. In September 1944, the competence of the general (as opposed to special, such as military) judicial system was extended to all political offenses committed by soldiers; and this extension, too, was not meant to promote justice but merely to tighten controls over the Armed Forces, which had preserved until then a degree of independence.

But enough remained of the military judicial competence, and the procedures were so complicated, that Hitler's Government preferred not to exhaust the possibilities of the legal tools just described. The Government also preferred not to risk any acquittals it might not agree with, but instead relied on a more formal transfer of suspects from military to regular jurisdiction. This transfer procedure turned out to be yet another perversion of justice. A military Court of Honor was formed, with instructions to recommend to the *Führer* the expulsion of suspects from the Armed Forces—without a hearing of the accused, without the examination of evidence, without hearing witnesses, and without determination of guilt or innocence—merely on the basis of a report of investigation results submitted by the *Gestapo*. This method was much easier than that of having to prove in some "difficult" cases that military men and civilians had indeed acted together and therefore had to be tried by a non-military court—the People's Court. Members of the military Court of Honor were Fieldmarshall Keitel, General Guderian, General Walter Schroth, General Karl Kriebel, and later also General Karl-Wilhelm Specht, Major General Heinrich Kirchheim as deputy for Guderian, and Fieldmarshall von Rundstedt as Presiding Judge. Brigadier General Ernst Maisel and Major General Wilhelm Burgdorf of the Army Personnel Office also participated in the sessions of the Court of Honor.

The first group of 20 July conspirators was tried before the People's Court on 7 and 8 August 1944, in the Great Room of the Chamber Court in Berlin, with Dr. Roland Freisler presiding. He wore a red robe, the walls were decorated with swastika flags, and the carefully selected "public" was dominated by the black, brown, and green uniforms of the *SS*, the *SA* and the police. The intention was to hold a show trial that could be used by Dr. Goebbels for propaganda purposes, and that would



The Death Bell at the Plötzensee Prison. It was rung before executions.

give satisfaction to a vengeful *Führer*. Behind the flags were soundtrack-film cameras, and Freisler, who conducted the trial practically alone, would give a brief knock as a signal whenever he wanted the cameras started. Every time he gave this signal, he would begin shouting at the accused unrestrainedly, and often obscenely, in order to demonstrate what pitiful, morally worthless criminals driven by lowly motives the accused were, and in order psychologically to destroy the accused.

The propaganda purpose was not achieved, and only excerpts from the films were later shown in public. Even these excerpts had an effect quite opposite to the one intended. All the accused were seen as upright, courageous men. Through their obvious integrity, and because of what they said in court, they really appeared as the accusers. Their quiet dignity, rather purified by the sufferings of *Gestapo* captivity, was emphasized by the contrast with the screaming, shouting, grimacing, gesticulating, and undignified judge.

The first group of defendants consisted of Fieldmarshall von Witzleben, General Hoepner, Brigadier Gen-

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eral Stieff, First Lieutenant von Hagen, Major General von Hase, Lieutenant Colonel Bernardis, Captain Klausing, and First Lieutenant Graf Yorck von Wartenburg. Especially Witzleben spoke without fear before Freisler, but the others were not impressed by Freisler's shouting either. Witzleben's suspenders had been taken away, and Hoepner was forced to wear a knit jacket in court. Neither was allowed to wear a decent uniform. Even a man like Freisler was embarrassed by this outward indignity, and during a recess he gave orders to provide the two defendants with the means for a more dignified appearance. Occasionally Freisler tried to make certain that only authorized persons were present, but in view of the great number in the audience, a good deal of information about the trial could not be prevented from becoming known outside the court. Thus, it was widely reported that Witzleben had told Freisler: "You can hand us over to the hangman. In three months the maltreated and suffering people will hold you accountable, and they will drag you through the dirt of the streets alive."

Freisler tried, usually successfully, to prevent the defendants from stating their motives. Stieff made several attempts to speak, which Freisler suppressed, but many managed to say briefly why and for what end they had acted. Graf Schwerin von Schwanenfeld mentioned "the many murders in Poland" before Freisler interrupted him. Stieff: "For Germany!" Yorck: "The essential connection of all these questions is the state's claim of total authority over the citizen and the exclusion of his religious and ethical obligations to God." During the entire trial Yorck showed a particularly fearless and upright attitude, no doubt mindful of his famous ancestor who, in 1812, had also given the voice of conscience precedence over the written laws that seemed to him senseless. Hans-Bernd von Haeften said: "In my opinion, the world-historic role of the *Führer* is that of a great executor of Evil."

The lawyer Josef Wirmer, who was to have become Minister of Justice in a post-*coup* government, told Freisler during his trial: "If I am hanged, it is not I who is afraid, but you!" And when Freisler chided him: "You'll be in hell soon!" Wirmer shot back: "It will be a pleasure, if you'll follow me soon, *Herr Präsident!*" Ulrich von Hassell, the former German Ambassador in Rome, also seemed more of an accuser in Freisler's Court than a defendant. Hermann Maass, who had been interrupted twice by Freisler's inarticulate, wild shouting, demonstrated his contempt for the Court and for the judge by refusing to plead for his life. Fritz-Dietlof Graf von der Schulenburg heaped all the sarcasm of which he was capable upon Freisler; and Fellgiebel told the Judge to hurry with the hangings, or he would be hanged sooner than the men on trial. At times the conduct of the trials by Freisler was so undignified that even the National-Socialist trial observers and the Minister of Justice, Dr. Thierack, complained about it to Bormann, Hitler's powerful Secretary.

The trials continued into the last weeks before the end of the war. At a time when nothing could prevent or conceal the collapse of the *Régime* and its military defeat, Hitler's rage was so unbridled and unpredictable that judicial officials only rarely dared to prolong or slow down some of the proceedings in order to save some lives, or in order to collect points for their own justification when the time of reckoning came for them. Sometimes a judicial official could be persuaded by the relatives of a defendant to put his dossier at the bottom of the pile; and if this was done in February, the chances were that this dossier would not come up before the war was over. Logically this might have cost the life of someone else who might otherwise have survived.

Fabian von Schlabrendorff was put on trial in the People's Court with five other defendants on 21 December 1944, but because the Court could not handle all these cases at once, Schlabrendorff and three others—former *Reich* Minister Dr. Andreas Hermes, former State Secretary Dr. Franz Kempner, and Colonel Wilhelm Staehle—were not tried on this day. Schlabrendorff's trial was set for 3 February 1945. As it began, the air raid alarms went off, and the entire Court, including the defendant, had to go to the air raid shelter. During the raid the People's Court building was hit, the shelter ceiling partially collapsed, and a falling beam fell on the head of Freisler, who was still wearing his red robe. Schlabrendorff's defense counsel told him afterward that the Presiding Judge had still clutched Schlabrendorff's dossier as he lay on the floor, more dead than alive. He died a short while later.

A new trial date was set for Schlabrendorff—16 March 1945. Schlabrendorff managed to describe in detail the tortures he had been subjected to, and he pointed out that torture had been abolished and forbidden in Prussia by Frederick the Great, two hundred years ago. The *Gestapo* officials who were present at the trial did not deny the tortures, and so the Court, now presided over by Dr. Crohne, acquitted Schlabrendorff on these grounds and set him free. As he walked out of the Court into the street, the *Gestapo* re-arrested him at once. A few days later he was told that obviously the People's Court had passed an incorrect judgment. He would not be hanged then, but he would be shot instead; Schlabrendorff had to acknowledge the receipt of this information with his signature. After several more days he was taken to Flossenbürg Concentration Camp where he was to be shot after the executions of Canaris, Dohnanyi, Oster, Bonhoeffer and others who had been members of the German Military Intelligence and whom the Government had not wished to have tried in the semi-public way by which the People's Court operated. The Canaris group were hanged, but Schlabrendorff was saved again when the camp was evacuated before the approaching Russian troops. With other prisoners he was taken to Dachau Concentration Camp, and from there he was eventually taken to South Tyrol where he was liberated at the last moment with the rest of this group by a German Army general.

General Fromm, too, was tried in March 1945. He was accused of having violated regulations of martial law when he had the leaders of the *coup d' état* shot dur-

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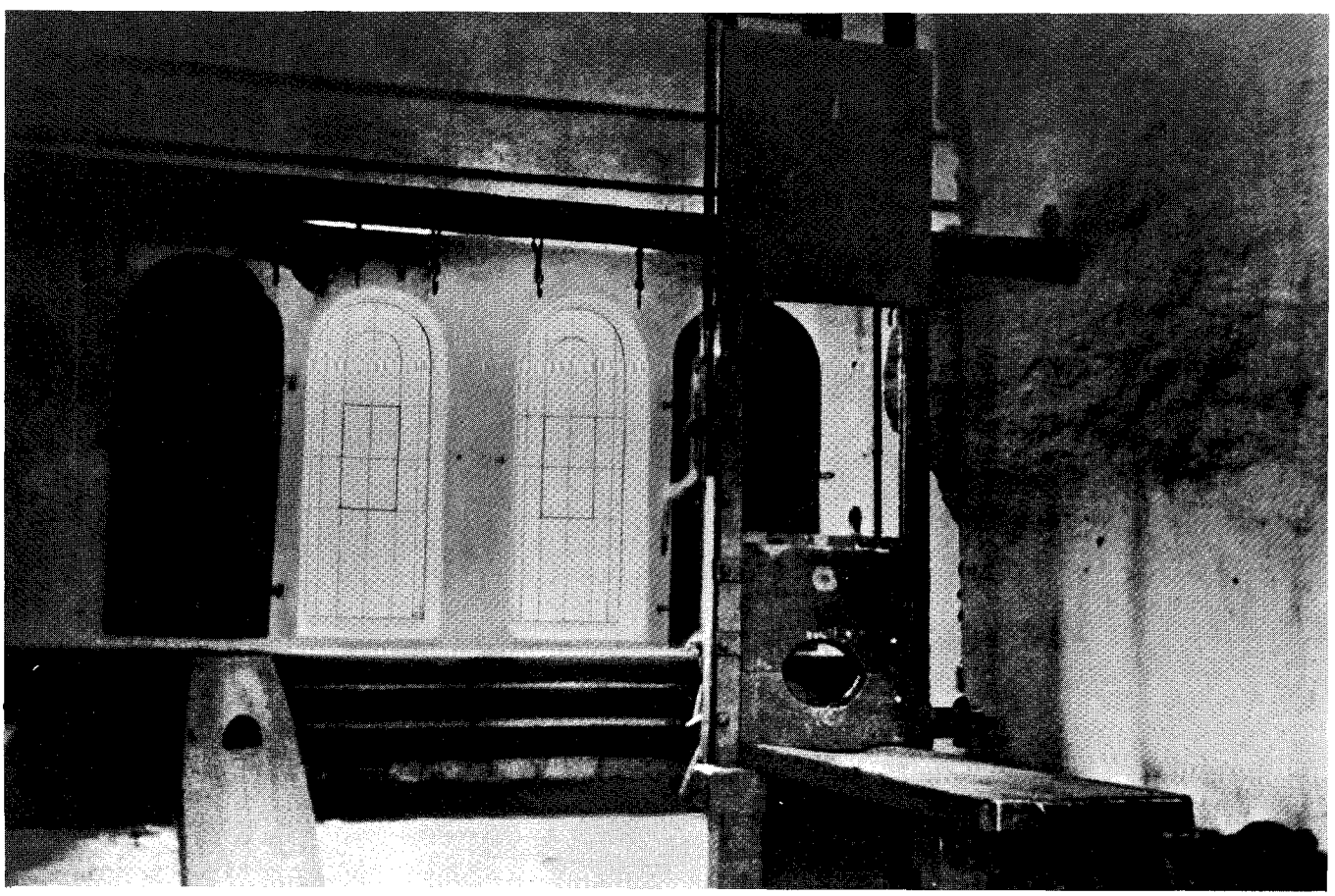
ing the night of 20/21 July. But he was sentenced to death for cowardice. Legally, this accusation was very shaky ground on which to base the sentence against Fromm. As Dr. Hopf, one of Bormann's trial observers, reported, it was "lucky" that the presiding judge had not stumbled over this point. The possibility could not be excluded that Fromm had been passive not because he was cowardly but because he was sympathetic towards the conspirators, and because he wished to be on the right side in case of their success. If Fromm had acted out of such motives, he would have had to be sentenced for high treason.

Hitler himself decreed that the method of execution for the conspirators was to be hanging, but later in 1944 the use of the guillotine, which had been the predominant practice until 1942, was revived. Before 20 July 1944, soldiers had usually been shot. The first eight to be tried in the wake of 20 July, on 7 and 8 August—Witzleben, Hoepner, Stieff, Hagen, Hase, Bernardis, Klausing, and Yorck—were hanged on the afternoon of 8 August, in the Plötzensee Penitentiary. They all died with courage and without complaint, though it was by no means easy for all of them. Hanging is a cruel and barbarous method of execution. One has only to recall the horrible photographs of the Nuremberg executions after the war, or those of the hangings of alleged Jewish spies in Baghdad, in 1969. But the procedure in Plötzensee was especially barbaric and cruel, by order of Hitler. In the tiny, barren room in which the executions took place the guillotine was still in full view. The hangman and his assistants were drinking brandy from a bottle and glasses that were standing on a little table in the room, and sound-track film cameras were mounted in the room so that Hitler might see how his enemies, who were stripped naked, had died. The condemned men were hanged with ropes that were attached to butcher hooks, which in turn were fastened onto a metal beam that went through the room from one end to the other just below the ceiling. The execution shed has survived the bombs of the war and, except for the guillotine, it is still as it was in 1944 and is now a memorial. The film of the hangings was taken straight away to Hitler's Headquarters "Wolfschanze", and it was shown to anyone who cared to see it in the Headquarters Cinema. Still photos of the hanged men were lying about on the great map table in Hitler's conference room until, at least, 18 August.

Death by hanging can always be slow and painful, even if the suffering is not intended. It is reported credibly, however, that at least for the first series of executions the order was to prolong the dying of the victims. A prisoner would be lifted up with the noose around his

The Execution Room in the Plötzensee Prison Death House, as it looked to those executed here between August 1944 and April 1945. In the right foreground is the guillotine; the hooks along the girder in the background were used to suspend the ropes of the hanged.



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neck, and the other end would then be attached to the hook. If the assistants of the hangman then let the prisoner fall with the full weight of his body, he had a good chance of breaking his neck immediately, or of losing consciousness at least. But if a man was hanged carefully without a fall, he suffocated slowly. (It is most revealing in this connection that, regardless of the method of hanging, regulations the world over require that the hanged may not be taken down for at least twenty minutes after the hanging.)

The conspirators who were hanged after 20 July were usually hanged in groups, as on 8 August. After the first one was hanged, a black curtain would be drawn before his body before the next to be executed was led into the room. Then the next one would be hanged beside him, and the curtain drawn further to cover him—and so forth. The time that elapsed from the moment the condemned entered the execution room to the actual execution was usually very short. The protocols give times from 7 to 20 seconds. Decapitation was even faster, and the end of suffering more certainly coincided with the execution. This method was resumed late in 1944, after there had been mass hangings about every two weeks for several months. But in March 1945, Nebe was hanged, not beheaded, because hanging was considered worse punishment and more degrading. On the other hand, Fromm was shot on 12 March, 1945, perhaps as a sign of some clemency, or perhaps because this seemed appropriate for his crime—cowardice in a soldier.

Many of the convicted conspirators of 20 July were executed on the day on which they were sentenced. Thus, even if the sentence had not been agreed on beforehand, execution on the day of sentencing alone would have been illustrative enough of the violation of procedure. Obviously, there was no appeal; there could be no motions for re-trial, review, or revision; and there could be no clemency procedure. No one could read, review, and evaluate the voluminous trial records in the two or three hours between sentence and execution. Some executions were postponed, not to allow time for review, but to allow time for further interrogation and torture. A man sentenced to death might be led to believe that if he gave a great amount of information, if he made himself valuable to his interrogators, he might save his life by drawing out the investigation to the end of the war which many expected to be more imminent than it turned out. Major Hans-Georg Klamroth and Adam von Trott zu Solz were sentenced to death on 15 August 1944—and the sentence was confirmed on the same day—but it was not carried out until 26 August. Fellgiebel, Colonel Georg Hansen, and Lieutenant Colonel Sadrozinski had to wait for about a month each between sentence and execution. Dr. Julius Leber was sentenced on 20 October 1944, and the sentence was confirmed the same day, but it was not carried out until 5 January 1945. Dr. Karl Goerdeler had to wait from 8 September 1944 until 2 February 1945. Stülpnagel, Linstow, Hofacker, and Finckh were sentenced to death on 30 August 1944, but Hofacker was not executed until 20 December.

As Kluge's role in the conspiracy had become clearer, the participation of Fieldmarshall Rommel could not be concealed either. He had joined the conspiracy early in 1944, but on 20 July he was in a field hospital with near-fatal wounds he had received when his car was strafed by Allied fighter bombers on 17 July. Kluge had taken his own life, but Rommel was recuperating in Herrlingen, near Ulm, at his home. Hitler wished to avoid putting on trial this most popular of all of his generals, and he decided to try to get rid of him in another way. On 14 October 1944 he sent Brigadier General Maisel and Major General Burgdorf to Herrlingen, and they had to give Rommel the choice between poisoning himself, in which case he was assured of a great public funeral in state, or being tried by the People's Court, in which case the consequences for his family, too, would be most regrettable. Rommel was probably convinced that he would not reach Berlin alive in either case. During the conversation in his home with Maisel and Burgdorf, the village of Herrlingen and, of course, Rommel's house were completely surrounded by *SS* troops. Rommel decided for poison in the hope that his family would be left in peace. He said good-bye to his family, and he told his wife: "In a quarter of an hour I shall be dead." Then he got into the waiting car with Burgdorf and Maisel. On the road to Ulm the car stopped, Burgdorf and Maisel got out and turned around discreetly, and Rommel took the poison. He was pronounced dead of an embolism upon his arrival in Ulm. The state funeral that had been promised was held in due course, with officials making sad faces and the widow wearing a heavy black veil so that her expression could not be seen.

The officially-recorded executions of conspirators ended only in April 1945, when the Red Army was about to occupy Berlin. In the Brandenburg Penitentiary the last 28 executions took place on 20 April, the *Führer's* birthday. An estimate of all executions in 1945 (four months), based on official records, gives a figure of 800 which is certainly much too low. (The Ministry of Justice recorded a total of 5,764 executions for 1944, and 5,684 for 1943.) The number of executions connected with 20 July 1944 is estimated at about 180.

Even while the official executions were still taking place, there were semi-official and unofficial ones which continued to the last day of the war. An example is the execution of the group around Canaris which seems to have been ordered by Hitler personally when Canaris' diary, whose contents greatly angered Hitler, was discovered in April 1945. On 7 April, *SS* Major General Huppenkothen arrived in Flossenbürg Concentration Camp with orders for the "elimination" of certain inmates and for the relocation of others, among whom were General Halder, Major General Thomas, Dr. Schacht, Dr. von Schuschnigg, General Freiherr von Falkenhausen, Captain Best of the British Secret Service, Lieutenant Wassilij Kokorin (Molotov's nephew), and Colonel von Bonin. On 6 April, Huppenkothen had stopped off at Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp where Dr. Hans von

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Dohnanyi had been taken early on the same morning. Dohnanyi had managed to contract a serious infection with the aid of some food his wife had sent him, and he had been taken to a police hospital in Berlin. The physician there gave him drugs in order to incapacitate him completely so that a trial could not be held and his life might thus be saved. But such minor details made no difference now, and Dohnanyi, only half-conscious and lying on a stretcher, was "tried" by Huppenkothen in a few minutes. He was executed on 9 April. After the "trial" Huppenkothen had proceeded immediately to Flossenbürg near Weiden. *SS* Judge Dr. Otto Thorbeck, of Nuremberg, had been ordered to go there, too, and he was obliged to bicycle the last 16 miles from Weiden to Flossenbürg.

The memorial to Colonel von Stauffenberg, on the Bendlerstrasse in Berlin; annual commemorative services are held here, in the courtyard of the former Home Army Command Headquarters. The unsuccessful assassin was shot here, at a spot approximately in the lower left of this picture, on the night of 20 July.

Here everything was ready for what was euphemistically termed a court-martial. On the evening of 8 April, Canaris, Oster, the Military Judge Dr. Sack, the Intelligence Officers Captain Strünck and Captain Gehre, and Dr. Dietrich Bonhoeffer were sentenced to death. During the trial, at least Canaris was beaten severely, as he had been on earlier occasions. Early in the morning of 9 April 1945, the prisoners were hanged. On the same day, as the sound of artillery was coming closer, another group of prisoners was taken first to Schönberg Concentration Camp and then to Dachau. From here they began their trek to South Tyrol.

If Huppenkothen's operation could be termed semi-official, the method of disposing of a number of inmates of Moabit Prison in Berlin's Lehrterstrasse would have to be called unofficial. Dietrich Bonhoeffer's brother, Klaus, was being held here, and he had been waiting two months for his execution together with Dr. Rüdiger Schleicher; both were tortured frequently during this time. Many others in the special *Gestapo* section in this prison were also awaiting their fates, among them Dr. Andreas Hermes, Dr. Theodor Steltzer, Dr. Hans John, Friedrich Justus Perels, Wilhelm zur Nieden, Carl Marks, and Hans Ludwig Sierks. Eleven prisoners, who were suspected of lesser offenses or who had not been sentenced to death, were released on 21 April. Russian artillery shells were already hitting the building. Among those released were Dr. Walter Bauer, Arnold Bistrick, Georg Stöhr, Hermann Schilling, Dr. Plewe, Dr. Holm Erttel, Ferdinand Zeh, Dr. Heinz Haushofer (brother of Professor Albrecht Haushofer), and Theodor Baensch. Dr. Bauer went at once to the Ministry of Justice and sought out Councillor Dr. Eggensperger whom he knew well and beseeched him to order the release of all political prisoners still held in Lehrterstrasse.

It appeared that Minister of Justice Dr. Thierack had left Berlin during the night of 20/21 April, and that according to his instructions the Prosecutors' offices connected with the various courts in Berlin were to be responsible for acts of clemency. The Attorney General in Berlin was at the same time Special Assistant for judicial matters to Goebbels, who was still alive in the Bunker with Hitler. It was extremely dangerous in these last few days to do anything that Hitler, Goebbels, and others might not approve of since people were shot or hanged very quickly for very little—such as the expression of a desire for the end of the war. Dr. Eggensperger nevertheless went out of his way to save some of the prisoners. During the afternoon of 23 April, he managed to persuade a deputy of the Minister of Justice, Dr. Hesse, to drive over to Moabit Prison with him where they brought about the immediate release of all political prisoners. From there they tried to get to Lehrterstrasse, but most streets were impassable and the tank barriers were said to be closed. To be sure, they would have been too late to prevent the massacre which had already taken place there.

During the evening of 22 April, the *Gestapo* had begun dissolving its section in Lehrterstrasse Prison. To begin with, they released twenty-one prisoners, among

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them Kraft Freiherr von Palombini, who had given Dr. Goerdeler shelter after 20 July, and Lothar Francke of Lufthansa, who had collaborated with Dr. Otto John and his brother Hans. Then, about 11 p.m., another sixteen prisoners were called up, and they were told that they were to be taken back to Prinz-Albrecht-Strasse to be released. Toward midnight, *SS* men led the sixteen away from Lehrterstrasse Prison in two groups of eight each. In the first group of eight were seven who had been sentenced to death—Dr. Rüdiger Schleicher, Dr. Klaus Bonhoeffer, Dr. Hans John, Carl Marks, Friedrich Justus Perels, Wilhelm zur Nieden, and Hans Ludwig Sierks—and one, Dr. Richard Künzer, who had not.

Toward one a.m. on 23 April, the two groups were taken to a nearby fair ground (*Ulap*). An *SS* man with pistol or submachine gun was walking behind every prisoner. A command was given, and simultaneously all prisoners were shot in the back of the neck.

In the second group of eight had been Colonel Wilhelm Staehle, Lieutenant Colonel Ernst Munzinger, Major Hans Victor von Salviati, Professor Albrecht Haushofer, a Russian prisoner of war named Sergej Sossimov, Carlos Moll, and the Communists Max Jennewein and Herbert Kosney. Kosney turned his head at the moment the *SS* man behind him fired. The bullet penetrated his neck and cheek, and he collapsed without losing consciousness and pretended to be dead. When the *SS* had left the scene, Kosney dragged himself to a dressing station of a militia unit. Upon his report the bodies of the first group of eight were found, but it took three weeks—Berlin was the front then—before the other group of eight could be located. Albrecht Haushofer was found, too, by his brother Heinz, still clutching a notebook with poems he had written in prison. (The poems have been published under the title *Moabit Sonnets*.)

For those who had remained behind in Lehrterstrasse Prison the uncertainty about their fate was not yet over. The former trade union leader Johannes Albers had been sentenced to death on 20 April 1945; on 23 April he was taken to Plötzensee for execution, but the Red Army freed him there. An engineer named Kurt Sorge, one Wilhelm Schmidt, and Captain Dr. Paul van Husen had the same experience. Some others were released on 23 April: Dr. Joachim Wrede, Hermann Moritz, Carl Bassen, Paul Herpich, and a Swedish *SS* second lieutenant. Then the entire Prison was turned over to the Justice Ministry officials—a bad omen, because the *SS* believed that they could not be made responsible for the murder of persons who were officially in the custody of someone else. The *Gestapo* and *SS* men left, and the worst seemed over; but a group of *SS* returned about one a.m. on 24 April. They took with them three of the prisoners—Albrecht Graf von Bernstorff, Karl Ludwig Freiherr von Guttenberg, and the trade union leader Ernst Schneppenhorst—whom they murdered just as another group of prisoners who had been held in Prinz-Albrecht-Strasse had already been murdered between 20 and 22 April.

Finally, on 25 April, the remaining Lehrterstrasse Prison inmates succeeded in persuading the Director of the Prison that he could and should set them free. They told him that he would otherwise probably be shot by the Red Army.

Many of the children who had been imprisoned as members of the families of conspirators had to wait even longer for their liberation. Some fifty of them, including babies, had been taken to Bad Sachsa by the *SS*, and they were forbidden to use their own names there. After a time the older children learned that the original plan had been to keep them in Bad Sachsa for about two months while their parents and elder brothers and sisters were being "liquidated"; then they were to be placed in *SS* schools. The youngest ones would be put in *SS* men's families. This plan had since been given up. A few of the children were released to boarding schools, and some of them were allowed to return home in October; but the others stayed. During February 1945, the grandchildren of Dr. Goerdeler were brought to Bad Sachsa: Rainer, 4, and Karl, 9 months. Rainer was weeping, and he told the young daughter of Dr. von Hofacker he wanted to go home.

On 12 April 1945, U.S. troops occupied Bad Sachsa, and the children were still there because an air raid had prevented their transfer to Buchenwald Concentration Camp. But they still could not go home. On 4 May, the new mayor took charge of them with the words: "You can use your real names again, and you must not be ashamed of them and of your fathers because they were heroes!"

Those of the children's relatives who were still alive usually could not return home immediately either, or they did not know where the children were. There was no transportation, and travel between zones of occupation was generally prohibited. During the first weeks of occupation many local commanders prohibited trips of more than two miles from citizens' homes. The mother of the Stauffenberg brothers was released by the *Gestapo* in Balingen in the fall of 1944, and she returned to Lautlingen, as did an aunt of the brothers, Gräfin von Uexkuell-Gyllenband. But they had to remain in Lautlingen under *Gestapo* surveillance until French troops occupied the village and it was not until June 1945 that Gräfin von Uexkuell-Gyllenband finally succeeded in bringing the children from Bad Sachsa back to Lautlingen. It was a lucky coincidence that a former French prisoner-of-war, who had been treated decently in Lautlingen, was now the local occupation commander, and that he made available a military vehicle, for the U.S. and French Military Government (as well as the International Red Cross) had declared themselves not competent for *German* children. Since Gräfin Uexkuell had some information about where she might find the children, she was now in a position to look for them. She arrived in Nordhausen near Bad Sachsa with the French military car, on 6 June, a day before the Red Army was expected to take over the occupation of Nordhausen. On 7 June, Gräfin von Uexkuell and the children travelled westward to be re-united with the other survivors of the families of the 20 July conspirators.

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A STORY BY ALAN BRODY

HILDA

There was no clock in the shed, but Hilda Mazzini always knew when it was time. She would glance up at the little window over her desk as the sky darkened, push her chair out and lumber to the door to see if her father was still alive.

She hadn't seen the old man for twenty-five years, not since she had moved into the shed behind the big house for good. He was fifty-three then, the same age Hilda was now. She would lean against the rotting door jamb and wait for the light in his window. That meant he had wakened from his nap and that was how she knew he was alive.

The house stood a little to the right of the shed, less than fifty feet away. Hilda would stare at the second story window, her thick, squat body motionless. Her gray eyes, behind rimless glasses that rested more on her fat cheeks than the bridge of her nose, would stay fixed on the little dark square until light flooded it and she shuddered.

Acres of unmowed yellow grass stretched away on all sides of the house. Beyond them, only a little higher, stood the marsh weeds where the ring of New Jersey swamps began. Sometimes, when the outlines of the swamp blurred in the fading light, Hilda would imagine she was floating on a dark yellow sea, unable to tell how far she had drifted; the prospect never changed.

ALAN BRODY teaches English at Skidmore College, writes both fiction and non-fiction, and has a book "(a scholarly one)" called The English Mummers Play; Traces of Ancient Mystery *to be published this fall by the University of Pennsylvania Press.*

It was one night in early spring, after she had seen her father's light, that Hilda realized time was running out. She had thought about it before. All through her years alone in the shed, time had been a constant companion. That was one reason she refused to have a clock. Time, for Hilda, was the changing colors of the light in the shed, the gradual sag and spread of her own body, the pages of her plays piling up on the table beside her desk. It was time that helped measure the enormity of her failure, and it was time that still held out the promise of triumph.

A winter chill lingered in the air. Hilda hugged her own bulging arms and looked away from the house. Until now she had feared her father would die before she proved herself. She had started her nightly vigils out of that sense of the imminence of his death. But on this night Hilda realized she, herself, might never finish and the old man win by seeing her die unproven.

The idea was not unpleasant at first. It came with a flutter just below her heart, then a pressure in her stomach like the toy panic of a roller coaster ride. But the pressure grew and turned into knots that spread to her chest and pulled tight until every breath was painful. She stood there a long time, looking from the house to the disappearing grass and back again. When she finally pushed herself forward and worked her way back into the shed she was filled with a new and terrifying certainty. Hilda knew she was dying more quickly than her father.

Her teeth chattered as she stooped through the door. Her shoulders ached from the chill. She turned on a desk lamp that threw a faint blue glow through the room. It soothed her and soon she was able to take shallow little breaths.

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She pulled five slices of bread and a jar of peanut butter from a metal cabinet near the bed. There was a hot plate with a tea kettle on the top. While she waited for her water to boil she laid out the bread and covered each slice with peanut butter just to the crust as carefully as if she were frosting a cake. The kettle whined. She poured her tea and sat down. She ate distractedly, barely glancing at the food as she passed it into her mouth. Hilda was deciding to write a new play, one about a woman who realizes time is running out.

The shed was a little bigger than a ship's cabin. Crammed bookshelves covered every wall. Piles of books and cartons of paper lay scattered over the floor. There was barely room to move between the bed and the desk. It had been her father's storage room when Hilda was a child. She would glide through the stacked furniture, tools, and crates of musty clothing as though she were roaming a continent. Later, when she was in college, her father cleared it to make her a study. They had agreed she would be a doctor like him. Then there had only been the desk, the same one she used now, and the bookshelves Dr. Mazzini had built himself.

Hilda was a beautiful young woman. It was only after she had come to her plays and moved into the shed for good that she grew fat, as though she had swelled on her own hatred until now she almost filled the space she had once imagined so limitless.

When she finished eating she swept the crumbs off the desk into her teacup and rinsed it out at the sink in the little toilet at the back of the shed.

Hilda usually read after dinner, one book a night. If she liked it she would stay up until it was finished. If not, she went to bed early. On this night, though, she began to write.

Her last play, about a woman whose father dies before she has proven herself, was still unfinished. Hilda pushed it aside when she sat down to eat. Now she dropped it in a file carton near the desk and pulled out her notebook.

She wrote hunched over the page with her cheek almost touching the edge. The pencil, between her second and third finger, stood upright as it traveled. Her feet hooked around the inside of the chair legs.

Breaking routine like this made her uneasy and she was not used to the fluorescent light, but she knew she had to work quickly. The old, familiar excitement filled her. She began her notes for every new play with the confidence and expectation of a gambler putting down his money. Each time was a new chance to win; each time, while she sketched in short, fragmented sentences, she proved her father's prophecy of failure wrong.

The dull, purple ache in her chest and shoulders persisted. She was aware of it every time she stopped to light a cigarette. She would take an exploratory breath to examine its limits, then plunge down to the page again. The cigarette smouldered in her free hand and barely missed singeing her hair. She crushed out the stubs on the desk top.

Hilda worked late. The notes came easily. Her hand could not keep up with her mind and she rocked impatiently when it fell too far behind. Never had she been so sure. This time she knew what triumph would mean. It would not be measured out in fame and money. There was no time for that anymore. This time it would be only she who knew. This time she could make a play so perfect it would not need her; she would be able to stand apart and see it with a glowing life of its own and never have to doubt herself or her decision again. Her heart was dazzled by the certainty. It kept her working through the night.

She could not tell when she first heard herself breathing. It had been in her ears a long time, as though she had been asleep and the sound the part of her dream that had wakened her. She raised her head. At first she did not even realize it was her own hoarse, anguished moan that filled the room. Then she understood and listened in disbelief. The pain in her chest and shoulders had grown worse. She heaved herself off the chair and eased onto the bed behind. The supports creaked. She lay still, forcing herself to relax against the pain that sprayed through her lungs. She unbuttoned her shirt and worked her hand under a breast. Her fingers were cold and distinct. She pressed hard, gasping, forcing the air in over the pain, moaning as she released. It began to subside. She lay still until the moan changed to her familiar wheeze. Then she sat up slowly, testing every breath. When she was sure it would not return she pulled herself to her feet.

She was wearing a pair of gray, pleated trousers and a plaid flannel sport shirt that had once been her grandfather's. She unzipped the trousers and let them fall. Beneath was a hiked-up slip. The hem fell to her shins. She took off the shirt. The fat on her back and beneath her arms hung over the top of the slip. She unhooked her glasses and crept into bed. The desk lamp was still burning but she closed her eyes and fell asleep quickly.

The ache in her chest and shoulders was back when she woke. It was not as sharp but it was there, distinct and persistent. She rolled over drowsily and massaged her shoulders. Her fingers worked the flesh as though they could push the pain out, but when she stopped it was still there.

It was late afternoon. She sat up, supporting her breasts underneath the slip, and reached for the trousers she had left on the floor. She braced herself for a surge of pain when she bent forward, but it did not come. The dull discomfort held steady and Hilda frowned. She stood and zipped up the trousers.

It was Thursday, the day they delivered her mail and the check. Hilda guessed it must be her brother, Eric, who left it before he went to Mazzini's office. He had taken the practice she was to have. Her sister Julia hated her too much to cross the ground from the house to the shed and her mother was probably too feeble. Hilda suspected that she might not even be alive. Four years earlier her father's light had been late going on for a week and a lot of cars had been parked near the house.

The envelopes were propped against the door. They fell at her bare feet when she pulled it open. She slid the

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mail to the center of the room and closed the door. Then she worked herself to her knees to examine it. It was mainly junk, circulars from publishers, coupons that would save her eight cents on laundry soaps and a large manila envelope addressed in her own hand, her last finished play about a woman who lives in a shed behind her father's house. She tore it open, glanced at the rejection form, then quickly checked the pages she had glued together. They were loose.

The only other mail was the check. She slipped it in her back pocket unopened. Every Thursday it had arrived like this: "Pay to the order of Hilda Mazzini, $20/Twenty and 00/100 Dollars, Dominick Mazzini."

At first it had been a sign of her strength. Hilda had asked her father for one lump sum when she announced she was leaving, but he persuaded her to stay in the shed. He agreed to sustain her until she had proven herself with her plays. "I want to be able to see you fail," he had said, but Hilda knew he needed her and she would not fail. She agreed. In the shed she could be there to remind him of his own failure to make her submit to his will, remind him of his dependence on her and the impossibility of ever having her back. Her presence would keep alive his knowledge of how fiercely they had once loved each other, and that would make him suffer even more. But the check turned into a sign of her own humiliation. It became a reminder that time was running out and Hilda began to imagine hell an eternity of twenty-dollar checks signed by her father, each dwindling in value.

She gathered the mail and pulled herself up by the bedpost. She dropped the circulars in a garbage carton and filed the play away. It did not matter to her anymore. She cared only about the play she had begun and as she put up water for her breakfast she thought about the pain of the night before. She had less time than she had thought.

She ate some Wheaties dry from the box while she waited. When the tea was brewed she sat at her desk and began to write. The tension in her chest and shoulders had turned to a bleak numbness. The tea went cold, but she still took tiny sips when she stopped to light a cigarette.

The play was taking shape. Never had the pieces come together so swiftly. Even as she threw her jumbled notes together Hilda revelled in the prospect of her father's face when she brought it to him. Years before, when she told him she would write her plays, he had asked to see. "When it's finished," she had said.

"When will that be?"

"When I'm satisfied."

He would see this one. He would not even have to read it. He would simply look at it, then look at her, radiant and confident, and know she had won.

The sky seemed to darken more quickly than ever. Hilda glanced at the window. The pencil spurted forward and her body rocked. She let her cigarette die in her hand and dropped it without lighting another. The pain returned and spread to her spine. She could feel the blades start to slash at her lungs when she breathed too deeply. The air had to stop at her throat and soon the sound of her wheeze and gasp became as loud as her moans of the night before. She glanced at the sky again, dropped her pencil and pushed her chair out.

The cool air shocked her when she got outside. She had never put on her shirt. She stood braced against the door jamb in her slip and trousers. Her gray hair, cut short like a man's, looked like dirty, cotton topping.

She had expected his light to be on already, but the window was dark.

Hilda hugged herself and waited, impatient to go back inside. She had not eaten since breakfast and she had to get on with the play. She would eat her peanut butter with a spoon to save time.

The house remained dark. Even the downstairs windows were black and the whole great hulk seemed to fade into the rest of the landscape. There was no sound except for her own anxious wheeze and gasp. She held her breath.

His light had never been so late. She shifted uneasily, strained forward, then looked away. The marsh weeds were gone; even the grass near the shed was disappearing. Her hands tightened around her arms. The chill knifed through her. Now she could barely find the outlines of her father's window. It was disappearing too fast. She let out a startled cry and before she could stop to think she found herself crossing the ground between the shed and the house. Her eyes stayed fixed on the place where her father's light should have been.

The darkness peeled away as she pushed closer. The house seemed suspended like a black veil. She stumbled over unfamiliar ruts and stones. Her feet caught in a rotten stump. She lurched, threw her hands out and fell against the back steps.

The door was unlocked. Hilda reached out automatically and turned the lights on as she worked her way from room to room.

She mounted the stairs, her eyes fixed straight ahead. The house was blazing with light by the time she reached her father's door and flung it open. The hall light seeped past her body in the doorway and she saw her own heaving silhouette in the window opposite.

"Hilda?"

She shuddered. Her father's voice had turned thin. The steady, unrelenting tone she remembered was edged with shrillness.

Hilda moved into the room, clinging to the walls. The hall light fell across the bed and picked up his hands. They lay on top of the rumpled blanket, small, with fingers like gnarled roots. She had forgotten the dark tufts of hair between each knuckle. His face was beyond the light.

"Why is the house so dark?" she said. She was still gasping from the climb. Her breath racked her and she struggled to control the sounds that escaped with each one. "Where are the others?"

"I told them to go away. I wanted to see you alone."

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"How did you know I would come?"

He disregarded it. "I heard you last night."

Hilda waited.

"You were in pain," he continued. "And you left your desk lamp burning. Are you dying?"

"Yes."

"Have you finished your plays?"

"I will."

"There's no more time."

"Turn on the light. Let me see you."

"You wouldn't want that. I've changed as much as you." He laughed. It was dry and sharp, like tainted dust. "You've grown fat. I've watched you spread from my window. I've watched you wait for my light to go on every night. I've seen you get thicker and thicker and take up more and more room in the doorway. You looked very stupid, you know, staring up at me with your mouth open—straining to see. I watched you as long as I wanted before I turned on my light. You never saw, did you?" His hands moved together; he laid one over the other. "That's why I kept it off tonight. I knew you'd come. You sounded like a goddamned buffalo snorting up the stairs."

"I thought you were dead," Hilda said flatly.

"I know."

"What do you want?"

"Come back to the house."

"No."

"Listen to you. Wheezing and gasping. You're dying."

"I'm not finished."

"Die in my house."

"I've begun a new play."

He laughed again.

"You'll see this one."

"What are your symptoms?"

She answered automatically. "Chest pains."

"And shoulders?"

"Yes. And my lungs . . ."

"When you change position . . ."

"It stays."

He fell silent. Then, very softly, he said, "I can save you."

She did not answer.

"You've failed."

"I've begun a new play," she repeated.

"Give up."

"No."

"You can rest if you come back to me. Julia will take care of you."

"Julia hates me."

"I'll make her take care of you."

"Can you?"

"She knows not to fight me."

"She should have learned from me."

"But you've failed," he said quietly. He paused. "Tell me. Have you ever thought all this time, what it would have been like if you'd listened to me? How easy it all would have been if you'd done as I planned for you? You could have had anything you wanted. It could have been so easy. We all would have served you. You could have had the whole world if you'd stayed in my house. Have you ever thought of that while you've been sitting in your shed, straining and spreading?"

"Never."

"Then think now," he said sharply. "You're in pain. I can ease it. I know what's wrong with you."

"So do I."

"But I can help you."

She moved closer, out of the shadow, through the gulf of light that separated them until she stood over the bed, leaning into the darkness. "The pain is mine."

His rancid breath puffed up at her through the smell of medication and alcohol. "I can save you. Protect you . . ."

"Yes."

". . . that's all I ever wanted . . ."

"Yes."

"To sift life for you."

"That's why I hate you."

He reached up and touched her face. "You're sweating."

"Yes."

His hand travelled over her cheeks. Hilda remembered how he had touched her when she was young, how tenderly he would hold her and how it felt as though she were being created again every time. His fingers moved from her forehead down to her cheeks and lips. He grasped the back of her neck. With a jerk, he pulled her down. The force of it astonished her, but she kept her balance. She tried to break free, but he kept her there. His mouth scraped against her ear and the side of her face was crushed against the blanket. "Admit it," he whispered. She could feel every move of his lips. She struggled, but he held her locked. "Admit you were wrong. Admit that you've wasted it all to spite me, that I could have saved you." His lips pressed hard against her. "Come back. I'll take pity on you."

Hilda wrenched free and fell back toward the door. Her eyes had grown used to the dark. She could make out the shape of his head against the backboard of the bed. It was shrivelled and shaking. He wiped his mouth with his hands. "Why have you stayed alive so long?" she said. "What's kept you alive?"

His hands dropped back into the light and lay still again on the blanket. "You've always been my favorite." His voice was steady and controlled again.

"No."

"Beautiful and golden child. Tender girl. I loved you."

"No."

"I made you."

"No!"

Hilda backed off into the doorway. Her fat hips jarred against the frame and she saw herself tremble in the window. The pain knifed down her spine and across her shoulders, transfixing her. "It's been mine. My choice and my pain. My failure."

"You came when I left my light off."

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She started to back through the door.

"Now I want you to leave."

She turned as though someone had whirled her around and heaved down the narrow hallway, sliding against the wall.

"I want you to run," he shouted after her.

"No!" The stairs groaned as she stumbled down and pushed back through the front hall, the dining room, kitchen, and out through the back door.

The night had turned starless and cold. The shed was invisible. Hilda lurched down the porch steps, trying to suck the air into her seething lungs. She dragged herself through the dark. At the door of her shed she turned and looked back at the house. Her father's window was black. She could not tell if he watched. She leaned forward, trying to find his shape.

The pain surged to the rest of her body and Hilda's eyes grew wide. It shot through her arms and legs. For an instant she felt every part of her body, tingling and distinct. Even as she shrieked she thought she had never dreamed it could be so complete.

She was in her bed when she opened her eyes. It was late morning. The door and window were open. The shed was filled with light. At first she thought her father stood over her. His voice was the one that had shocked her the night before. But he was tall, with slightly graying hair and a face that was still firm, barely lined, the way she had left him twenty-five years before.

Then she realized *his* voice came from another part of the shed. It was her brother, Eric, standing over her, peering down with authoritative, knowledgeable concern.

She tried to turn over and found she could not move. She tried to speak. "Why have you got me strapped?" but nothing came out.

"What's happening?" she heard Mazzini ask. His voice was curiously urgent.

"She's opening her eyes. That's all."

Hilda strained to raise her arm, but she could not find the muscles that would help. She tried to thrash herself over, but her eyes only grew a little wider and her brain seemed to scrape against the shell of her skull.

"I can't let this happen," she thought. "I'm not finished."

She tried to find the pain of the night before, but the more she struggled, the more her brain seemed to beat against its own walls.

"She seems peaceful," Eric said.

"Can she hear us?"

"I don't know."

"Are you sure she's alive?" he demanded.

"Her heart's still going."

Hilda listened, but she could not tell if she heard her heart or her brain beating.

She blinked rapidly to signal she heard.

"She can barely move her lids. Have a look."

"No. I'll stay here. She might be able to see."

She focussed on Eric's ear. She had never seen anything with such clarity. Every loop and fold, every hollow was there for her, vivid, immediate, supremely important.

"I had no idea she'd let herself go like this."

"Have you tried glycerine?"

"Everything. If we'd caught it sooner . . ."

"Shut up."

Hilda's eyes became tired. Eric's face blurred. She struggled to keep him in focus. He was staring down at his watch in silence.

"He's taking my pulse," she thought. "I don't feel it. Where is his touch? He's holding my wrist. I don't feel it."

He looked up. She couldn't distinguish his features any more and her lids felt too heavy to bear. She closed her eyes.

Their voices seemed to surround her in the darkness.

"Did you know this was happening?" Eric asked.

"Yes."

"Why didn't you say something?"

"That was up to her."

"Damned fool."

"I called you as soon as she fell."

She opened her eyes again. Eric was gone. All she could see was a red wash, a sheet of blood that seemed to darken even as she strained to peer through it. "Are my eyes opened? Tell me if my eyes are opened," she pleaded.

"Maybe Julia ought to look through all these papers and files," Eric said. "She knows about things like that. There might be something worthwhile . . ."

"Get rid of it," Mazzini said sharply.

"It was her whole life."

"It's not finished. Get rid of it."

"How?"

"I don't care. Dump it. Burn it. Eat it. Just get rid of it. She never finished it. She failed."

"You can't do that to all her work," Eric said again.

"It's not hers. It's mine."

"Maybe she left instructions."

"No instructions. She did it for me. It's all mine."

There was a long silence. Eric's voice said softly, "What a waste."

"No waste."

"What?"

"No waste!" Hilda could tell by his tone that he had said it more loudly, but their voices seemed to recede as the darkness in front of her eyes grew deeper. "She did it for me. She knew what I wanted. No waste."

Then the voices were gone. Hilda's brain hung suspended, conscious only of itself in the void, beating like a heart, alone, filling all the space that was left her.

He had understood. The failure was for him. All the pain, humiliation, doubt she had suffered was for him. He had needed her to fail and she had served him. It was her refusal that sustained him all these years. Not her sister's silent hatred nor her brother's acquiescence. Her rebellion, only her rebellion and her hatred gave him life. Her failure was a sacrifice of love.

She listened to her brain and it seemed to swell and burst its walls. "Joy. Such joy I could have had!" she cried. She knew no one could hear her.

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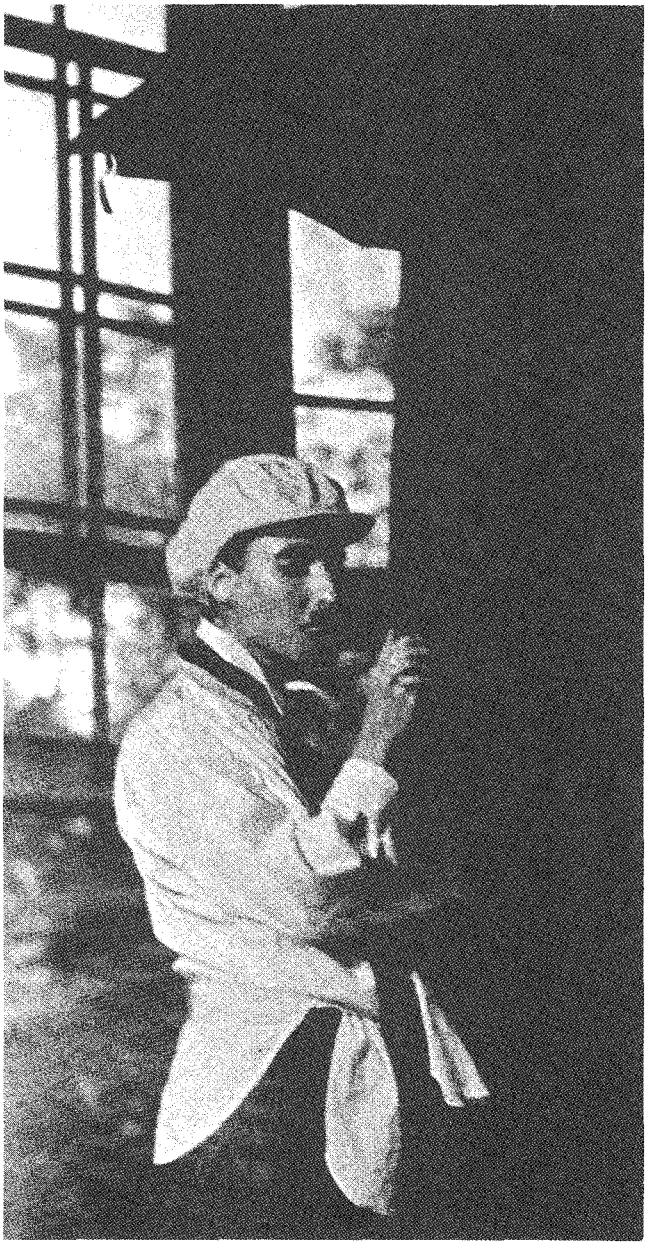
DILLON EXPLAINED THAT HE WAS FRIGHTENED



A Story by George V. Higgins

"Otherwise I would help you, see?" he said. He sat on the bench on the Common in the midst of the insistent springtime, hunched over to protect his stomach. "I mean, I understand, what it is you got in mind, that you're willing to protect me. But what I want to tell you is this: you can't do it, you can't possibly do it. Because nobody can do it, you know? Nobody. This is something which I got into by myself, and I am not going to get out of it."

There were seven derelicts working their usual station down at the subway entrance at the corner of Boylston and Tremont. Six of them sat along the retaining wall and discussed events of importance. They wore overcoats and hats and worn-out heavy shoes in the sunshine, partly because they were generally cold and partly because they had memories enough to know that winter would come again, so that they would need the warm clothing which they did not dare to leave in the empty buildings where they slept. The youngest of the derelicts accosted businessmen and women who had been shopping. He worked diligently to keep them in front of him, trying to block their progress so that they would listen to him. It is harder to refuse to give a man a quarter after you have listened to him for a while, and noticed him. Not impossible, but harder. The younger derelict was still agile enough to maneuver, and could raise the price of a bottle of Petri faster than the others. Dillon watched him while he talked, using all of the prepositions and very few contractions in order to indicate that he was handling a serious matter.

"I tell you what it is," he said; "the principal thing which bothers me is the truck. Now I know, that sounds kind of funny, because I suppose you would think that what would be worrying me would be the guys in the truck or some guy I don't know that I see maybe watching me pretty close in the bar or something."

North on Tremont Street, just beyond the Information Stand and the fountain and the Parkman Bandstand, a couple of Jesus-screamers were working a moderate crowd of clerks and secretaries and sightseers. The woman was tall. She had a good loud voice and a bullhorn to help it along. The man was short and walked around distributing leaflets. The wind delivered enough of what she said to distract Dillon from watching the derelicts.

"Now there is a strange thing," he said. "When I came up here I more or less take the long way around, to see if anybody else is interested and who that might be, you know? So I walk along and then I cross the street and come on back down past the pair of them there, and the woman says: "Unless you accept Jesus, who is Christ the Lord, you shall perish, perish in the everlasting flames.' Now who am I to think about a thing like that, can you tell me that? Couple weeks ago these two gentlemen from Detroit came in and had a couple of drinks and then they sort of look around and the next thing I know they inform me that we are going partners. They gave me some time to think about it, you know, and while I think I make a few telephone calls. So that

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when the few minutes are up I had maybe six or seven friends of mine in there and I took the opportunity to go out in the back and get a piece of pipe that I keep around. I hit them a couple of good ones and we throw them out in the street in front of a cab. Then two nights ago I get five of these Micmacs come in, and they have a little firewater and break up some of the furniture, those Indians do, and me and a few friends had to use the pipe on them. So this broad hollers at me there, just a few minutes ago, about the everlasting flames, and I consider myself a fairly intelligent guy and all that, pretty good judgment, I get drunk now and then, but I got this strong idea I would like to go up to her and say: Well, what do I do about them fellows from Detroit, you want to tell me that? The Indians too? Jesus going to punish me for that?"

The young bum had cornered a middleaged, rather stout businessman right in the middle of the mall, with open space all around. "I want to tell you something," Dillon said, "that kid may be a down-and-outer there, but he has pretty good moves. I think he used to play basketball, maybe.

"Anyway," he said, "I still got a certain amount of my sanity left, so I didn't say anything to her. You can't reason with those people, you know. They get that idea in their heads, all they can do is stand there and belly-ache Gospel at you, enough to drive a man out of what little mind he's got left. I knew this guy, met him when I was in Lewisburg on that federal thing back there three, four years ago. Forget what he was in for, B and E in a federal building maybe, post office job. Anyway, not a bad guy. Big, used to box some. He comes from down around New Bedford there. So we strike up a friendship. I get out first, come back here, I let him know where I am. So when they parole him, he goes home to live with his wife and her mother but he knows where I am if he needs to get hold of me. And it wasn't very long before he needed to, because those two women went right to work on driving him out of his mind. Dumb Portuguese types, you know, and what did they do when he was in jail but they decide they don't want to be Catholics any more, they're going to be what is it, Jehovah's Witnesses. Beautiful. Guy comes home, knows the construction business pretty good, gets himself a job, and every night he comes home, there's maybe a ballgame on or something, they want him to go out and stand on the sidewalk in front of the supermarket peddling Jesus to every poor bastard that comes by to get a pound of fish. So he starts coming up here, every chance he gets, just to get some peace and quiet. And I had some room, I was separated from my wife at the time, I let him stay with me, he drinks a bottle of beer and watches the ballgame while I'm working and during the day, well, I don't know what he does. The best he can, probably. So of course it's just a matter of time before the parole officer reports he's missing visits and his family says he's absent from home, quit a steady job, whereabouts unknown. Marshals come by one night and back he goes, parole violation. Drinking, too. I tell you, those two women preached that guy right back into the can. You can't reason with people like that, doesn't do any good at all to talk to them."

Dillon straightened up briefly and immediately bent forward again. The middleaged man executed a quick fake and got away from the younger derelict. "That's the thing that bothers you, you know? It's just, well, there's things you can help and there's some things you can't do anything about, is all. Knowing the difference, as long as you can tell the difference you are in pretty good shape. That was what kind of bothered me about that big broad with the horn there, was that just for a minute or so it was like I didn't know the difference. You get so you're in that position, you're not going to be able to do very much about anything."

The customary blizzard of pigeons wheeled briefly across the walk and settled back around an old lady who fed them from a large, wrinkled paper bag. "I heard a guy on the television the other night," Dillon said, "talking about pigeons. Called them flying rats. I thought that was pretty good. He had something in mind, going to feed them the Pill or something, make them extinct. Trouble is, he was serious, you know? There was a guy that got shit on and probably got shit on again and then he got mad. Ruined his suit or something, going to spend the rest of his life getting back at those pigeons because they wrecked a hundred-dollar suit. Now there isn't any percentage in that. There must be ten million pigeons in Boston alone, laying eggs every day and dropping tons of shit, rain or shine. And this guy in New York is going to, well, there just aren't going to be any of them in this world any more.

"You see what I'm telling you," Dillon said, "you should understand. I, it isn't that I don't trust you or anything. The Man says you're all right, that does it for me. I accept that. But what you got in mind, if I do that I'll just have to spend the rest of my life, you know? Being somewhere, hiding out. And you cannot hide out, that's all, you just cannot hide out. That guy I was telling you about, his wife was the Jehovah Witness? Well, it didn't do anything to what she liked to do, and from what he was telling me, she liked to do that pretty often. Like, say, couple times a night. In Lewisburg he used to tell me he was saving it up, no hand-gallops for him, because when he got home he was going to have to account for every ounce he owned. First time he came up here, all pissed off, I asked him, well at least how was that part? And he says to me, he says: 'You know something? There's one thing she always hated, it's going down on me. And ever since I got home I been making her do it to get the other, because at least she's quiet

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when I'm making her do that.' You see what I mean? Man gets desperate, he does a few things, he knows it won't work, pretty soon he quits, just packs it all in and goes away somewhere. Only way there is.

"See, I know that. If it's going to happen then it is going to happen. I don't know, some buddy of mine that I probably refused to serve some night started putting it around I been going out to see people he thinks I shouldn't. Which is true enough, of course, or else would I be here? But he's probably doing it too, everybody's looking out for a little connection, you don't shit in the well because maybe you want to drink out of it some day. Anyway, the word's around there's this grand jury coming up, and the next thing I hear is, well, you know what I hear.

"I have seen that truck," Dillon said. "That is what impresses me. You put two guys in that truck and they could get the Pope. The only time I saw an engine like that was in a Cadillac. So you don't, you aren't going to run away because that thing is going to run right away with you. And the windshield, the damned thing looks like an old bread truck, a milk truck, maybe, and that windshield cranks, it's got a crank on the passenger side and you can open it right up and run a deer rifle out there. You're driving a car in front of that truck, good luck to you. I understand they even got a gyro on it, you know? Like an airplane. So they can lock on. Now you're on the Mystic Bridge and that thing wheels up behind you with the windshield opening up and I ask you, what are you going to do now? You're going to make a good Act of Contrition, because you got a choice between the rifle and the water. It doesn't matter.

"Sure I don't drive. I could afford a car, I wouldn't be taking twenty a week from you. Only time I'm on the bridge is coming home from the track in a bus. But you see what I'm getting at. These guys are serious. I know them very well. You know that. They got a truck for guys that drive cars, they got something else for guys that walk. Like me.

"You see what I'm telling you," Dillon said in the palpable sunshine under the trees and the sky and the pigeons, "you see what I'm getting at. Right now they want to scare me, and they did it. I'm scared. I stay scared and I don't do anything anybody else isn't doing. I don't go into that grand jury there, maybe, just maybe, being scared is going to be enough. Satisfy them. He was scared and he didn't spook. Maybe not, too. But I go in there, I help you, what ever it is I got now, I am not going to have any more. I can walk around, and I can still tell the difference. I had this letter the other day from that guy I was telling you about, and you know what he said? He said: 'I got seven months to go and then I'm free and clear, no parole officer, nothing. What I'm trying to decide is whether I kill that woman or not. I think right now I won't.'

"You see what I mean," Dillon said, "you're never sure. You are never sure what a man is going to do. I think if I was, they wouldn't need that truck. I would kill myself."

BESMILR BRIGHAM

i

their town they said
was just over the mountains

dark) when we drove them there

men in heavy black blankets
how dim one looks hot market day
stalls of San Cristobol

fifes and flutes
their heads wrapped, falling
the blood-blue (tassles and purple
brief men in flickering lights
tall men wreathed in their blankets

ii

the blue cross
stretched its great wood body
flat on saw-horses

inside the cathedral

no chairs, no benches
spots of wax surround the altar

lights
from high air holes a monastic window
shone on the wood
its color a sacrifice

too large for a man to carry

for one man
to lie out his full shape flat
and make this place, thrown up

a (crucifix

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THE INDIAN FAIR

iii

through the chamula graveyard

we walked carefully
not to step on the graves
the dead
a flowerless ground
no little smudge pots burning

oil, their remembrance

incense of decay
spreads through the dry washed mound
earth—
without a cross

rocks
lay their measure in chains of
tiny stones, bracelet

links where each dug down
for how old the living was

iv

about the altar room

black smoke from many burnings
has covered the walls with soot
candles, and pine sex-shapes

it hangs
like a thick black skirt
the women wear
a woman
stands) her wailing chant before the
prayer place
and down sides of the heavy still area

rows of listeners before the cross
strange marys
martha, the magdalen
peter (a black christ
tied to a tree
the way one sudden arm goes up
stretched to the fork
it appears to be a real christ

a man
half-hung
his body
held suspended as he was put there

in a hunted wood, dead
against the tender (resilient bark

v

when christ died
on that day they eat flowers

hot breath in hot faces
slowly a line forms, re-forms
spreads single from the body of faces

each one
reaches in to feel the flesh of god

takes a red petal
to see how fast the (dead could lie
the multiple rows of people eating blooms—
the raw leaves
fall on the floor
in moving drops of blood

that come from their hands or come from
the casket

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A STORY BY E. F. POUND

THE GIRL IN THE ORANGE FISH

In the old days, in the old Greek places, children were sometimes abandoned, because there were so many, it's said. And sometimes they were found and sold, later on, by those who made a business of it—or they were not found at all, in the wild places where animals were.

This was in a park in Arcadia, which is a suburb of Los Angeles, on a suffocatingly windless afternoon in September when the air was brownish-yellow, not so much air at all as a thick and visibly gritty solid that made the mountains north of the town invisible, almost from their base. In the children's section of the park there were swings, a horse, a house-high rocket of bars to climb inside, a blue plastic turtle almost of a man's height to climb under, and an orange fish to hide in. These were not in the shade and the fish and the blue turtle had grown hot to the touch and very hot inside. In the fish was a girl of five and an elaterid beetle—the kind that when it falls on its back, flips over with a smart "click" —but the girl hadn't seen it yet, because the fish was soiled and dark inside and because she was busy remembering.

"I said keep that door shut! For the hundredth time! The flies will come in."

And another time: "You broke the screen and you were told."

In the fish the girl nodded yes.

"What do you say?"

"I'm sorry."

Having nothing better to do, the girl remembered that. She was at home here in the wide circle of sand where the play equipment was, especially at home in the fish, which she thought of as "her" house. Her mother, or her brother Donald, brought her to the park to have access to other children, as there were no children near the apartment in which they lived. She could hear her mother explaining to tall hazy figures how important access to other children was, and she understood the word "important", though not the rest very clearly. Then they would go away and sometimes she would play with the other children, sometimes not. Most often she would simply watch, but today there was no one to play with or to watch either; everyone seemed to be in the pool, or in the shade near it. While she waited there, most often, her mother bought things at stores, many things, and there would be boxes in the car when it came, untouchable, not even mysterious, not like the horse, say, which galloped and didn't move and which was the stuff of dreams and fear, a horse you could ride in stores, in well-kept rooms, in water, anywhere and you would not be seen. But the plastic eyes of the horse were white and the mouth wide, showing white teeth in a leer that made the girl afraid, if she looked too long at it. She could not see it now.

She remembered an ice-cream place, dropping her cone on the ground and the dirt on it and the advice: "We should be careful of accidents. If we were careful of accidents, they wouldn't happen." She pushed her heels through the sand, making long, slim valleys, then very carefully smoothed them over.

It was a splendid park, which the girl was much too young to appreciate, large, well-equipped and well-cared-for, well-stocked with plants, whose names, in themselves, made a kind of poetry—callistemon, jasmine, jacaranda, Pittosporum angelicum. Through the open mouth of the fish the girl could see a eucalyptus that was in bloom with red brush-like flowers and further on the pool, alive with noise. The tree reminded her that there were not-to-be-picked flowers in her mother's yard, that it was easy not to pick them, but somehow hard not to step on them. "Try to be more graceful, Charlie. We want you to be a little lady." And again the exchange, well-remembered: "She's simply clumsy, like her father."

"She'll grow out of it." "Maybe she will, but *he* didn't."

Two boys, who had careened across the sand circle a moment ago, now came running back towards the pool, tanned, healthy and exuberant; they whacked the fish going by and Charlie gave a nervous jump. Now, for the first time, she saw that there was an insect in her company.

"That bug has come in and he can't go out," she told herself. "He keeps climbing up the wall and then he falls off." Not liking bugs, Charlie began to hope that it would go away soon.

She waited, but while it remained very active, the beetle did not go out, and it began to seem that the insect had been there for a long time, it seemed that she had been in the park a long time, this visit merging with others. The girl tried to remember who had brought her.

"Don't go away from here," her mother said. "If you did you might get lost and I might not be able to find you. You'll find lots of company. I'll be back soon."

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"I'll be back pretty soon," Donald said.

She couldn't remember who had brought her. She listened to the subdued, distant noise of the cars going by in the street, wondering which one was her ride. Yet the insect required an almost complete attention, so much so that Charlie didn't realize how thirsty she had become. Instead, she remembered asking her father for beer and him saying, "Sure, a little."

"Don't let her drink that!"

"Why not? If she drinks it in front of me, she won't do it on the sly."

"I should imagine it would be an encouragement to do just that."

Charlie considered stepping on the bug, but didn't want to. It seemed very large, very quick. A picture formed in her mind of bugs floating in water, making the water undrinkable, and quickly after that more words.

"She looks like her father."

What did he look like then? Not like me, she thought, but was pleased.

"Look at her; she looks just like him. My little reminder."

"When is he coming back?"

"The best thing to do is to forget it."

That was what the girl remembered and very little more of her father and it was a long time ago, in another summer.

Cautiously she got up, watching the beetle, and carefully moved toward the fish's eye that was a six inch hole opposite which the insect climbed and fell and made confused charges in confusing directions and always came back to the wall to climb and fall again. Charlie looked out of the eye, bravely since she had to ignore the insect for a moment, then back with hope. No, it was too close to what she thought of as the door. She moved back to the end of the fish. Looking out, she had seen no one she knew.

For a while she made mountains in the sand and valleys with the heel of her shoe. Her thirst became more and more pressing. She remembered a fountain, not far beyond the sand circle, but the bug was there at the opening, turned over now. She considered throwing sand at it, but didn't. Each time the insect fell on its back, it flipped over, in the manner of elaterids, and the girl's eyes widened.

"She's quiet for hours on end," a voice said. "You hardly know she's there." Charlie was fully informed of her reputation for quiet, and took a kind of pride in it. She sat very still now, and waited and finally they came, a very tall young man of seventeen and a rather pretty girl of about the same age. Both were brightly dressed and laughing and they leaned together as they walked so as to accomplish a kind of amorous stagger, then spilled into the circle and broke apart slightly.

"Oh-ah!" said the young man and pushed the tickling finger of the girl away.

"Little bit late," he confessed, not to Charlie, but to himself and the girl. "Sure is hot," he added, as if the heat were accountable. He turned around and scanned the immediate area, the swings, the rocket, the turtle. "You see Charlie?" he asked the girl, who began to gaze around obediently, with a face that fought to look concerned and lost.

The boy turned around again, his face screwed up in happy amazement.

"Maybe she went to the pool," the girl offered.

The boy looked over at the high fence, the water. "Well . . . , no. Can't see her over there." Then he shouted, "Charlie!"

No answer.

"She's around here," the boy said; "couldn't be anyplace else." He scrutinized the circle again, lazily, expecting that Charlie might suddenly materialize. Then he went over and looked into the turtle, then bent down and glanced quickly through the mouth of the fish.

"And here we are!" he said triumphantly. He straightened up and leaned against the fish, but it was hot and he had to snatch his hand away.

"She's been swallowed by a fish," he confided. "Swallowed up."

"Stay!" she heard him say this time, other times.

Their hair was wet and the young man and woman seemed to intertwine in the ripening sun, seemed to dance, shuffling the sand that lay in waves, not wanting her.

"Come out of there, Charlie," the boy called in his goat-high voice, teasing, strange. They didn't want her. Charlie could see bare feet, ankles, calves twining, and heard the strange, wrong laughter, the jingle of coins in a pocket.

The boy shuffled away and swung himself over the horse, made a cowboy noise and rode, while the young woman laughed. And Charlie could remember the rocket full of children, climbing high inside, then spilling out on a slide and swooping down, one by one; she could remember:

"The boy takes after me. I kept them both of course and their father has to pay, though not enough. They don't make them pay enough, these days."

The young woman's waist was bare and slim, the trousers tight around wide hips that swayed til the fish ogled with round, dumb eyes and the boy fled from the horse and caught her up, spun her around, laughing.

"Come on out of there now!" he called. "Come on!"

The beetle took fright then, perhaps at some vibration felt in the sand; it ran back from the light along the side and the girl recoiled, skidded along the other wall and out, not because of the order, but because it was possible now.

"It's about time," the young man said, looking down oddly. "What do you find to do in there?"

Charlie didn't say, but she answered silently, "Nothing."

Sidelong, the young man and the girl looked down, their eyes for a moment curious, ungiving, then they forgot her and bolted away into the trees, running together, stopped and bucked together, then walked, not looking back.

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Over the Fourth

A STORY BY RICHARD SNYDER

Years back Alan Kirk had heard a newscaster close out his program with the story of a man who had had an accident on Memorial Day and resolved to stay in his own backyard over the Fourth. While lying dozing in his hammock, he had been struck by a falling piece of aluminum housing from a passing plane, and forthwith announced that come Labor Day he was getting back on the highway.

That account had grown into a family fatalism, but now on this hot night before the Fourth Alan did not find it very soothing. His watch told him that already his wife would have been several hours on the road back from her sister's and that it would be a couple of more hours before he heard the car crunch onto the driveway gravel, or perhaps even longer if she had not been able to get away from Lou. He knew those delayed leavetakings at Lou and Ted's, but of course Mary Lou was in the hospital, so Kay would most probably have started after all.

Kay: in that erect forward strain of hers when she drove, her back forward from the seat, her face tawny in the green glow from the dash, her nose uptilted, seen as if he now sat beside her. Seen too her slim wrists and long fingers on the wheel at precisely ten minutes to two. In this heat she would be wearing the sundress. He loved her shoulder freckles. He loved her. After fifteen years, it was an easy admission. What other man on Elm Avenue could say as much? What other man in New Corydon? He released his image of her driving—like a librarian behind a desk—as if his conjuring of her tooling through the dark toward him were somehow a possessive intrusion.

He would do his part here, finish the preparations for her return. The children were in bed. He listened for the hum of the fan from upstairs. Here below the curtains hung limp, and night sounds carried. He finished cleaning up the kitchen, knowing that that above all else would please Kay. Of course she would give him mild hell for giving Paul and Molly pizza, Pepsi, and carrot strips for dinner. Earlier in the afternoon they had had Drumstick ice-creams, and he had popped them corn before bedtime. So he had not had to touch the picnic preparations Kay had left in the refrigerator; the corned beef, macaroni salad, and relishes would be intact for tomorrow. If she wanted a sandwich when she came, there was iced tea and cold beer. Maybe an egg sandwich on sour rye with mustard, a favorite since their courtship days, which he would fix for her while she told him how the surgery for the breast lump had gone with Louie. Alan left the small iron skillet on the stove and turned off the light.

He straightened the living room. Molly's sandals were wedged in the cushions of the couch. Then he settled into the leather chair and kicked off his slippers. It was surprisingly cool against his knit shirt and shorts. He let the heat-dead night and the far noises come to him. Perhaps later he would put on a few records, maybe the Mahler *Kindertotenlieder*, which Kay, after the death in infancy of little Paula, found depressing, and have a couple of cans of beer. He retrieved the evening paper with one foot, and amid bursting firecrackers announcing supermarket bargains he read of the gala Independence Day program planned for Washington.

Bob Hope and Billy Graham were to star, the sneer and the seer, and the entire monstrous ceremony was to be in charge—appropriately—of Disney Productions. If security permitted, even Nixon might join his jester and his chaplain. 'The last refuge of scoundrels.' Dr. Johnson, thou should'st be living at this jingoistic hour. An Old Fashioned American Fourth indeed. It was enough to drive a man to drink. Alan threw the paper from him and rose to get a beer.

Sipping it, he walked into his study. Even in the dark the pile of blue examination books from the Great Books course accused him. But the students wouldn't be back until Tuesday since they had been given extra travel time, so there was time for their reading. His unfinished poem (actually it was scarcely begun, and he had promised himself that he would work on it this weekend) was whitely accusatory on his desk. Alan took half the can in one gulp, thinking how frail his worksheet looked against Washington and the world's absurdity. Great Books and little poems against a collective and gathering insanity. Then he heard the call from upstairs.

Alan put his beer can on the hall table and made the stairs in three bounds. At first he thought it was Molly, but at her door he heard Paul's distressed "Dad" again.

Paul's pulled face squinted against the light.

"What's the matter, Paul?"

"I don't know. I hurt."

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"Where, son?" Alan was beside him, shouldering him.

"My stomach, I guess." Paul leaned to him, looking up.

Alan brushed his forehead and blonde hair. No fever. It couldn't be too bad. He let his hand rest on the small middle.

"Hey, what are you trying to do, doublecross me with your mother? I told you she'd give me the deep-purple devil for letting you and old Moll con me into fixing that pizza and popped corn. Do you know that the pizza bubbled over and that the burned corn stuck to the popper? I've only just finished scraping ovens and pans. A man of my talents on KP."

Paul smiled weakly up to him. "Mom isn't home?"

"Not yet. Another hour, hour and a half."

"Have you. . . ? How's Aunt Lou?"

"She must be okay, Paul, or Uncle Ted would have called, wouldn't he?" Paul nodded. "Maybe you have to go to the toilet. Come on, but be quiet and don't wake your sister."

Alan helped Paul into the bathroom, threw the light switch and closed the door. He motioned Paul toward the throne and searched the medicine chest for the Pepto Bismol and a plastic spoon. He advanced to Paul, balancing the spoon.

"What's that stuff?"

"Pepto Dismal. It turns your innards pink and healthy. Are you doing any good on there? Feeling any better?"

"I don't have to do anything, Dad."

"Sit a while longer anyway."

Alan sat on the edge of the old-fashioned bathtub watching his son. Paul looked small in his seersucker pajamas, small and vulnerable. Alan found himself wondering if Paul had entered puberty. Paul's stomach-ache was in his eyes now. But, no, it was more than pizza or puberty. Paul's eyes said fear, said death. Mortality was upon him, an intimation of mortality, and suddenly Alan was back to his own boyhood when he had sat in just that way on a toilet seat, looking out, asking, toward his father, who sat in just this same fashion with his knuckles white on a bathtub's curl. And my dad knew what had wakened me, and I knew sitting there that he knew. And Paul knows that I know. And there's no more to be said now than there was then. Or would it ease his fears to know of this curiosity, this continuity?

"Any better?" Paul nodded. "Paul, remember when Molly did this?" Alan pointed to the claws of the bathtub, which Molly a couple of years back had painted red with her mother's fingernail polish.

"Isn't that ridiculous?" This was all one, his own father included, could do—try to give back life to those eyes where death had lurked.

But it had lurked only momentarily; there now was a humor at his kid sister's joke.

"Think you can get back to sleep now, Paulibus?"

"Yeah, I think so."

"Well, then you'd better try. You'll need your rest because it is my plan tomorrow, I don't mind telling you, to hit you some long fungoes. And you saw all that good stuff of your mother's in the fridge. So come along if you're going to shag the high hard ones tomorrow."

Alan stayed with Paul until he fell asleep, first rubbing his stomach lightly and then letting his hand rest there until Paul's breathing told him that he was asleep. Then before snapping out the light Alan moved Paul's Pete Rose glove onto the end of the bed. Perhaps the smell of neat's-foot oil would comfort Paul in the same way Molly's worried old teddy bear (who looked to Alan like a wino) sustained her. Alan looked in on his long-legged daughter who slept sprawled and with the sheet kicked back. With her sleep-squint she looked oriental. Alan pulled the sheet over her against the fan in the hall, retreived her sandals from the hall and placed them by her bed. The fan hummed, coursing, throbbing, as if it measured out their lives.

Once downstairs, Alan found that his beer can had sweated a ring on the hall table and that the beer was warm. He emptied it in the kichen sink, got a cold one, and stepped out into the back yard. The grass was cool on his bare feet. The elm canopy was unmoving. Alan stood under it drinking slowly. Paul: two thirds the way to eighteen. And what then would replace the Pete Rose special? Great Books and lesser poems, or would there be a damnable war then to plague Paul as this one tormented his students? Would it be the same war, expanded into Thailand, into Burma, into Pakistan? And would the easy, sunshine patriots still rally 'round the flag?

The thought of flags made him glance to the house. How pleased they had been when they moved out here from Athens to find this place, so like the Fourths of his youth in the northeast that it should on tomorrow have rows of planted flags on either side of the sidewalk leading up from Elm Avenue to complement the big one that he and Paul would hang in its standard on the railing of the curved upper porch tomorrow. He and Kay had found the flagpole in the attic after they moved in. It was fully sixteen feet long with a wooden ball on the end and all of it varnished like a yacht spar. Alan had finally located a firm that sold institutional-sized flags and ordered one. He had removed the portion of the old holder from the high porch railing and had a New Corydon welding shop make a new standard from its pattern. Paul had then painted it with Rustoleum, and they had first flown their spinnaker just a year ago for the Fourth.

Very like the house where he had lived when he had sat on the toilet seat and his father on the bathtub with the ache of their mortality between them. In those far days the first of the gang to come awake would rouse the others by exploding cherry bombs against the side of the house beneath the bedroom windows, to the parents' consternation. Now there would be only giant sparklers for the kids' tomorrow night, and these brought back from a trip south late last summer. Paul and Molly's world was gentler in that respect but grimmer overall, as if docility produced the harshness. And, of course, his

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father, as attorney and judge, had never moved from Athens to New Corydon—had, in fact, never moved from the house he had entered as a bridegroom. Did mobility subdue? Did the lack of order make for the docility that made the grimness?

Alan leaned to the hispid trunk of the huge elm to finish his beer. Speaking of order and of being rooted . . . He glanced to thin stars through its high and motionless leaves. "The holy Druid trees," John Crowe Ransom had called them. And they were. Never would he regret the money he had spent on this one, this 'sabbatical elm' as he and Kay had come to call it from the expenditure they had made to save this sacred, ancient awning. He strained in the dark to see where the limbs had been amputated, where the cement and reinforcing rods ran to bind and brace its wild wonder. Their neighbors had thought them mad, of course, to spend twice what it would have cost to fell the elm to save it for a short space longer.

Alan and Kay had been delighted when they discovered that there was an arboriculturist in the phone book by the name of McGuffy; they took it as a good sign that a man in New Corydon should have the same name as the planter of the elms at Ohio U. And Clete McGuffy had turned out to be a friend. His full name was Cletus, Alan discovered when writing out checks to him, and there had developed a fondness between him and all the Kirks. Clete thought that they might save the elm for another three to five years, and even after the work was completed he had come back to hang a long, rope swing for Paul and Molly. And often after that he would stop to chat with Alan, to show his respect for a man of books and take the bookish man's respect for someone who worked with green and growing things. No, the elm had been a good investment, in Clete, so like Alan's memory of fine New England men, like a Hampshire man; in the lesson it had given the children; in the stubborn resistance he and Kay had felt they had made to disease and decay. Clete had said that with pesticides and herbicides nothing remained immune. Alan thought of his sister-in-law Mary Lou, and of Ted.

He heard a car coming, slowing, turning, its headlights brightening the yard for a moment. Alan looked to his wrist but remembered that he had removed his watch because of the heat and the dishwashing. And he had failed to notice the time when he came down from upstairs. Could it be Kay? Gravel noise. And then he saw that it was his next door neighbor, the state patrolman in his cruiser, returned no doubt from his trick of patrolling crowded holiday highways and perhaps from pulling people from wrecks. O Druid Elm, bring Kay to us. Alan squeezed his empty beer can and studied his neighbor bent to some business in the car and spotlighted beyond the hedge by the dome light. The silver-gray straw boy-scout hat, the trim uniform with its belted evil, the recruiting poster face as stamped-out as the rest of him. The beer can gave a loud pop, and the patrolman strained to the dark around him, an instinctive hunter. They stood for a long second, staring toward one another across the hedge. Somewhere blocks away a dog barked. Then the cruiser door thudded, and his neighbor's screen door clacked.

Why do I resent him so, and is it resentment or full hatred? Is it his swaggering authority, the Marine who never quite left the Corps? Am I like my students toward such injustice as hides behind a badge? Likeable John Cooley, the officer in his home town, who helped the muscatel-drunk kids home after the high school football games. It's not just his personal car with its citizens' band radio call letters on the bumper with the AMERICA —LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT and SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE stickers. A man ought to be able to display what he wished. Even Clete McGuffy carried DDT DESTROYS and PROTECT OUR FORESTS on the back of his truck. Alan and Kay had tried to be good neighbors without being ingratiating, but Sgt. Molen, who spoke with pride of getting a couple of good ones in on some students during the demonstrations down at the state university, had taught Molly and Paul the word nigger, reaching, no doubt, into his billyclub vocabulary for designation only, believing, Alan supposed, that he was denoting and not connoting. The kids would have learned that word soon enough of course, so Alan, striving for fairness, knew he shouldn't hold that against Molen, but he did. And tomorrow the Molens would fly their flag too. Polarization on Elm Avenue and under one flag.

Alan re-entered the house, climbed to the second floor, and looked in on himself and Kay mirrored in the sleeping children. And Paula gone to elm roots. The poet Friedrich Rückert had written the text of Mahler's song cycle after the death of his child. Alan quoted from one of his own poems, the one built on Anthony's lines to Cleopatra, as he walked down the stairs: *Delicate lives there above are treading sleep. O I am dying, Egypt, dying; only I here importune death awhile* . . . something, something . . . . *the clock, whose pendulum is slicing his bright time.* . . .

The kitchen clock said twelve-twenty. Kay was late. Alan thought of putting some work to his poem but instead opened another beer (after all, he would have had only two-and-a-half), and went outside. He sat on the back step beneath the kids' bedrooms and near enough to hear the phone. He did not need his poem; he knew it by heart. What he did not know was what would fill the page which snowblinded him. But he could not keep his mind on composing verse. She had said midnight at the latest, but of course the traffic would be heavy. That distant dog was barking again.

As his eyes grew accustomed to the dark once more, Alan could see the elm fanning out like flowers from a vase. The American Elm was diseased and patched and pulling apart. How long would it hold? Clete's words warning that nothing was immune any longer. Seriously, quiet seriously, how long did he give it, give the whole thing? How much time *was* left? Would Paul at twelve and Molly at eight reach his forty-one and Kay's thirty-seven? Would they have children, his and Kay's grandchildren? Or was that a luxurious hope? The gathering

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insanity, the amorphous absurdity. Could another generation withstand them? Perhaps it wouldn't be sudden, but lingering like the elm, like Louie perhaps; and surely it wouldn't be complete. The Sergeant Molens would survive for a time by their Spartan animalism but without Mahler and Great Books, survive childless, primitive, reduced.

The dog had stopped, but there now came the drone of aircraft, one or more, Alan could not say. Several most likely, travelling in a pack. By their slowness they must be military, cargo probably. They were a long time passing. *There* is the fan measuring out our lives. *That* is the clock slicing all our times.

So perhaps there is less than any of us think. Maybe we don't even have as long as the tree. But there has never been a guarantee on time. His father clutching his chest and slumping in the courtroom and dying in his chambers in full manhood. The papers showed a picture of Judge Paul Forbes Kirk in black robes, but that had not been so real as the memory resurrected tonight of his dad in corduroy pants and mackinaw shirt sitting on a bathtub. And his mother, ill since her first child, going white-haired and frail at nearly eighty. And Paula fevered, dead, at one year, one month, one day. A symmetry if not a rationality. And anxiety in a young boy's eyes, or a sundress and freckles along a highway—whether safe or slaughtered—were part of that same irrationality. If Kay were to die tonight, my life would stick in my fisted heart despite the children. *Poor Ted.* He would not go into the kitchen to the clock again, but would sit here until he heard the car.

Immediately he heard one and walked to the edge of the house to see LPR on a winking license plate pass by. That would be Routzen below on Elm Circle, Leonard P. Routzen, real estate and building and loan. Once at table Paul, remarking the initials in place of numbers on his license plates, had said that LPR stood for leper since he was an untouchable. Old Paulibus Forbes had something more than bubble gum in his skull all right. And old Leper Routzen, Alan knew, had three displays on his Lincoln: a shriner's decal on the windshield lower right and a discreet flag in one corner of the rear window balanced by a black and white Playboy bunny—the heraldry, the armorial bearings of the successful.

That car, its license, the house on the circle all said that Len Routzen expected and intended that the world should continue for a time yet. It would not dare do otherwise. Like the patriotic patrolman, he saw only rationality around him and possessed the power to put down such irrationality as might bubble up from time to time. Warnings from books never reached those men, nor even the threat which Clete McGuffy spoke of. When Routzen's elms began to go, he had them cut down and the stumps removed and huge, balled pin oaks set in by derrick and black men. Sgt. Molen hollowed out his elm stumps, and Mrs. Molen planted petunias in them.

While you, old Alanchurch, spent more than you could afford to preserve that damn big thing which preceded you and bloodywell might survive you and all your foolishness. And what are your bearings, your trappings? I'll bet you can't even remember your license number. You win; I can't. And your trappings, sir? Small poems marching down a page? Trying to convince long-hairs with bare feet that Quixote's madness makes us a little more sane when the world is in love with insanity? Hoping to find echoes of your own fuzzy idealism in their blue books if you ever get around to them? Making beer can rings on the back steps with a tree man? Thinking Mahler anything more than one more elm on its way to becoming a stump, just as your children are up there dreaming toward their graves, just as you and Kay are reaching for your own and maybe sooner than later?

You're goddamned right those are my trappings.

And tomorrow—no, today, since it must be near one on the morning of the glorious Fourth—you intend to fly a flag over those frail things?

I'll fly it because they are so frail, yes.

And those chauvinistic, bloviating clowns in Washington, those war-worriers will mock you.

I won't take time to notice. I'll hit flies to Paul, romp with Molly, eat too much of Kay's food, for if the sand is running out then the only antidote is the old existential game of "as if," to continue *as if* it all were going to continue, to get over the Fourth, then the fifth, then the sixth, like the lines of a good poem piled one on another to conclusion or interruption.

To play *as if*, eh? And what distinguishes you from Molen and Routzen then? They play *as if* too in their isolated ignorance, in their armor-plated unawareness, don't they?

Once more Alan was back to his boyhood. He used to play an *if* game when he was young. If three wadded paper balls in a row went into Miss Weaver's wastepaper basket, then Saturday's visit to the dentist would not hurt. If that cloud missed the sun, then the coach would start him next game. If the shades in third-year Latin were all even, he would pass the exam or get the date, or whatever.

So. If Kay gets home, he would fly their flag at half mast tomorrow. Or better still, he would run it out its polished mast upside down in the universal distress signal. He would explain it to them all at breakfast. They would understand. He would, he would; by the holy elm he would.

He knew from their talks that Clete McGuffy would understand, and if Len Routzen, board member of the college, and Sgt. Molen, Washington's long-armed extension of conforming law, did not, he would compose and say a poem to them that even they could understand. That much Alanchurch would do.

Alan heard the station wagon on the gravel and, coming around the hedge, he saw Kay heading it down the driveway for the barn. He saw her briefly in the light before the door closed but could not tell from her stance what news she brought of Mary Lou. Then she was moving quickly toward him, calling his name, and Alan ran to meet her—with the stones hurting his bare feet—to meet her by the wounded elm.

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DAVID HOSKINS

THE BOOK OF BONES

I.
bones
freezing
in a wet field

sometimes they give us hints
sometimes
shattered like slate
they speak to us
of things
spoken
before

by other things

days of blood through veins
fluttering
at the bones
like moths

II.
A consistent theme
recurring.
Thirteen ways of looking
at a blackbird is

a poem that need not end.

The ways to see are
many: inside are
bones.

III.
Or this
Salt encrusted shirt. Mine.
White in runnets down
The back. Moons beneath the arms.

A day's work.

It is a mineral white.
I say
I can feel it
In my bones.

And that is a way to say it.

I can see. This way.

IV.
or back
starting in the close places with bones
soft and as yet un
formed

The promised structure
of my son unmoving
late into the early months
bones soft as the bones of fish and promises
only

my
son

V.
or else at night through
forest in a fine dust of wings

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deep into the softest places soft
into the deep thick shadow
of the wood

seeking
the mythical beast

and he blood
seeping from the horn's rim
edging the eyes tendons strung
in a cold frenzy of the hunt
beginning
at last to
bleed

you move woman through
night wood ribbed dusting
your lap's mad scent

the beast a grinning parody of
lust nostrils gathering foam
frantic hearing on the wind's easy
breath the whisper
of the falling
of the long
slow blades

VI.
as when the high hot singing of her
thighs begins to come

and the great beast stumbles
in a blood haze of scent
and sound

as when the virgin bleeds
her lapscent to
the wind

feeling him

feeling how his legs break
against the strain

feeling all along the
trembling span until
he comes

breaking

splitting the shattered bone
against her knees

screaming
in a terror of his fall
down into the musk
of capture

until the closing
of her thighs

the working of the
horn

the soothing run
along his neck of hands

making peace

and sound and frenzy end
the old contracts
filled
at last

VII.
They move on wings.
To them, earth—hawkfell—is
A reach more lasting than
It is.

Some, at the cold edge of air,
Reach with wings a feathered
Web of bones, straining
To that high dark.

Beneath those ones, earth,
Hawkfell truly, hand,
Spread like wings
To catch. To
Hold.

VIII.
It is more than what I say.
Earth, clenched below me
Like a fist. I say *like* but
Mean *is*. Mean to say nothing
Where that sound comes. On
Wings, it can be seen as hand,

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Spread. They move on wings.
Luster of wax in a brown light.

They move on wings above an open
Hand, hawkfell, closed as
The tightest fist. They see—
It is like an open hand, fingers
Solid as trees.

It is a fist of bones.

IX.
In a ribbed structure
Like a house. My son.
Forms. Is made.

Hardens.

X.
Inside that dark
Too high
An image of this deep,
Hazed in a blue dust of light.
Winged figures, silent
Through that air. That deep.
Wings or fins, I do not know.

I do not know: dangers
Seem the same. And real.

Wings of wax to sun. Sunlight.
Meeting of the air and sea. The
Depth and height of it
Revealed, the light
A yellow smoke.

Inside, ribbed
In spines of fish, waxwing, son,
Deepest waters of the womb,
You are too high.

XI.
Birds moving at the moon.
Cold. Forlorn. Frozen
As a shadow. Silent.

Surely that sound

Is bells.
Way. Far.

XII.
Speech, fouled in a net
Of ruined words.
It does not work.
We start to speak, and hear
Soft at the edge of
Sound, an
Incredible noise
Of bones, ringing
In a high air.

XIII.
The sky a yellow dust, emptying
Toward amber. Our skins red,
A jaundiced brown. This is
The phenomenal world, where
Things happen. This is the
Phenomenal world, bleeding to
Death in a stench of melted
Sound. What things we see, spreading
From our feet, grinding
Like a sound of teeth.

O son, O dark figure of those
Dreams, scudding toward the
Hawkfell of this earth, seabirds
Screaming to water, you have known
The copper liquid dead against
The teeth, the eyes that move
Along the skin like hands.

What you have known, breasting
That light, that color: earth,
Through light and a wrong air.

XIV.
What I mean is more
Than what I
Say.

Bones. Or earth.
Not even that.
Rather, the thought
Of beasts, feeding. Fed.

I mistake that sound
For color.

That shadow for a flight.

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BIAS

Robert L. Beisner

On Student Reaction to the Indochina Crisis

(Not all professors shut down their classes during the tide of strikes and dissension which swept American campuses in the wake of the Cambodian adventure and the Kent State killings. The author of the lecture here printed is associate professor of history at The American University, Washington, D. C.; his book TWELVE AGAINST EMPIRE: THE ANTI-IMPERIALISTS, 1898-1900, *appeared in 1968 and received both the Allan Nevins Prize and the John H. Dunning Prize. Professor Beisner delivered the lecture to a class in U. S. history on May 7, 1970.)*

I want to speak to you today on the topic, "Indochina: How We Got There, What the U.S. Should Do Now, and What *We* Must Do."

First, however, I want to say why we're here in class at all in the midst of calls for a "strike." The times are not normal, this is true, and the insistence that we not proceed with business-as-usual has considerable merit. But, until and unless the University community as a whole officially closes down, I shall continue to meet my classes, first of all, because I am not persuaded that anything that looks like a strike *against* the University or learning is a wise expression of dissent, and, secondly, because I see no reason at all to conclude that we must halt our educational processes in order to prove our opposition to the Indochina War. Is the person—student or professor—who "strikes" from three of his courses thereby shown to be a triply more sincere and dedicated opponent of the war than his friends or colleagues who only strike from one?

So we will meet today. But I shall not lecture about the McCarthy scare of the 1940s and 1950s as I had originally intended—although that might well be a profitable enterprise, too—but will attempt to make this a truly *useful* period, both from the point of view of the purely educational aims of this course and from that of the present crisis.

It must be made clear to you that I shall be playing more than one rôle in making this talk. In my discussion of how we got into this apparently endless war, I shall be speaking to you as historian and teacher of history, presenting as objectively as I can an explanation of how we got where we are.

When I talk about what the United States should do about the current situation, I might claim to wear the hat of the authority on contemporary international politics, but I don't really warrant such headgear and will be speaking instead in my capacity as a concerned citizen and individual and on the basis of some judgments and assumptions that I shall try to make absolutely clear.

In my discussion of what *we* should do about the present crisis, my capacity will not be that of historian—though some of my views are doubtless influenced by a certain reading of history—but primarily as citizen and individual and, perhaps, in a modest but serious way, as counselor.

There are numerous explanations for our arrival in Vietnam that one can choose from. Many officials in the Nixon and earlier administrations would explain this turn of events in a way that would combine concepts of containment and vacuum, balance of power and idealism. They would say that the conclusion of World War II found us the only power in the world able to do anything about Communist policies that were recognized early in the postwar period to be aggressive, expansionist, threatening to the international balance of power, and destructive of fragile, new, governments that needed protection until such time as they could strengthen their own social and political systems and military capacities enough to make a self-sustained movement toward stability, economic growth, and representative government. In one crisis, one consideration might be uppermost; in a later crisis, another. But, trivial distinctions aside, according to this account, the United States since 1946—in Greece, in Western Europe, in Guatemala and the Dominican Republic, in the Congo, *and* in Vietnam, Laos, and now Cambodia—has been containing an expansionism that threatened world order, menaced American security, and aimed at destroying governments that—however imperfect currently—deserved a chance to exist and prove themselves.

The radical Left, in this country and others, tells a very different story, arguing that American policy derives directly and inevitably from the nature of American society. That society, they would contend, is a powerful capitalist structure that enriches the few, doles out consumption-goods pacifiers to a sizeable and bought-off middle class, and depends for its existence and maintenance upon the systematic economic, social, and political exploitation of the great mass of poor people both at home and abroad. Enjoying the benefits of one-sided economic relations with

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most of the countries of the world, the United States has persistently extended its economic—and along with it, political and military—power throughout the world and is determined to suppress, or at the least, manipulate for its own purposes any revolution, insurgency, or movement in the world (or within its own borders) that threatens to alter the present exploitative arrangement. Events in Southeast Asia since the end of the Second World War, radicals argue, have posed exactly such a threat to the U.S. system, and that is why American soldiers fight there today.

A third approach, one adopted by many so-called "Establishment" critics, has it that while containment policies may have been and probably were wise in Western Europe and during a period when all Communist parties seemed to step off the paces when Moscow said "March!", they were not applicable or necessary in Asia and in the age of Communist polycentrism. But we found ourselves mired in Indochina anyway, our better judgment overruled by an excessive anti-communism, by the belief that the cockpit of the international power struggle had moved from Europe to the Far East, by an unprecedentedly influential military apparatus eager to try out its new weapons and full of optimistic prognoses, and by inertia—all of which can be seen as reversible and changeable rather than the immutable consequences of the American social system. Not that these criticis tend to be too complacent about the social scene around them, but they would be more likely to blame many of America's current ills *on* the war rather than see them as manifestations of the same deep, structural, flaws that produced the war as well.

As I understand the history of the recent past, I find this third account certainly the most persuasive of those I've mentioned. I would only add a little more to that picture in an attempt to explain how we got into Indochina and why—despite overwhelming evidence of the need to abandon that operation—we are still there. As to the first, I think that a subtle but profound split has occurred since World War II between our leaders and security-managers, on the one hand, and the general public, on the other. I do not mean by this a split between the tyrants and the tyrannized, although I think it has come perilously close now to a split between a public that basically wants "X" and its leaders who push ahead with "Y,Z" regardless. Neither do I mean to suggest that the managers have not been able to rally large segments—even majorities—of the people behind them, although this has often been done through appeals it would be charitable to call misleading. The split I have in mind is something else. It is my impression—and this would be extremely difficult to substantiate—that the great masses of the American people are still, in a sense, fundamentally isolationist. They may want on occasion to vacation in Europe, or buy ham from Poland and gimcracks from Hong Kong, but if they thought that it would be possible to have *both* prosperity and stability at home and an almost total withdrawal from the political, social, and military affairs of the rest of the world, I firmly believe they would choose to enjoy such a package. They want to be left *alone*, alone to enjoy the American Way of Life, and it is my contention that they get roused up for international adventures mainly because they believe that the Enemy—whoever he may be at the moment—has interfered with their private and innocent pleasures and must therefore be defeated in order that Americans can return to the good life. Now, I shall not defend this essentially provincial, xenophobic streak, though I think it has its uses, but what I think is important is that, whereas there was a time when the leaders of the American people shared such isolationist sentiments, they have abandoned them, firmly and deliberately, in the last quarter century. The major policymakers since World War II—Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon; Secretaries Marshall, Acheson, Dulles, Rusk—have fully accepted the idea of a world rôle for the United States, have genuinely believed in it, and indeed have reveled in it. They have not only seen the futility of total isolationism, but have nearly gone to the other extreme of believing that *nothing* happens *anywhere* in the world that does not have a bearing on American security and interests.

Add to this the liberal optimism of the Humphreys, Stevensons, Kennedys, Johnsons, Eisenhowers, *and* Nixons—that is, the belief that the United States *must* and *can* change the face of the earth, wipe out poverty everywhere, turn the Mekong into a TVA, eradicate malaria, blindness, poor sanitation, bad roads, and unhappiness throughout the world—and you have all the ingredients necessary to explain how the United States got into the Second Indochina War.

To understand why, astonishingly, we are still there, we must add the truly frightening inability of our leaders so far to acknowledge that most human of all things, a mistake. For some reason that may be too complex to understand, but which certainly must have something to do with an historical infatuation with the idea that America was truly a better and morally superior nation and the presumably unrelated psychological association in America of "toughness" and masculinity, this most powerful of all nations in history seems to fear that confession of one major error will threaten to weaken it mortally, leaving us totally mistrusted and abandoned by all our old friends and scorned with contempt by our enemies. Some day we may have the perspective and insight to understand such a national neurosis.

Before we can prescribe what must be done, we have to see what the war has already done. I cannot think of *one* benefit of this wretched war, unless it has been to arouse millions of Americans to a keener sense of justice and teach some of us that we belong *to* the world in all its imperfections and thus help destroy remaining illusions of our perfection and uniqueness and immunity to the historical process, which includes in its mysterious workings not only

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growth and progress but decay, degradation, and destruction—even for such a Chosen Nation as that founded by immortals like Washington and Jefferson. The bad consequences of the war are manifold, so numerous that it would require a catalogue to list them all. But let me call attention to some that seem to me most serious, by way of a selective catalogue (a list being perhaps the best way to get across the almost unbelievable idiocy of the Indochina adventure). America's war in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia has:

Distorted the direction of economic growth and created a dangerous and painful inflationary spiral.

Brought the Democratic Party—by no means a totally admirable institution but the best we've got right now—to a state of wrack and ruin.

Produced a constitutional crisis of serious proportions, convincing millions that war Presidents will do whatever they choose to do in Southeast Asia regardless of the will of Congress.

Led to the blatant and open disregard and violation by the United States of the United Nations Charter, the Geneva agreements of 1962, as well as other principles of international law.

Fastened upon the people of South Vietnam a repressive and totally unrepresentative régime.

Caused us to deny the inherent rights of the Vietnamese people to settle their own affairs, even if by a contest of arms.

Caused a shocking neglect of, and in many cases exacerbated a set of increasingly serious problems in the United States itself—racism, poverty, urban decay, transportation breakdown, crime, pollution.

Created an atmosphere of bitter repression and caused in many cases the actual (or indirect) suppression of dissent.

Produced, especially among some of the more desperate and radical critics of the war, a brownshirt, intolerant, anti-rational, mentality that does not bode well.

Established a "generation gap" of major proportions.

Forced young men to "desert" their country or engage in "criminal" activity in order to avoid being employed as tools in the war.

Eroded respect for the law—a respect essential in a mass democracy—on the part of elements of all classes and groups in society.

Thrown away the lives of nearly 50,000 young Americans.

Increased the already-dangerous tendency to consider physical force as the solution to not only international but social-domestic problems.

Shattered our self-esteem as a decent and progressive leader of the Western World.

(Where should one list this?): killed hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese—soldiers, women, children, old men—and nearly destroyed anything that could have been considered a society or countryside in South Vietnam.

Brutalized and numbed the psychic and moral sensitivities of the American people.

Thrown away our chances of working alongside, instead of against, the explosive force of Asian nationalism.

Possibly threatened the peace of the entire world—this, should China or the Soviet Union ever feel cause to join in the fray directly.

Arrested the progress of the U.S.-Soviet détente.

Encouraged other states—like Israel and Egypt—to the use of force in international disputes.

Tied the United States down in a secondary (or what should have been considered a secondary) spot, leaving it vulnerable elsewhere in the world.

Stalled the once-trumpeted attempts to "build bridges" to Eastern Europe.

Heated up the relatively quiescent arms race with the Soviet Union.

And most important of all:

Poisoned the spirit of the country and led us to the brink of the greatest social conflicts in this nation's history.

* * *

Well, should there be any difficulty whatever in deciding what the United States should do in these circumstances? In order to help prevent the occurrence of future Vietnams, it is probably necessary that in some direct and open way the United States confess—at least to itself, at least symbolically—that Vietnam was a mistake, a ghastly, catastrophic blunder. This must be managed somehow, but, whenever and however this is done, we must decide now upon the total and immediate withdrawal of all American forces from all of Southeast Asia, beginning right away and taking no longer with the job than is physically and logistically necessary. How would we explain this to the world? Surely a nation ingenious enough to get into such fantastic trouble, a government that for ten years has been able to define defeat as victory and aggression as protection of freedom, could figure out something to say this time. The most honest route, of course, would be to admit that the war was a disaster and proclaim an end to our part in it. The most politic rationalization, however, might be one that claimed that the United States had done all it could to support the South Vietnamese *régime*, had thereby fulfilled its "commitments" as any reasonable person would describe them, and that now we were leaving—for good and altogether—having discovered our allies not really deserving. Pledge paid in full, transaction completed!

What could be lost from such a course of action? Wouldn't Vietnam go completely communist and maybe all its neighbors, too? The answer is, yes, quite possibly, but that whether this group or that group of men happens to rule the states of Indochina is not truly very important to the United States, cannot affect us seriously unless we choose to will it so—in short, nothing "vital" of ours is

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at stake in Indochina but our soul, the definition of our nature and very being as a nation.

But wouldn't all the other nations of the world see in such a retreat evidence of mortal American weakness and thus lose their confidence in our ability to fulfill our commitments? It requires little intelligence or expert training, and it requires no access whatever to captured documents, to say that our allies and friends must shudder at the incompetence and brutality displayed in our current manner of "fulfilling commitments." The American weakness they fear is internal—the sickness caused by the Indochina War.

But wouldn't it be immoral to steal off in the middle of the night, leaving behind hundreds of thousands of South Vietnamese, committed to our side, to be massacred by the forces of the North? An exaggeration? Without doubt, but no close student of human nature, Vietnamese history, or Communist parties would rule out the possibility of some kind of "bloodbath." And assuming such a possibility—as I believe any critic of the war should do—I should make either of two replies to the accusation of immoral abandonment. First of all, yes, it would be immoral and cowardly to leave those compromised souls behind, and whenever we do withdraw I believe the United States ought to accept as many as want to come into our own country and help in persuading other governments to accept such exiles. We've absorbed more prickly groups before, surely, and even if we gave every one who wanted to come to the U.S. a free ticket on a Pan Am 747 and pensioned them at $10,000 a year for life (or forty acres and a yak?) the cost would be infinitestimal compared to our current burden. But the possibility has to be considered, seriously, that, no matter how wide we opened our doors to such people, many would remain in their own countries and face dire consequences. So be it. Some of them are not so "innocent" at any rate. And, anyway, that price is not too high for saving this country, and, in fact, such a final legacy of Vietnamese blood on American hands would serve as a lasting reproach against ever repeating such a terrible folly.

Finally, what do *we* do to bring this about? No one who has seen Presidents Johnson and Nixon betray the apparent will of the majority after two consecutive presidential elections can urge with any great confidence that you fight it out, as the expression goes, "within the system." But consider the alternatives.

Should opponents of the war strike *against* their universities, against the educational process? Should the dissenter on this campus show his opposition to the war with bricks and bombs against a university he might describe as an instrument of imperialist oppression? Nobody needs to pretend for a moment that this or any other university is not remiss in its duties to justice and democracy in order to condemn such a course of action as utterly foolish and perversely self-defeating. You will find no more allies per capita to your position anywhere else in the country than among the faculty members and administrators of American colleges and universities.

Should the Fulbrights and Gores, McGoverns and Hartkes, Aikens and Coopers, be assailed as co-opting enemies of "the people" and spurned as helpers? Not unless you want deliberately to produce an unbridgeable gap between yourselves and the one, particular, institution in this country—the United States Senate—which at the moment has the kind of influence and power that could be used to create significant obstacles in the path of the insane tropical adventures of Nixon, Agnew, Mitchell and Co.

If you think the war can be stopped without the help of such people—and many more—you are, I humbly suggest, the victim of a dangerous delusion. Violent students hurling missiles at "fascist cops" and soldiers—while the horrified "middle" stands by—ending injustice at home and ending the war abroad: this is a fantasy, and a cruel one insofar as it leads innocents to slaughter, which it could. My point is very simple and unoriginal: the American social fabric, at present almost threadbare from wear and lack of renewal, tending to come apart at the seams from its own internal corruption and the assaults upon it—this fabric remains capable of renewal and deserves it. It is worth saving; it can offer much to us. But it is fragile and weak now. And, if it is rent, if the crazies of liberation and repression are given the freedom to tear this shaken cloth from end to end in conflict between themselves, we will be, my friends, in ten times the trouble we're now in, because the forces of repression will win, and not just in the short-run. You will have a democratically-elected fascism in the United States whose chiefs will continue to send hireling imperial legions abroad, suppress dissent at home, put a lock on the black ghettos, *and yet* keep enough people prosperous and sufficiently content to get away with it. Deplorable and ghastly possibility, yes, but a far more likely one than the trumpeted liberation-through-destruction offered by some.

So, I am saying, don't give up yet. March, yes. Leaflet, yes. Command attention to your excellent cause, yes. Organize, raise money, elect people who will help us get out of this Asian swamp and politically destroy those who won't help, yes. But do not abandon reason and study and knowledge for the so-brave four-letter word. Do not forget that alienation and intolerance are two-way streets. Do not surrender to the illusion that violence and killing is *ever* a very attractive thing, no matter what the source or the purpose. Do not fool yourselves into thinking that you can do it alone and alienate your potential allies, who are also fighting and who do not pretend to be the only ones in the front lines of dissent.

A great deal is riding on this one. I don't think there's ever been a time since the founding of this nation—including even the days of Fort Sumter—when the future direction of this country has been more problematical and unpredictable than right now. The university students of America will have a great deal of influence in determining which direction we go from here. Don't blow it.

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DABNEY STUART: *TWO POEMS*

A Tour of the Wounds

It is said he conceived them
As a season
He called it *Winter*

These which appear to be
Eyes shut buds
Colorless
Had no choice
They consented to snow

The membrane of December
Is still taut
Over that dry welt his
Tongue

April the lance
Pitted
Rusts behind a mirror
No longer open to the public

It is believed his feet
These crystals
Shattered along predictable lines
The axes of everywhere
While he kept turning in one direction

The fragments were found praying
That the sky would forget itself
They have been reassembled
To their true shapes

The fungi his ears
Splay like branches
Arrested
It is reported he said
They are listening for thaw

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After the wars of ice
His fingerprints were discovered
At the confluence of two
Extinct rivers

They were defective

I could go on
But you will find other
Amusements
For them
We have been unable to think of a better
Name
Than his own

The Demons

1 Absence

A poet has written *Mysteries*
Will come to those who need them

Not intending to shame me
But I am shamed

Since I must conclude I do not
Need them

He has also written *The blind*
In Spring stuff their eyes with leaves
Compounding their blindness

Now, in October,
I rake my eyes

2 Disposition

Seasonless themselves
They sense our seasons

If we ease into the stems of Spring
Grow lush
With our own promise

They recede
To the rim of our vacation

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They do not extend us the comfort
Of their contempt
Knowing their distance

Serves.
Only the rake's scratch

And the crackle of the leaf
Burning,
The dry flare of our ruse

Consuming
Itself, leaving

A cold necessity
From which we can grow nothing
Will summon them again, alert

Them
To our return.

3 In a Domestic Place

The space
Between the fire in the hearth
And the firelight in the eye
Their space

The time
Coincident with the son's cry
In the night and his father's dream
Of waking
Their time

Their rhythm
All singing
Shadows

4 Prayer

Enter my eyes
When they are cold enough

Weather me
Beyond seasons

Contend me

Contend

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A STORY BY KERMIT SHELBY

LONESOME JOHNNY

To begin with, Lonesome Johnny was a hard-luck child from the first breath he drew, having been born with a caul on his face. The old granny woman who cut the caul off—a "veil" was what she called it—is reported to have shaken her head sadly. "No good will come," she prophesied.

She hung the caul over an elderberry bush to dry in the sun, as was good and proper, according to hill custom. For it is a well-known hill belief that a caul means a curse; and the only way to take the curse off is to cure and keep the caul till the day its owner is twenty-one, and then give him the caul as a present. Otherwise the veiled child will be cursed with wanderlust, for he'll keep seeking that missing membrane part.

Now it happened that Lonesome Johnny's ma was real sick with childbirth. And in working with her, the old granny woman clean forgot about the caul out on the bush. First the sun shut in, and then the wind rose and it blew a powerful storm, and it carried the caul away into the valley.

It carried the sick woman's life away like a tide.

The old granny woman lifted Johnny out of bed. "Don't cry, Lonesome," she said, and pulled up the high-bumped sheet. She shook her head and said, "The bad luck's started."

Word got norated around that Lonesome Johnny's caul had blown away, and the men folks set out on a search party. They looked high and low, but no caul did they find. For the old timers allowed the storm had done its work. The lightning and the rain and the wind had swelled the creek. Johnny's caul had departed with the spirit.

In due time they buried Lonesome Johnny's ma. And folks allowed Johnny would have to get along the best he could in this world; an orphan to start with, and bad luck tied to his heels. And that curse above his head like a sword.

Lonesome Johnny's pa married a woman who was none too good to Lonesome Johnny, and some said that helped to start him on his wanderings.

Before Lonesome Johnny was nine, word got norated around what a wonder-child he was, how he could perform strange magic feats upon the fiddle. It wasn't long before the hill musicians were taking Lonesome Johnny to the dance. And hours he should have spent in sleeping were spent playing fiddle music that set men's heels a-knocking and women's long skirts a-whirling.

Surely, folks had to admit, that Lonesome Johnny had a gift, a gift for putting a strange joy in fiddle music.

Only Lonesome Johnny, a strange, dreamy-eyed child with a shock of fair hair and long white hands, he had a will all his own. He wasn't much account at field work, and less so with livestock; for like as not he'd leave a team and wander from the fields and make up a fiddle music all his own.

He made up a new music, all his own. Music he claimed was like the mill stream, a trinkling; like bird and crow, a cawing; like thunder in the mountains that rumbled; like hoot owl at night, and the rain crow, and the frog song; like the wind that sighed wet-soft in foggy pine tops. He was a strange one, this Lonesome Johnny.

It wasn't long before be began to work for other folks. But his fiddle earned him more than his hoe. Since his pa didn't seem to mind, Lonesome Johnny finally quit ever going home at all, just took to wandering here and there with his fiddle.

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And if Lonesome Johnny didn't eat regular, why nobody seemed to mind. And if the only place he had to sleep was just a bed of leaves, why that was Lonesome Johnny's lookout and no one else's.

Saturday nights, though, when work was done and the hill folks feeling juber-minded, Lonesome Johnny was sure to be there with his fiddle. And till Monday, at least, his fiddle would earn him bed and board, and sometimes it earned him more besides.

Lonesome Johnny wasn't the kind to care for money, except for what the money would buy. What little he had he spent on baubles—a bright pretty that went to decorate his fiddle bow; or a strand of beads that glimmered like fox-fire, which he would give to any girl who caught his fancy.

Some said Lonesome Johnny was woman minded, while others said Lonesome Johnny didn't care a thing for women, except as trinkets. Some—the old granny women—said Lonesome Johnny had a woman-hunger that would never be satisfied, because he had been denied a mother-love.

But on one thing they all agreed. Lonesome Johnny was fair to look on, surely, but powerful sorry husband material. For didn't he have a restless heel that would never let him stay put for long? Didn't he have a roving-merry eye that spoke of wanderlust?

Then the old granny women would scare the young girls by telling them the tale of Lonesome Johnny's curse. "Lonesome Johnny's love is a destructious love," they warned. "It was put here to cause a woman trouble."

Lonesome Johnny was a young man, grown, the day he walked out of the clearing up to Dock Blackwood's cabin. He asked a drink of water for himself.

Now it happend that Louellen was watching from the cabin door. Lonesome Johnny looked up and became enamoured of Louellen. Became enamoured of Dock Blackwood's pretty wife.

Louellen wasn't quite seventeen then, but she had been married to Dock Blackwood going on nigh two years. But the marriage wasn't Louellen's choosing. It had come about because Louellen's pa had loaned her out to cook for Dock, when Dock's first wife lay low with typhoid fever. Then, after Dock's wife died, Dock needed a housekeeper worse than ever. Louellen's pa had promised Dock Louellen for a wife, for two fine shoats and a full barrel of sorghum.

To Louellen, whose restless spirit had been life-confined to mountain walls, Lonesome Johnny's coming was like the spice-pleasured breath of far-off places.

Like a picture, the cabin door framed Louellen—barefooted, in a cotton dress. She made a pleasing sight to Lonesome Johnny. Tall, slender, young, she stood. Big eyes startled-dark and timid-eager. Her long blond hair was braided, coiled, and shiny-streaked with the long black thorns she used for hairpins.

Lonesome Johnny stared at Louellen and couldn't decide which he liked the more—the fair hair, or the dark eyes that begged for news of far-off places.

Lonesome Johnny spoke, and his voice was soft as April night. "Now I know what all these years I've been a-seeking."

Louellen couldn't make heads nor tails of Lonesome Johnny's words. Never had she seen such a tall, straight youth before. Nor man hands, healthy, but white as any woman's. His man-yellow hair was cut different from man hair in her world.

Lonesome Johnny's leather breeches fit him with an easy grace, his open-throated buckskin shirt looked soft as summer. His leggin's gave him the fair slimness of a swaying silver-poplar tree. About his neck was a bright-colored kerchief, the like of which Louellen would have given her best eyetooth to possess, so pretty did it shine with color in the sun.

Most of all, though, she stared at his long white hands and at the narrow-throated fiddle box on his back. Its metal handle shining in the sun reminded her for all the world of a baby coffin.

She didn't know yet how gentle nor how nimble those long white fingers could be. Nor how they were to charm her with a wild-sweet fiddle music.

With a gallant gesture, Lonesome Johnny pointed to the gourd dipper hanging in the tree, to Still Spring bubbling over gnarled roots beneath it. "Mind if I quench my thirst?"

So entranced was Louellen with the handsome stranger's far-off looks, it seemed the cat had surely got her tongue. Just before the gourd touched Lonesome Johnny's lips, Louellen sprang forward with a muffled cry of warning. "Don't drink. That water's poison."

Lonesome Johnny's leather-smooth face was grave enough, it was true. But it was a joke his merry eyes were begging for. "How come, poison? Spring water, ain't it?"

"It's poison, just the same." Louellen told Lonesome Johnny how Still Spring got its name. How, being full of still holes, the spring ran only after heavy rains. How the still holes, being near the graveyard, were where it got its poison. "Dock's first wife died, a-drinking fever from Still Spring."

"Who's Dock?" Slowly, Lonesome Johnny poured the poison water out, his eyes lingering upon the fairness of Louellen.

Louellen flushed and said, "Dock's my man. He's a-working, over yonder."

Hurt spread in Lonesome Johnny's eyes, blotting out their blue; like wind clouds floating that moment high above the valley floor, where dark-lonesome blotted out the sunlit green.

Embarrassed, Louellen hurried to the shade to tilt the water barrel, to pour out a drink for Lonesome Johnny. "We-all carry drinking water from Dibble's Spring, beyond the bald."

Lonesome Johnny took Louellen's hand off the water barrel. As he did, a sort of tremor passed between them. "Women folks don't belong to do a heavy work," Lonesome Johnny said.

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Louellen turned and hurried inside the cabin, saying, "Reckon I better get Dock's dinner on the table."

When Dock Blockwood came home to his noonday meal, he found Lonesome Johnny whistling, cross-legged, under the shade tree that bordered Still Spring, whittling out a right neat cedar-wooden spigot.

And the way Lonesome Johnny fitted the spigot through a hole bored in the barrel, and the way the water ran through, so Louellen wouldn't have to tilt the barrel no more, Louellen had to admit he sure was a wonder with them long white hands of his. Hill custom demanded that Lonesome Johnny stay to dinner.

Dock Blackwood, thick-shouldered, thirty, dark-bearded, wore a surly look that Lonesome Johnny couldn't trust. Dock Blackwood seemed half brute and half child-minded.

At first Dock had no objection to the stranger. Especially after Lonesome Johnny played the fiddle.

First Lonesome Johnny played the dance tunes such as Dock knew about, but not Louellen, for she had never been two miles beyond her blue-hilled cabin.

Then Lonesome Johnny played the wind-music, and Louellen liked it best. She said it made her feel like possums walking up and down her grave. She said it gave her the lonesome shivers.

Then Lonesome Johnny told them about the world beyond the hills, strange paths he had traveled with his fiddle. And Louellen, listening in every bone, would exclaim, "My lands!" Louellen's eyes held the hunger-shine for far-off places. "Gracious sakes, I'd like to go *there*," Louellen would declare.

And Dock—who had journeyed all the way to Springfield once—Dock now bragged to Lonesome Johnny about his Springfield trip. Dock laughed at and belittled his young wife's lack of travel. "Louellen's just a stick-in-the-mud," Dock said.

Then, to soften Louellen's hurt, Lonesome Johnny told them how the lost caul had brought a curse upon his head, how losing it had made of him a rambler.

"Wouldn't call that no curse, to ramble," Louellen said, wistful. "The curse would be to have to stay in just one spot, like this. What a shame to never see them far-off places."

Dock took a child-like interest in the fiddle.

Dock allowed he could use an extra hand for clearing. And Lonesome Johnny allowed he was just the man.

Lonesome Johnny wasn't the world's best hand, maybe. But Lonesome Johnny's long white fingers could file a saw just so. He kept a shiny sharpness on the axes. And when it came to choring, Lonesome Johnny was a wonder. Not only did he milk the cow and keep the woodbox filled. He hoed the garden. He kept the barrel filled with Dibble's fresh spring water.

He lightened Louellen's work with wondrous time-savers. Didn't he build her a spring platform, not too low, but just high enough to keep the butter cool? Didn't he build her a row of shelves in the kitchen?

"I'm a-paying you to work for me, not Louellen," Dock warned Lonesome Johnny. That was during the second week.

"Women folks don't belong to do a heavy work," Lonesome Johnny told Dock. "Woman's work is to make a man's house pretty."

It was the third week that brought on the quarrel. It happened the day Lonesome Johnny sawed the tree top out, so Louellen could have a clearer view of the far-off valley.

Louellen was in the garden, gathering green beans. She didn't know what had happened till she came to the house. Then she saw the water barrel was empty. Louellen picked up the cedar bucket and started for Dibble's spring. But Dock loomed up in the pathway before her.

"Where you think you going, with that there bucket?"

"I'm a-going to the spring." Louellen felt an uneasiness when Dock still made no move. "Reckon Lonesome Johnny clean forgot it."

Then she saw Dock's eyes, dark-shining beads of hate. Dock said, "I run Lonesome Johnny offen this place."

Louellen felt a lonesomeness, and it hit her in the throat. It moved down a peg and straight into her heart. Like a cockleburr, the lonesomeness buried.

Louellen heard Dock's voice, shaky, "And I don't aim to have you two a-carrying on."

Louellen looked Dock Blackwood steady in the eye. Louellen's voice was firm and conscience-clean. "We ain't carrying on, Dock."

Dock said, "After this you don't move ten foot from this cabin door, you hear? After this we'll drink the Still Spring water."

Louellen stared at Dock. She thought of Dock's first wife, how she had sickened with the fever. Some said it was from drinking Still Spring water. Louellen said, "But Still Spring's poison."

"'T aint poison no more." Dock's eyes took on a cunning shine, like a dog who had treed a squirrel. "'T aint poison since the rains."

Louellen knew better than to contradict Dock. She turned and walked inside the cabin.

She looked at the four walls and the ceiling. Without her will, her eyes sought the nail where his fiddle had hung. Upon the nail was the message he had left her. It read:

I'm a-leaving because I don't want to bring you trouble. All I'm fit for is to bring hard luck to them I most care for. Reckon it must be this caul-curse I was borned with. I sawed the treetop out. When you watch the far-off valley, think of me.

Louellen went and stood beside the window where Lonesome Johnny had sawed out the tree top. She could see the valley now. Dark-lonesome it was, and dreary as her life. "He's a-walking it," Louellen told herself.

Hours later, when Dock came in, Louellen was still standing by the window. Dock went and got his axe and knocked the window out. Where the window had been, Dock nailed some thick boards over. "Now see if you can see him," Dock said.

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Every day Louellen waited till after Dock left for the field. Then she walked to Dibble's Spring and brought fresh water. This went on over a week. Then, one day when Louellen was coming back from the spring, Dock stood waiting in the path. Louellen stopped. Then she began to tremble.

Dock said, "You've been to him." And the way Dock's face was—in a sweat-panic, green-dark with hate—it made a fear-sickness inside Louellen.

"Dock, I never. Before God's eyes I never." Louellen stood rooted, her innards cramped with fear. Wordless, Dock turned and started walking toward the cabin.

When Dock came back he dragged two long things behind him in the dust. Dock lifted the things. They made a clanking sound.

"Dock, what you aiming to do?" Louellen's eyes were fear-charmed with the log chains.

Dock said, "Aiming to put a stop to you a-meeting Lonesome Johnny." Dock slipped the knotted chain about Louellen's white neck. "Now you behave yourself and this won't hurt much. Start yelling, and I'll clunk you with this log chain."

Like a race horse Louellen stood, a trembling. Dock brought the chain down in back, looped it once about her waist. The way it was, with elbows wired to waist, Louellen's arms were free to do her work. But not free enough to undo the wiring. The loose end of the chain Dock fastened to the log cabin wall. He buried the iron spike deep in the wood and bent it double.

Louellen could move about upon the tether chain. But not twenty feet could she move from the cabin. Dock had a crafty purpose when he chose that furthest wall. No longer could Louellen see the valley.

Dock taunted, "The curse would be having to stay on in just one spot, like this." Child-like, Dock mimicked Louellen's every word; the self-same words she had once said to Lonesome Johnny.

Louellen's eyes were on the water pails where she had left them in the path. "Dock," Louellen said, fearful, "who's going to pack from Dibble's Spring?" For during their two years of being married, Dock had his first pail yet to carry.

Dock kicked the full pails over. As the earth sucked up the water, Dock's eyes took on the cunning shine. "After this," Dock said, "you'll be lucky to get a drink from Still Spring."

The first day Louellen would't drink from Still Spring. The second day she wouldn't drink. But the third day her throat was dry and fevered. And when Louellen saw she couldn't break away from her tether, she gave in and drank the Still Spring water.

It didn't taste as good as Dibble's Spring, it was true. But it didn't taste so bodaciously bad, either, Louellen decided. By the end of the first week she had sort of got used to the taste. By the end of the second week she reckoned that bad taste was just imagination. By the end of the third week Louellen had got used to the heaviness of the chains—nearly.

But the fourth week Louellen took sick with a misery in her head. "Seems like, times," she told Dock, "my eyes get sort of blinded."

"You have sinned, Louellen," Dock Blackwood told his wife. "You have loved that Lonesome Johnny and your sin has found you out. It's the Lord's way of measuring out your hurt."

It wasn't till after this that Louellen noticed Dock never took a drink inside the cabin. She reckoned, unbeknownst to herself, Dock had all this time been drinking the Dibble's Spring water. She noticed, too, that Dock never went to the field any more without carrying his double-barred shotgun. Dock claimed them young crows had found his corn.

Word got norated around that Dock Blackwood's young wife was right poorly with *malary*. And then it wasn't *malary* at all, it was that fever known as *typhoid*.

One hot summer afternoon a neighbor woman walked four miles to see how Louellen was. After that the rumor of the chains got started.

When word reached Lonesome Johnny that Louellen was in chains, Lonesome Johnny was forking hay over near Bear Creek. Without a single word, Lonesome Johnny dropped his hay fork. He made a bee-line for Dock Blackwood's cabin.

Louellen was sick abed when Lonesome Johnny reached her side. But she was not too sick to recognize Lonesome Johnny. Louellen said, "I'm glad you come."

Lonesome Johnny dropped to his knees—and then he saw the chains. Louellen's eyes were so fever-bright it hurt to look on.

"Louellen," Lonesome Johnny said, "I aim to take you away from here." As he talked, Lonesome Johnny's long fingers unwired the bindings.

The chains fell away. Lonesome Johnny held Louellen close. He could feel her fever burn him through her nightgown.

"Louellen, I aim to show you what the outside world is like. I aim to show you what it's like beyond the mountains."

Louellen sat up. Eagerness burned through the sick. A hunger. Louellen's white arms, so weak, held on to Lonesome Johnny. Louellen said, "Together, we'll walk the far-off places."

"I aim to make you my queen, Louellen," Lonesome Johnny said. And then they looked up and saw Dock Blackwood.

Dock was standing in the doorway, behind his double-barrel. The shotgun was pointed square on Lonesome Johnny.

"Lonesome Johnny," Dock Blackwood said, "prepare to meet your God. When this gun clicks, I aim to blow your brains out."

Slowly, Dock walked into the room, motioned Lonesome Johnny toward the wall. Louellen struggled up behind Dock in her nightgown. Louellen's yellow hair, unbound, was streaming down her back. Louellen's dark eyes were wild with fever.

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Louellen then did the thing her last remaining strength allowed. She did it for her true love's life, in danger. She grabbed up the log chain, swung it high, and brought it down. The log chain hit Dock Blackwood on the temple. Dock went down. As the chain clanked to the cabin floor Louellen fainted.

When Lonesome Johnny brought her to, Louellen saw Dock Blackwood on the floor. It was Dock who was wearing the log chains. Dock's arms and legs were bound, tight, with many strands of flax thread. Lonesome Johnny's nimble fingers had made Dock Blackwood his captive.

Lonesome Johnny tied Dock to a big log out in the woodshed. He walked to the nearest neighbor and brought in a neighbor woman to sit beside Louellen's sick bed. Then he made the long trek to Springfield to bring back a doctor.

The neighbor woman told how Louellen's life was like a candle, buring low, during the two days and nights it took them, riding horseback, to reach Louellen. She said, during those long days and nights, through the thin walls she could hear the log chains clanking every time Dock Blackwood moved on his bed of straw.

The Springfield doctor rolled Louellen's eyelid back on his thumb. He felt her pulse and shook his head. "Three days ago," he said, "might been, I could have saved her."

The Springfield doctor rode home that night, alone.

Lonesome Johnny thanked the neighbor woman kindly. Then he asked to be alone with Louellen.

Those last few hours, while Lonesome Johnny watched beside Louellen's bed, in the woodshed, outside, the chains would start to clanking. Then Lonesome Johnny would go outside a bit. Pretty soon the clanking sound would cease. Then he would come back and sit a spell longer by the bedside of Louellen.

Toward daybreak she rallied. She called for Lonesome Johnny. Lonesome Johnny bent his head low to hear her fevered whisper. "Reckon the Good Lord—didn't aim—for me to tie you down."

Lonesome Johnny cried out. "It's a curse my love has been, Louellen."

Her parched lips smiled. " 'T was a welcome curse." Louellen's eyes fastened upon the fiddle case which Lonesome Johnny had left standing near the bed. "Play the wind song, Lonesome Johnny."

Lonesome Johnny placed the fiddle beneath his chin. The horsehair bow felt heavy as he lifted it. The heavy tug at his elbow made him aware that Death was riding the other end of the fiddle bow. The fiddle bow was like Louellen's breathing. When it pushed out, you didn't know if it would ever return.

While Lonesome Johnny played the wind song, Louellen went out with a smile upon her face. She lifted one pale finger above the sheet, pointing. "I seen 'em," she whispered. "I seen the purty places." And then the finger drooped slowly, touching the covers, and Louellen's face was clay.

Lonesome Johnny looked down at her, more lonesome than he had ever known lonesomeness before. "Louellen," Lonesome Johnny said, "I wish to God I could a gone with you."

Lonesome Johnny dug Louellen's grave beneath the weeping willow tree that bordered Dibble's Spring, because once he had heard her say that spot was peaceful-pretty.

Lonesome Johnny came and got Louellen's body and wrapped it in a winding sheet. He placed it in the pine box he had made and left some flowers on top. The earth had a sad sound as it fell upon the pine box. He heaped the earth around it and on top he left a daisy chain.

When Lonesome Johnny came back from Louellen's grave his face was aged. His eyes were old and sunk way back in his head.

Lonesome Johnny next went to the woodshed. He took off the log chains and flax thread that bound Dock Blackwood. "I'm a-turning you loose now, Dock," Lonesome Johnny said. His voice sounded like an old man's voice whose strength had turned to ashes. "I'm a-turning you loose, and here's your shotgun. It's loaded. I want you to go ahead and kill me."

Dock sat there sullenly after the log chains fell. He got slowly to his feet and stretched himself. "That I aim to kill you is certain, Lonesome Johnny. But before I kill you I want to ask a question. And I want the truth. I want the truth about you and my Louellen."

Lonesome Johnny crossed his heart. "Louellen was pure as driven snow, and that's God's truth. And you have witnessed all that's passed between us. But neither you, nor chains, nor life, nor death, can keep me and Louellen apart. Because love will creep to meet its own, the same as water seeks its own level. Louellen and me belong to each other."

Then Lonesome Johnny led Dock and showed him the weeping willow tree. Beside Louellen's grave stood this second grave, empty.

"After you've killed me, Dock Blackwood," Lonesome Johnny said, "I want you to bury me in my grave beside Louellen. If you don't, we'll both come back and hant you till your dying day. If you don't, I swear it, you'll regret it."

Dock swung the gun back on his shoulder. "If you want to go to her that bad," Dock said, "don't reckon you'll spoil your chance by killing yourself. Since you feel so allfired anxious, your worst punishment is living on. Live on then, Lonesome Johnny, and suffer."

Dock walked on, and stopped and got himself a drink out of Dibble's Spring.

Left alone, Lonesome Johnny gathered some wood violets near the spring. Into a dogwood-redbud wreath he wove them. A love wreath for Louellen.

All the same, Dock Blackwood left the cabin for good before that week had passed. Dock told how, nights, a body couldn't sleep because the place was full of clanking log chains.

And Lonesome Johnny lived on, to ramble, like was told by the curse he'd come with into the world.

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DUTIES

A Story by Stephen Schultz

It was a duty for his mom. Duties, duties, all the time his mom had a duty, and all summer long it was Creepin' Charley. Three hundred times a year it was go pull Charley; get rid of Charley. Spray for him in the spring, rain, back is Charley. Charley'd hide from him a while till he got his strength back, then he'd reach out and come sneaking back along the edge of the drive, creep across the cracks in the cement, and back into the yard. Got to pull him up, she'd say. Only way. Spray'll never work. Only makes him stronger. Got to pull him up. Surface roots and shallow runners all over the place killing the grass. Sun and musty vegetable smell. Got a little duty for you, son. Charley's back. Charley's back.

Pretty Nola and her cheap dog Penguin sat watching him perform a duty for his mom. In a few minutes she shifted her weight from one tasty thigh to the other and Penguin rolled his dusty yellow head to the side and snapped at a ham bone that he could not reach. Nola placed a stick inside the hollow end of the bone and dangled it in front of Penguin's wet nose. The fat dog's head reached out slowly like an old turtle snaring flies from beneath the surface of a murky pond. As the head moved out, Nola teased it more and more until the neck was stretched out; no longer fat, but a long and scrawny thing with open sores that never healed and little balls of fur where burrs and thistle seeds were sleeping. His shortened scruffy tail began to wag, and as it did she forgot about the stick, and in a little puff of dust the bone fell to the dirt and out of reach.

Nola was sitting on the rock wall that separated the two yards. The wall was three feet high and the top of it was even with Nola's lawn which was, therefore, three feet higher than his. She watched him while the Charley made him sneeze. When the summer rains bore down, the weed would give him fits. It captured Nola's lawn, sped through the rocks, and picked up speed; fed by the rain, the rain, washing weed spray away. He was on his hands and knees scratching at the dirt.

"Get a shovel," said Pretty Nola.

He stopped scratching for a moment before looking up. "Piss off," he said, and she did, screeching across the Charley leaving Penguin snapping occasionally, relentlessly, futilely at the ham bone while his wounds festered.

In a flash he was on the worm. They were after the house, his mom had said, and he had taken a spade and dug trenches around the house making them go deeper into the ground where they would eventually hit the cement block foundation and perhaps go back. It was just

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a little duty for his mom and the sun tanned his skin and the sweat rolled from his arms and head leaving brine on his legs and shoes, and on the glasses that he sometimes wore it lay so thick that all the dirt looked as if it were covered by the cloud of an early morning fog. The shovel plunged deeper and the fresh soil revealed its meaty secrets, hard-shelled beetles, bits of rusty nails in rotting wood. And all his drops of sweat the thirsty earth drank up.

"Oh there ain't no worms on the lamb of God, the lamb of God, the lamb of God. There ain't no worms on the lamb of God, so early in the morn-ing." Pretty Nola was hippity-hopping across the stone fence feeling good.

The worm squirmed and its parts stuck to the shovel. Nola's hair hung in ringlets and it bounced as she tripped from rock to rock. Pretty Nola's mother played with her hair, changing its color week by week. Now it was yellow-orange, like a well cooked egg yolk or the sun at six o'clock. While she danced and sang, the sound of burrowing worms eating their way to victory rocked his mom's senses, and she sat with her ear pressing against the basement's concrete block, waiting.

She met the first attack with a swift reply. She had heard it, all right. The tiny black thing, gnawing, chewing for hours, and then the root gave way. And though it was but a ping, she heard it snap and she began to bang against the basement wall with fury. Urged on by these vibrations the little worm turned its attention to the million specks of cement of the impeding block and bore down on her, grain by grain. Outside the war waged on, the spade like a sword, the sword like a plow; slashing away at rich black dirt and squirmy bodies, sweat and sand behind the ears itching, mixing with loam and madness, and the Charley crept on.

Penguin eyed the bone suspiciously. He had caught it momentarily a few days before, but in his recklessness had allowed it to slip almost immediately to a small twig protruding from the stone wall. It hung suspended like a single brilliant star in the sky, but a cruel star, a nameless star, a star with no direction, and it mocked and taunted poor Penguin as it bent the tiny stick. He sat near it for hours, his jumping eyes first watching it sway in the hot air, then switching to the boy performing his duties in the yard. Nola was in the house, and without her there the old dog watched in all directions, fearful that some senseless fate might come his way.

Penguin finally rallied. Mustering all his energy for one firm attempt, he lurched forward and down to where the bone swung on the tiny stick teasing him. Like the last roll of a great ship as she regretfully shows her stern to the sky, his clipped tail pointed like an obscene gesture to the sun, and he began to slide down the rocks on his tender pink underbelly. His nose passed the bone on the way down, then quivered as he lay on the ground in a heap, splintered. Pretty Nola's tears were soon flowing and her feet were prancing, but the dog could not get up.

Leaving the blade of the shovel bisecting two nearly equal ends of a worm and his mother's ear pressed in fear against the threatened wall, he walked to where the old dog lay. "Penguin," he said, and Pretty Nola wailed.

Penguin lay for weeks near death, his rear legs sheathed in plaster pants and his body boasted new unhealing sores. And near the lopped-off tail it rubbed and scraped against the unkind smelly suit.

Like overworked machinery he lingered on, greased each morning with salves to force him through the day while death, the belching bitch, refused to claim him. Pretty Nola pined away the days, crawled unsure along the rocky ledge and spun her turquoise eyes in fear. She watched the boy at work, calculated how she'd hurt him most, but failed in all she tried to do. She'd spray herself with water as if to drive away the summer's heat, when in reality she was only trying to feed and spur on Charley. She added tunes to chugging dances, chirped and squeaked and made up childish lyrics she thought would drive him nuts, but it all seemed to be so futile. He was gaining on the weed.

Penguin hardly moved about. Often thinking him dead, the schoolboy vet's assistant had twice begun to throw him out, but halfway to the rendering works' collection box, Penguin's gears began to grind and interceded in the solitary march. The third time the kid had nearly flung him in the pit, knowing full well the mutt had not expired. Sensing his impending fate, the old dog snapped just once and set his worn down fangs precisely in the kid's half-zipped trouser's fly. Alarmed and hurt the kid had let him fall and called poor Nola's house to get him on his way.

Nola brought him home and chained him to the house where in a few days he had dragged himself around enough in all directions to kill the grass and demolish all the Charley for a ten foot span. Thus she kept him from the fence and danced and pranced for hours about him, more to aggravate the boy than to entertain the sleepy mutt. In the dog's absence he had begun to triumph over Charley, checked the lines of advancement cascading from Nola's weedy patch of land and become a formidable opponent to the wet and sticky worms. Which only left the gnats, mosquitoes, the starlings who left their droppings on the porch, and all the other types of vermin which his mom had sensed were taking over the place. And all the while the old woman worked the basement, rattling away at the unseen invaders, hammering at the bricks, running her fingers along the edges and corners of the walls, hating, fearing.

Penguin's lot began to smell. The necessary plaster cast grew putrid, the splotch of ground on which he dragged himself around bore little piles of excrement, and they in turn drew countless hordes of hungry flies. The flies annoyed his mom and when she surfaced, the buzzing little things flew round her head searching for her weakness, defying all her attempts at preservation. She slapped at them, snatched and grabbed as they dived into her reach and out again and a new offense began. "Get the flies!" she told him. "Get the flies! They live on filth."

The flies grew healthy, and though the summer faded and the evening's chill had claimed its toll of parasites and tiny flying things, the flies stayed on. They lived off

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Penguin, crawled across his nose and slept contentedly in the matter that dripped from his eyes and flowed across his jowls. In the evening they crept beneath his matted fur and hid inside his apparently forgotten rotting cast. The frost refused to kill them and they flew across the lawn where Charley now had gone to rest. They hung in the crevices of the warm rock fence and daily found their way inside his mom's submitting house. She flayed at them with swatters, blasted all the ashtrays and upset shelves of knick-knacks. She bent the swatter's wire handles and broke off all her nails, but somehow missed them all. They found her in the evenings and woke her from her sleep, flying around her bed at night, caught by the breeze of her angry snores. She dreamed of flies and in her dreams she flew herself, swooping down upon them, pecked them with her beak and munched and crunched and ate them all away, but when she woke they were back at her. She swung at them blindly and howled oaths and cursed, but each day they grew in numbers, driven inside by the peevish steady morning chill.

When the first few flakes of snow began to fall his mom had walked outside and stretched her arms. Her hands turned to the sky and as she smiled the white fluff melted on her lips and tiny drops formed on her palms. She had seen them falling as she peered through the dusty basement windows and she had hurried to the stairwell, leaving behind the brooms and pans and little dried pieces of her skin which clung to bricks where she had pressed her ears. The flakes fell in her eyes and made them fill with tears as though she cried, and while she stood there looking like a frozen post the worms began their lengthy final sleep.

Penguin shivered in his cast and clawed and gnawed at the snow as it hit the ground. The flakes continued falling and soon they hid the shriveled Charley. Just a little duty, Mom had said, and while he swept the porch and cleared the drive the flies began to die. First they stopped their flights and soon began to walk more slowly. They clung to the highest places in the rooms and sucked the heat out of the walls and when they lacked the strength to grasp the ridges, dropped silently to the floors. When the snow had finished falling, he took the shovel into the yard and began to scrape the frozen ground. "Oh there ain't no flies . . . . there ain't no flies . . . ." Pretty Nola's tune was running through his head as the shovel crunched through the top few inches of frost in the soil. He pried shovel after shovel of dirt from the hole and the black pile grew until it became a rich fat mound, steaming like an overworked mule on a chilly morning. Pretty Nola watched him through the window of her house and she was sitting on her haunches behind a chair, her eyes large and frightened, staring over shivering Penguin, pitiful Penguin, Penguin who lay forgotten in the fresh snow, and the boy continued digging.

April pierced. Snow melted and ran downhill. Mechanics put twenty-weight oil back in their customer's cars and robins chirped. Last year's lettuce, having missed the garbage can, began to smell and drip on the first green blades of grass. The boy grabbed his school books and sloshed down the steps and through the mud while far below the young worms, groping about for nourishment, eagerly fastened on the softening bits of thawing flesh.

ROBERT SCHULTHEIS

NEW WORLD BLUES

A dream of the white sea at dawn, slickbellied swells rolling in, clenching, breaking, hissing up the grey beach, running themselves out in foams, sucking back again. An Indian in a feather cloak stalked on bamboo stilts in the surf, a long, airy spear balanced across the fingers of one hand.

The Wonderful Land of Fu-Hsiang. Shrouds of rain swept in across the swells.

A sea creature, dugong or sleepy mermaid, peered up at the strange ships of Columbus. Her face was the color of old ivory, her straight black silk hair drifted on the milk ocean. She sang a small song to the ships: what did it mean?

Captain Columbus ordered the harpoons cast. Bleeding to death, she could only murmur her astonishment, staring at the industrial steel in her belly. She sank before they could recover her body for scientific investigation.

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David Crownfield

The New Left and the Counter-Culture

When I first attempted to write this article, students and friends in jail, Nixon in Cambodia, and shootings at Kent created a context in which I could get nowhere. My own non-revolutionary progressivism, one foot in both worlds, was called into deep question. The books seem, even now, to do the same thing — to appeal to my moral sense, my knowledge of social evil, my recognition that moderation has failed—and demand that I move.

I am still not ready to abandon my rôle in the straight world; but after working through these books I find more human substance, less destructive and manipulative threat, in the radical movement than my prejudices allowed for. The radicals show more coherence than I had granted them, and more responsibility and capacity to survive. I hope to convey some sense of how I reached that conclusion.

A liberal reader can approach the radical scene with Walt Anderson's *The Age of Protest*, an uneven collection of essays, but, on the whole, a good introduction. It begins with Paul Goodman's "Causerie at the Military-Industrial," which is still perhaps the best summary of the gap between our social system and our social problems. His thesis is that the only people with the technical competence to handle the difficult issues of war, pollution, poverty, urbanization, are dependent on the very institutions which create those problems and are therefore incapable of dealing with them. The presentation of this argument gains a lot of dramatic force from the fact that Goodman's original audience was a conference of the National Security Industrial Association on the theme, "Research and Development in the 1970's" — his audience is composed of the very people he condemns, and young war protesters are pounding on the doors as he speaks.

Most of us start our view of the radical scene with a single issue, usually the Viet Nam war. We are also concerned about racism, poverty, pollution, but all separately, as single issues. Anderson's collection, indeed, is organized on the apparent assumption that these are separate problems. Goodman's argument, for me, at least, destroys this assumption by taking up each issue in turn, and showing that they all interrelate, and that the same social forces feed and perpetuate them and frustrate our attempts to cope with them.

The Age of Protest, edited by Walt Anderson. Goodyear. $4.95.
The Making of a Counter-Culture, by Theodore Roszak. Anchor. $1.95 paper.
The New Left: A Collection of Essays, edited by Priscilla Long. Porter Sargent. $6.
The Making of an Un-American, A Dialogue with Experience, by Paul Cowan. Viking. $6.95.
An Essay on Liberation, by Herbert Marcuse. Beacon. $1.95 paper.
Do It!, by Jerry Rubin. Simon and Schuster. $2.45 paper.

This sense that the popular moral issues are interrelated in a general social pathology is developed further through the sections of the book on integration and black power. We move from King and the boycott, through the Washington march, Selma, and the 1964 Civil Rights bill, to the core of the issue in Stokely Carmichael's "What We Want." Carmichael develops the concept of Black Power in terms of self-determination, including self-defense, and attacks the contradictions of patronizing white liberalism; we see here again that the problems are systemic. What is at stake is economic and political power — black people's power over their own lives, vs. white people's power to control even the black man's liberation. Carmichael exposes the arrogance, the protection of economic interest, the insensitivity to human suffering which pervade white society, and the way in which we put the whole burden of proof on the black man to justify his claim to humanity. The same value system and power system that Goodman attacks operates here, the same system that perpetuates the war in the name of peace.

Father Groppi's article, "The Place of the Priest," contributes further to this theme. The problem of housing segregation in a northern city is presented quickly but graphically. The march, the attacks of counter-demonstrators, the hostile police, the tear gas, the National Guard, the arrests, are becoming part of the American tradition. In Selma and Milwaukee, Chicago and Kent, there seems to have developed a ritual, the symbols of which are given diametrically-opposite values by conflicting groups

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— a ritual which tragically reenacts our unreconciled divisions, but which offers no catharsis, no chorus to speak its meaning for us all, no sanctuary before which we consent to leave our weapons and unite at the altar. In this ritual of confrontation Father Groppi exercises his priesthood; the evil against which it is pitted is that same establishment indicted by Goodman and defied by Carmichael. The saving community and saving truth, however, are not yet in sight; are we then condemned to an endless, unhealing repetition of the sacrifices?

Except for this one essay, the section on religion deals chiefly with movements for change within the Catholic Church; this is an interesting theme, but doesn't much advance anyone's understanding of our general crisis. Other sections of the book are also weak. Jack Lind's exposure of the shallowness of the Sexual Freedom League does not really illuminate current reevaluations of marriage, of homosexuality, and of "pornography;" an important family of issues is thus neglected. The section on the universities give some narrative material on Berkeley and Columbia, but it doesn't include any incisive analysis of the root issues. Theodore Roszak, in discussing "the complacencies of the academy," does score some useful points on the artificiality of the "non-political" university. But Roszak is too academic in his critique of academicism, too detached in his objections to detachment, as though he didn't dare believe his own ideas. And he scarcely touches on the University as a corporate social institution.

The discussion of the war is also disappointing. Andrew Kopkind's account of "The Trial of Captain Levy," the dermatologist who refused to train Special Forces medical aidmen to handle skin ailments in Viet Nam, is a good study in the development of one man's opposition to the war, and of the reactions he provokes; but no more general or comprehensive indictments are included. In view of the centrality of the war in the protest scene, this is a serious gap.

The book concludes with a mixed bag of essays on the psychology of protest; I will comment on only two. Abraham Maslow treats the whole phenomenon of protest in terms of his theory of individual self-realization, with scarcely a reference to real social problems. Kenneth Keniston, on the other hand, discusses "The Sources of Student Dissent" with that combination of psychological objectivity and a sense of the reality of people which distinguishes all his work.

Keniston rejects the notion that student protest is essentially a product of psychopathology; he finds, on the contrary, that activist students tend to be more secure, more flexible, more intelligent, and academically more successful than the generality of students. They tend to come from more affluent, more liberal, and more intellectual families than other students. Keniston's studies and interviews indicate that positive commitment to the traditional values of the American creed (freedom, equality, justice) plays a larger role in motivating protest than does a negative sense of alienation from the society.

The culturally-alienated students, Keniston finds, tend not to be political activists; anti-war, anti-establishment, they are nonetheless so far from the main stream of political action that they find no hope in counter-action, either, and rely on personal non-conformism and intensified personal experience (through sex, drugs, aesthetic experiences of various kinds).

Keniston seems to conclude that the young radicals, in their optimism about the relevance of political action, are essentially a healthy, responsible group of people while the alienated youth of the "liberated" subculture, with their disaffection from the larger society and their involvement with drugs, are predominantly immature and inadequate people. As psychological description this may be true; as a cultural judgment, however, a case can be made for the contrary view, that the dropouts are the realists, the activists self-deceptively naive.

In a sense this is Theodore Roszak's view in *The Making of a Counter-Culture*. The book has the same conventional academicism as his article in *The Age of Protest*, and its critical perceptiveness is uneven. But it contains quite a bit of good discussion of the intellectual and cultural elements of the movements. Roszak is a romantic anarchist, looking for a culture shaped by immediate relationships, valuing natural feeling over disinterested intellect, more sympathetic to magic than to science.

The book is best at its beginning, with a good chapter on "Technocracy's Children" — an analysis of the cultural sources of the alienation of the young. It shows various ways in which commercial, technocratic, depersonalizing, and manipulative values are at work in politics, in the media, in the schools. Comments on such phenomena as *Playboy's* sexism break no new ground, but Roszak gives us an intelligent account of how they converge with the draft, expanded higher education, and unfocussed prosperity to generate in the young the potential for a counter-culture.

The counter-culture Roszak sees is personalistic, predominantly nonviolent, and inclusive. New Left activism and "beat-hip bohemianism" are contrasted, but in the framework of the claim that they are unified at bottom. Roszak sees this unity basically in cultural rather than political terms, and sees a general shift of the disaffiliated from an initial political activism to increasing focus on personality and community which he regards as progress toward a deeper relevance.

Does the anti-rationalism of all this carry a demonic potential for something like a neo-Nazi youth movement? Roszak is aware of a pathologically destructive strain in the counter-culture, but he denies that it exposes an essential dimension of the whole. He is probably right; but his arguments, that the rationality of the technocrats is destructivistic and that the Nazi horror was technologically sophisticated, are unconvincing. It is Rousseau updated, arguing once

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again that evil comes from an excess of rational and institutional sophistication, and that salvation comes through return to feeling. But he who remembers Rousseau should remember Robespierre and the popular, emotional, primitive character of the Terror. If cultural romanticism does *not* lead to Terror, the case should be made better than Roszak has made it.

After the basic characterization of technocracy and counter-culture, Roszak presents four chapters of criticism of contemporary interpreters of our situation: Norman O. Brown and Herbert Marcuse, Alan Ginsberg and Alan Watts, Timothy Leary (and the whole drug scene), and Paul Goodman.

The Brown-Marcuse discussion is central to the book, because the relation and contrast between Brown and Marcuse is central to our cultural crisis. Both develop their theories of culture on the basis of Freud's analysis of repression and sublimation as the foundation of civilization. Brown's *Life Against Death* regards repression, and hence civilization, as fundamentally destructive, and seeks liberation through the victory of the pleasure-principle over the reality-principle, in a polymorphously perverse life of direct gratification of instincts. Marcuse, however, holds in *Eros and Civilization* that the problem lies not with the reality-principle and repression as such, but with a particular cultural form of it. In any society, he says, repression of instinctual life is imposed not just by natural necessities, but by the demands of a certain social system; we must deny ourselves not just so we can survive, but so a specific system for survival will work — so the power-relationships and the priorities of a particular society are maintained. Marcuse calls this denial of pleasure for the sake of the society "surplus repression." The objective of social and cultural revolution is the liberation of instinct from surplus repression, while continuing to accept that minimal repression which is imposed by natural necessity. Thus, while Brown's thrust is toward cultural and individual liberation (all politics is built on repression), Marcuse aims toward change in the structure of the society (surplus repression is imposed by the social system).

From my own point of view these two approaches have to be held together. Taken alone, Marcusean revolutionary politics is dependent on a still-repressive, destructive consciousness, organized in terms of power, of abstract forces and counter-forces; it carries the well-known risk that a post-revolutionary society will be as repressive as its predecessors. Brown's Nietzschean-Dionysian evocation of instinct and passion has by itself no evident defense against being isolated and co-opted; its force spent in immediate experience, it lacks the drive and coherence to cope with the forces of repression, and they are able to turn it to their advantage.

Roszak does not see the necessity of this sort of dialectical balance between the two views. He is all on the side of Brown; imagery, especially exotic, visionary imagery, has more appeal for him than politics. My objection is not that he likes Brown and uses him to expose the limits of Marcuse's view. The problem is his failure to see that it cuts equally the other way, that what is required is not to choose sides but to embrace both poles of the antithesis in quest of a synthesis.

Roszak next considers Alan Watts and Alan Ginsberg. Watts is commended for introducing many Americans to Zen, but his preference for authentic Zen over imaginative and loose appropriations and combinations is too straight for Roszak. Ginsberg's Jewish Zen Hinduism has the exotic, eclectic freedom Roszak cherishes, and his contributions to broadening our cultural heritage and to liberating our imagination from straight-Western ruts are effectively discussed.

Watts also figures in the next chapter, where he and Huxley, as responsible investigators of psychedelic experience, are contrasted with Timothy Leary. Roszak bitterly characterizes Leary as promoter of an irresponsible, escapist, self-deluded, destructive LSD cult. His conclusion may be sound, but his argument is weak; indeed, the tone and content of his condemnation seem indistinguishable from the moralizing of straight society. I am also struck by a similarity between Brown's quest for ecstatic consciousness through liberation from repression and Leary's promise of mind expansion through acid; it seems to me that Roszak's comments on the escapist character of the drug scene and its susceptibility to being co-opted and exploited would apply also to Brown, but Roszak doesn't notice the parallel.

When Roszak gets to his discussion of Paul Goodman's communitarian anarchism, his enthusiasm runs away with his criticism. Goodman's confidence in direct, natural communities and his distrust of formal institutions articulates a major theme of the counter-culture. And his, and Ginsberg's, open affirmation of homosexuality has contributed to the openness of the counter-cultural sexual ethic. But these themes are not developed. Roszak seems to find in Goodman the necessary fusion of cultural and social (if not political) liberation to make possible the resolution of some of the internal tensions of the movement. But, having presented those tensions and having brought Goodman on stage as hero, he fails to show what Goodman has in fact achieved to justify the role.

Following these critical discussions, Roszak presents a debunking of "the myth of objective consciousness" which is the weakest section of the book. He properly condemns the tired dogma that reality is merely a deterministic system of objects measurably interacting with each other. But he naively supposes this theory to be universally assumed in the scientific world, and that debunking it is enough to provide an adequate philosophy of science. Unwillingly, he becomes an illustration of C. P. Snow's thesis of the impoverishment of the humanities through ignorance of the sciences. There is no hint of the openness, curiosity, humility, and humanism which animate many scientists.

There is a legitimate target, though, for one aspect of Roszak's

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polemic. A long appendix to the book discusses dehumanizing and even sadistic components of some "scientific" research: vivisection, "value-free" operations analysis for the military, biological and chemical warfare research, and various sorts of behavioral-science inquiries which reduce human agony to percentages. This is not, as he supposes, "the scientific mind;" but it is a cultural reality which may be more widely influential than the spirit of humane scientific inquiry, and it is a sickness to be resisted.

Roszak concludes with an appeal to shamanistic, animistic, magical styles as alternative to this sick scientism. He offers a bit of amateur anthropology of American Indian cultures, asserts that only thus can we recover a spirit of wonder and an expression for the non-rational components of the personality, claims a greater political relevance for magic than for "grim militancy," and rests his case.

Thus the book has a lot of material, covers a lot of issues, opens a lot of ideas. It is marred by a conventional style complete with stodgy footnotery, and by a preference for adjectives rather than analysis as a means of making his points. But it lets the interesting problems and possibilities show through the shortcomings of the treatment, so it is well worth reading. Personalism, mysticism, romanticism, shamanism — these are the elements of a healthy counter-culture, according to Roszak. Recover the non-rational, recover the body, recover the earth. Marcuse's thesis that the resources for liberation must be derived from the technology of abundance, and Goodman's dilemma, that only the technocrats have the expertise required to solve the crises of technocracy, are not even discussed. Roszak contributes to the exploration of the possibility of a viable counter-culture, but he does not face the really hard problems.

Turning from cultural to political radicalism, we have in *The New Left*, a collection of essays edited by Priscilla Long, a wide variety of themes and quality, but a characteristic concern with issues, organizations, social theories, political doctrines. There is scant humor or poetry in the book, but there is plenty of the dogged wordy sobriety that is characteristic of radical political writing today.

A good bit of the book has developed out of the history of the development of the Students for a Democratic Society, and the experiences of its people in working on various practical projects, theoretical issues, and models for the future. The conflicts between Marxists and anarchists, between centralized discipline and people's democracy, which have often divided the Left are clearly reflected. The writers are consistently on the side of non-violent action and a student-worker alliance, and in general favor the decentralized and anarchistic currents.

The book begins with a sketch by Staughton Lynd of a history of the New Left up to early 1969. He concludes, "The disunity of the white New Left is the more disturbing because of the danger of right wing oppression. . . . Like black radicals in 1965, white radicals in 1969 must find ways to cope with an oppression greater than they had supposed to exist." If he is right that pre-1969 white radicalism assumed the nation would not turn to overt repression, then the loss of that illusion has become a critical point for the movement.

Barbara Deming's pragmatic argument for non-violent radicalism, included in the book, does not depend on that illusion, but her warning that the non-violent must be prepared for counter-violence and casualties is more obviously relevant than it was when she wrote. By the same token, Noam Chomsky's argument against "seeking confrontation" seems to me to have become both more relevant and more convincing. Chomsky's point is that New Left theory holds that an effective political or community action which threatens established interests will perforce provoke repression. Confrontation should be *expected* as a consequence of effective action, but should not be its goal.

SDS's earlier attempts at direct action through community organization have perhaps contributed more to New Left experience than to change in the communities, according to Richard Rothstein. He also observes that several axioms of the movement were either developed or confirmed by this experience: that the liberal-labor forces will not actively aid radical change, that community power structures resist changes from below even when those changes are rational, and that coalition between the white poor and the black poor is a long way off.

Hilary Putnam discusses another phase of the evolution of the New Left — the transition of some New England radicals from anti-war resistance to pursuit of a student-worker alliance. The argument rests on the classical Marxist theory about who the revolutionary class must be; but it does not rest on the kind of real experience out of which Rothstein writes. Putnam understands the issues of the campus and of the army; he cannot discuss alliance with the workers for more than a paragraph without lapsing back into what are primarily student issues. (This inability of the radicals to close the gap with the people their theory drives them toward is clearly recognized, but not overcome, by John McDermott in a brief piece in which he epitomizes the problem in his unsuccessful attempts to make his case to a soldier named Terry in the field in Viet Nam.)

New Left theory, in the area of labor issues, comes down strongly on the side of workers' control of industry, a theme which is touched on in several articles and is the main theme of two. Charles Denby, a black auto worker with a history of dissent both against management and against the UAW bureaucracy, has a good deal to say about the effects of automation on the life of the worker: time pressure, loneliness, job insecurity, a general sense of loss of freedom and control. Denby believes that control of production speed, division of labor, and other working conditions by the workers is the only recourse against these pressures. Paul Mattick approaches the issue of workers' control historically, examining

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in this regard the experiences of the syndicalists, the Russian soviets of the 1905 revolution, the Bolsheviks, German socialists, and the Yugoslavian workers' councils of the Tito era. Though Denby does not discuss theory, Mattick specifically concludes that workers' control cannot be attained under capitalism, and he looks to its overthrow.

While Putnam, Denby, and Mattick discuss workers' control from a Marxist perspective, George Benello, and Paul and Percival Goodman, advocate it on basically anarchistic grounds. The Goodmans, in particular, make the point that factory conditions could (and should) be organized as human situations, and the intrinsic satisfactions for the workers made a major goal; this would require that the workers be given some opportunity to know the whole process of which they are a part, to move within the process, to relate to one another, and to find aesthetic value in what they are doing.

The Marxist-anarchist contrast is explicitly discussed by Howard Zinn, with a good grasp of the force of the Marxist critique of capitalism, and of the character and the dynamics of the Marxist utopia. But Zinn rejects the Marxist's centralist approach to revolution, and holds that the movement needs to embody in its present life and tactics the personalist, communal, democratic style expressed in its vision of the future.

This is the problem which occupies George Benello as well. He recognizes the movement's need for coordination and self-discipline, but he sees in any institutionalization the formation of an elite. From his anarchist perspective, the formation of elites, no matter what class populates them, creates alienation and oppression. Benello holds that social reorganization can be achieved on the basis of the primacy of the person, on participation, on coordination by information rather than by coercion. Even the complex problems of an industrial society, Benello believes, can be met on this participatory and personalistic basis.

Zinn's and Benello's idea of a communal movement, of a present embodiment of the democratic and socialistic vision of the future, is a theme of a number of other articles. Barbara and Alan Haber are concerned about the danger of people losing radical identity and radical momentum when they leave the universities, and also about the necessity for greater communication so tentative theories and models can be revised through experience and mutual criticism. They believe both problems can be solved together, through development of communal living patterns, where resources and ideas are shared and strategies evaluated, and where committed people can find a base and support while working at a profession within the larger world. Michael Appleby, seeking means for effective radical action in an urban environment, adopts and expands on the Habers' model, envisioning a community of radicals locating in a city that is large enough to embody the main problems of the society but small enough to feel the political impact of the radical community.

Rick Margolies is interested in developing community socialism within the larger capitalist society not so much for survival as for active social change. His idea is not simply that radicals should constitute a commune for themselves, but that they should generate local community through dialogue with neighbors, through day-care centers, through mini-schools, a community center, a spirit of openness and sharing, gradually expanding toward a sort of urban *kibbutz* in which work and life are reintegrated.

An interesting pattern is developing here. New Left criticism of our social institutions is basically Marxist. But the Marxist strategy of a centralized revolution is rejected on the basically anarchist ground that institutionalism or centralism inherently breed oppression. And the utopian-socialist tradition of Owen, Fourier, and the *kibbutzim* is then invoked, not as an adequate conception of the end to be sought, but as the present form of the revolutionary movement, in place of the centralized structure of classical Communist parties. I suspect that in practice this strategy, too, will require a radical openness to revision, and a radical readiness to endure repressive confrontation, if it is to have more success than its nineteenth century predecessors. At any rate, though, it is already a partial answer to those critics who charge the New Left with trying to destroy our society without any constructive ideas about what to put in its place.

A major part of the book which I have not yet discussed involves heavy analyses of social institutions and problems. These require some perseverance from the reader, and they can't be adequately evaluated without knowledge of history, sociology, and economics which I don't have. From an amateur point of view, Dave Gilbert on consumption as domestic imperialism, Richard Barnet on the national security bureaucracy, and Peter Irons on the rôle of family, school and state in a capitalist-imperialist system make most sense. The trouble, even with them, is that they require a pre-existing conviction of the truth of the Marxist critique of capitalism and imperialism as their framework; even partial skepticism about the framework leaves a reader unable to determine whether the specific criticisms, even where valid, merit the weight given them by the authors.

The two best single pieces in the book don't fit any category. "Journey to the Place," by Amy Cass (ten years old), is a story about children who did everything on schedule, and hated it, until they discovered a special door. Beyond it, there were rooms to get neat and pretty in, to break and spill and throw things in, to get toys without money, to learn when they wanted to, and to walk outdoors among flowers and animals and birds. No one was there but children, until a Mother discovered the door, and came in to tidy up. Before long, other mothers and a teacher followed, the learning room was restricted to a schedule, the mischief room was locked, and the children left.

Perhaps it is male chauvinism that has led me to leave until last Sue Munaker, Evelyn Goldfield, and

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Naomi Weisstein's article, "A Woman is a Sometime Thing." But it is something else that leads me to say it is the best single article in the book, and the best presentation of what Women's Liberation is about that I have seen. Anyone who has formed his image of Women's Liberation from the mass media and the cartoonists, and thinks in terms of penis envy, lesbianism, anti-sexuality, or merely of classical feminism and equal opportunities for women in the world men have made, ought to read this article. The rôle-stereotypings, the put-downs, the condescensions dumped on women have the same kinds of unobtrusive universality we have come to recognize in racism. The authors see them as one more facet of the same sick system; Women's Liberation is a part of the whole general struggle against a dehumanizing and exploitive society.

Paul Cowan's *The Making of an Un-American* gives us a quite different approach to political radicalism, though not without points of contact. It is an account of Cowan's development from progressive liberalism to increasing radicalism, through his experience in and out of college, in the Mississippi Freedom Summer, in Peace Corps training, and in the Peace Corps itself in Guayaquil, up to the point where his assignment was prematurely terminated in the context of a controversy over a piece he wrote for the *Village Voice*.

The strongest and livest part of the book is the section dealing with Cowan's work as a community-organization worker for SNCC in Jackson, Mississippi, and his self-critical reflections on what it all meant. Here we see a man living through just that kind of attempt to put collegiate theory into community practice (with the experiences of irrelevance, failure, self-doubt, and renewal such attempts entail) which were more-impersonally discussed over and again in *The New Left*. The self-discovery of his own condescension, his need for self-justification, his preference for academic, middle-class styles and techniques over indigenous, popularly-based ones, which Cowan goes through is a process with which many of us can identify and from which most of us can learn.

This discussion carries directly into a discussion of the politics of the 1964 Democratic Convention and especially the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. Here Cowan is a useful supplement to Carmichael and Hamilton's account in *Black Power;* but his ugly tendency to condemn people who have not gained the same insights he has somewhat mars the telling. This tendency increases as the book progresses; it is to Cowan's credit that he is candid enough to let his reader see that he is a rather obnoxious person. Though he is not always so; there are moments of humility and sensitivity in any section of the book that offset the irritant quality.

The hostile and judgmental tone of some of the book works to best effect when Cowan is recounting his and his wife's experiences in Peace Corps training. Here is a microcosm of the social ills discussed so heavily in *The New Left:* nationalism, imperialism, racism, petty-bureaucratic repression, liberal rhetoric sold out in performance — they are all there in Albuquerque, at the training center. They persist in the field, in the administration of the Peace Corps in Ecuador, and in the attitudes of the Americans the Cowans worked with. But something disturbing seems to be happening, and Cowan doesn't acknowledge it.

The Cowans are unable to function in the futile rôle assigned them by the Corps. But they are also unable to devise viable alternatives. Nobody prevents them from developing modified roles, but they just don't seem to find any. And communication with the people, the key to their own conception of community action, doesn't work either. (In Juárez, where they got field experience during their training, they related well to the people among whom they lived; but not in Guayaquil.) I get the sense that the lesson of Vicksburg, of the inadequacy of imposed leadership and the necessity for identification with the people on their own terms, needed to be relearned on a deeper level, but that the slums of Guayaquil were just too far from the world of the Cowans for them to achieve that identification.

This kind of failure, Cowan maintains (probably rightly), is characteristic of the Peace Corps. People who maintain distance and prejudice and carry out limited rôles (and people with specific technical functions and skills) may survive, but those who try to be really humanly and socially relevant necessarily fail, and guiltily blame themselves, and despair. In rejecting this guilty reaction, Cowan focuses the blame on the society that created these patronizing and false rôles. He becomes more bitter about America, about the Corps, about the people he is directly responsible to. His criticisms clearly are at least partly valid; but they don't have real force for his reader. When Cowan is becoming more radical through his experience in the United States, we can see the objective grounds for the change, and see in ourselves the same weaknesses he discovers. But in Guayaquil he increases the bitter and hostile tone of his judgments without giving us the insight into either Guayaquil or Cowan that would enable us to move with him. (In short, while the whole book is worth reading, the first half is much the better.)

Roszak offered an antipolitical counter-culture, in which personal, inward, aesthetic liberation is central, and non-rational social forms and rites, exotic, magical, anything but political, are the shape of the future. *The New Left* and Cowan show the deepening radicalism of the political revolutionaries, and their growing concern with communal forms of present society en route to the participatory socialist democracy of the future. On what ground, if any, do they meet?

Herbert Marcuse, in *An Essay on Liberation,* has addressed himself to this question. In *Eros and Civilization,* he had developed the idea of surplus repression and the possibility of a society of instinctual liberation. He there implied that political revolution, a change of power structure, was the means to get there (a solution Roszak, as we saw, finds to be

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itself too manipulative and repressive). In *One-Dimensional Man,* Marcuse confronts the problem, but in a way which gets us farther from a solution, for it is the theme of the book that the technocracy can manipulate demands and desires in such a way that men find their gratification in acceptance of domination and manipulation; their freedom is destroyed by exploitive gratification of their conditioned desires.

In *An Essay on Liberation,* Marcuse tries to show how liberation is possible even under these circumstances. He argues that negation, absurdity, obscenity, and disruption are crucial to the liberation process, because they enable men to imagine, to entertain the alternative. Aesthetic revolution in perception, disturbance of the predictability of life, evocation of feeling, sense-awareness, self-discovery, break the domination of the one-dimensional syndrome and create the possibility of liberation. Marcuse is here closer to Norman Brown than in the earlier book: the strategy of revolutionary politics and the vitalism of the counter-culture converge.

The students, the automated workers about whom Denby wrote, the white urban poor, the farm workers, unliberated women, and the mass of exploited peoples of the Third World, have an objective community of interest on which, Marcuse believes, the success of the revolution will be built. But that objective communality of interest is not subjectively recognized, and the revolution is not ripe. In the meantime, the liberation of the imagination, disruption of the active forces of violence, development of the spirit and reality of community and democracy within the movement, and a continuing quest for real grounds for achieving the solidarity of the oppressed constitute the strategy of liberation.

I think all these materials reflect a great deal more emergent substance in political and cultural radicalism than most people suspect. The counter-culture is developing its images and tradition, as we can see in Roszak. It is developing an ethic of toleration, of non-violence, of sharing, and a social ethic that insists that the means must resemble the ends which justify them. It is solving the problem of a humane political agency for change, to the extent that the communal strategy succeeds. There is no utopia around the corner, and no general revolution. But there are elements of political and social and cultural creativity at work which give some hope that man will survive, if we live long enough.

In this framework, the Yippies are not trivial, but illustrate a central point. Jerry Rubin, in *Do It!*, shows a consistent awareness of the function of imagination, of symbol, of theater in the process of liberation. He has repented his one fling into electoral politics, epitomized in a two-page group picture of his friends after the election, each clad only in the words, "one vote." Such a reductionism is not for Jerry any more. Rather, he prefers the announcement of the grand plan to put LSD in the Chicago water supply, an obviously impossible as well as undesirable project, and letting Mayor Daley provide the comedy by his reaction. He prefers scattering money at the Stock Exchange and letting the traders on the floor react.

Rubin is not only obscene, theatrical, funny, surrealistic; he is disorganized, tedious and unoriginal. But the incongruities he creates and exposes are essential to what Marcuse so uncomically finds necessary — the creation of an imagination which can recognize absurdity, which can entertain alternatives, which ceases to take for granted the whole straight established system of values. Rubin will not inspire us with a vision of communes, of workers' control, of community organization. Others will do that. But Rubin's book contributes to the liberation of the imagination, and it vigorously maintains the conviction that life is fun.

In Defense of Nature, by John Hay. Little, Brown. $4.95.

Direct experience with the world of nature is becoming a rare event for the majority of Americans. The reason is simple and frightening. The natural world, the world in which man has evolved and successfully adapted, is being thoughtlessly destroyed at an unprecedented rate by an ever increasing number of people. In its place a new world is emerging, one that is artificial and man-made; a world unproven in terms of adequately providing for human need; an order that imposes new forms of stress upon man's being and that tests the limits of his genetic plasticity. The two worlds are growing apart. A decision must be made as to which of these worlds serves human need best. The choice cannot be avoided, for the two worlds are in conflict. The new regime is consuming the old—the old is irreplaceable. This is the theme of *In Defense of Nature,* a book urging man to inventory his needs and re-examine the contributions of the rapidly vanishing old order before casting it aside.

Hay's book is not the scientific, analytical treatment that one would expect from Lamont Cole, Hugh Iltis, Paul Ehrlich, Barry Commoner and other pioneers of environmental improvement. It is the elegant literary effort of a philosophic naturalist communicating the beauty of the New England countryside as it unfolds before him.

> I go down to the town landing and look at the wide landscape of the shore, and I find scope again . . . . . Take the local elements apart on an easy flowing day, with light winds and little clouds, expand them, and you know the vast, wind-driven frigidities north of us, graduating southward to tundra, birch, and spruce . . . Marine life of all kinds is synchronized to tides and currents, depths and temperature, the light, the salinity, the time of year. It acts on a given flow of opportunity in terms of each different range of land and sea, each form responding out of profound history.
>
> All landscape contains the potential world.

Interwoven with these passages, Hay reveals his innermost sensitivities and concerns about nature and the meaning it brings into his life. His

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observing, inquiring mind poses many philosophical questions challenging man's current relationship with the natural world. These speculations transcend nature's mundane contribution to human material need and touch upon its less temporal contribution to the human psyche.

Nature is both harsh and beautiful. In past correspondence with nature man has had to defend himself against deleterious forces threatening his survival. This interaction led to understanding and reverence, and in this respect man benefited from the exchange. As man's understanding and knowledge grew, so did his ability to subdue those factors detrimental to his existence. Likewise, he learned to cultivate those elements of nature that provided for his comfort and security. As this intimate relationship continued, he not only acquired the knowledge and power to subdue, but the power to exploit. From nature, man now has acquired knowledge enabling him to annihilate anything that thwarts his fancy. If he is looking for a victory over nature, he has won it. However, human pride must lie somewhere else than in the abuse of this ancient association. If not, those forces that nurture man's body, regenerate his psyche and expand his understanding will be rendered inoperable. Man will have exchanged one type of harshness for another even more repugnant.

Hay contemplates the current attitude toward nature that has resulted in such a lop-sided relationship. In the gratification of human temporal insecurities a civilization has arisen which views nature as an adversary or "sitting duck." A culture bent on eliminating the "undesirable effects of the external environment" including storms, bites, animals which compete for food and space, "trash" fish, "weeds," vines that trip you up—and even old age. Wholesale methods are being employed to stamp out any interaction that might be deemed undesirable in a man-centered rather than a life-centered world. Like Linus, man reaches for his blanket of technology and smothers the undesirable. It appears that modern man is duty bound to those means by which he can reduce his contact with the natural; the efficiency and expediency of speed, the tradition-bound amenities of his culture, his status in the community, and, above all, the annihilation of the opposition during periods of frustration. A chasm has resulted separating man from nature in terms of involvement and understanding. Without involvement and understanding there can be no commitment.

One of the more salient factors in creating this chasm is man's recently acquired ability to form and transform matter. The freedom and the power made possible by this acquisition have surpassed the most optimistic expectations. Harmless compounds may be transformed into lethal poisons. Matter can be converted into energy for operating cities, farms, and factories which in turn consume, pollute, and destroy nature. This power has provided man with an unwarranted optimism and confidence concerning his ability to create a new "order" of his own design. This power is rendering him insensitive to the faltering conditions of a system that is the basis of his comfort, knowledge, and leisure time.

Most of man's present activity is concerned with the manipulation of the old system to gratify self-interests. As of now there is little evidence to support optimism with reference to man's ability to provide a stable, manipulated future. Problems created by pesticides, overcrowding, unbalanced birth and death rates, polluted air, and contaminated water are not hardships imposed upon him by the old world. These vicissitudes are self-inflicted. Accumulating evidence is overwhelmingly in support of the presumption that the human race is still subject to those physical laws whereby no organism or group of organisms can survive beyond its capacity to sustain a productive relationship with its environment. Continuance of the new "order" can only limit human ability to reconstruct the superstructure with which it is currently tampering. Unlike most edifices, the building blocks of this one are irreplaceable and, when destroyed, can only result in a smaller, more confining and more inadequate structure.

Upcoming in the NAR:

THE BLUES
As appreciated by Joseph Sander

LADIES' MAGAZINES
Seen darkly by Nora L. Magid

THE STATE OF AMERICAN ART
Surveyed by Richard Kostelanetz

EAST GERMAN POETRY
Translated by F. L. König

Other poetry, fiction, departments,
and a moderate view of
WADENA: THE IOWA ROCK FESTIVAL
TO END ALL IOWA ROCK FESTIVALS

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The most serious problems facing man could easily be resolved if there was just more nature to go around.

Man is truly creating a new world in the sense that he is creating an environment that has never existed before. The "order" in these surroundings is difficult to predict and measure, but the effects are readily observed. The old world provided man with adaptive mechanisms and tolerances with which to cope with change. To contemplate a new world that does not include these specifications would be to create a "hell of homelessness." Fear, violence, confusion and mistrust are predictable outcomes of such a miscalculation. Hay provides a candid shot of the hellish new world.

> I came out of the dark mouth of the subway in the late evening and watched the sky turn sulphurous above a city square. It was like an artificial sea. White and scarlet signs, fat with glass rods, hung overhead, and I walked past yellow caves with jangling music at their entrances, through waters of light. During the day rivets tapped up and down on steel spines, trucks fumed and ground their gears, brakes squealed, there were sounds of upheaval, crashing walls were building up and tumbling down, in between those stops and silences heels are heard clicking on the sidewalks. The city is a storm, a place of floods, a flood of lights, of intense, competitive friends, intense loneliness. The city is a tide without mathematical predictabililty, and what spreads out from the city is not so much a remoteness, an artificiality, as a power, even a massive kind of blindness which takes its impetus from relentless social conflict.

The social conflict now observed in cities may attest to man's inability to adjust to the quantity and quality of stress being created. Few humans find contentment in such surroundings. The frustration observed is analogous to the meaningless behavior indulged in by many organisms transported to environments exceeding their adaptive capacities. Most behavior of this type is self-destructive. Food, water, and air become inconsequential. When the energies of man are consumed in meaningless effort—when man is constantly engaged in a struggle to ensure his immediate survival—what energy is left to contemplate the necessity of providing for lives not directly touching his own? Humans require diversity and intellectual stimulation, but little of this can be found in the repetitive conformity imposed upon them by the "efficiency" of the emerging new order. (Obliquely, this parallels the thought of Garret Hardin in *Nature and Man's Fate*. Hardin suggests that since man does not possess a crystal ball he is unqualified to place a future value on any commodity. In order to survive, man must "waste" some effort to protect that for which he may have no apparent, immediate use, but on which his future survival may depend.)

In a world designed strictly for people's material needs, the efficiency will allow for little diversification to release tensions created by the stress, boredom and confusion of modern living. It may seem that if you have seen one human being, you have seen them all; yet to observe an insect crawl up a blade of grass is to be transported into another world. It is not only to witness a system of neurons, a unit of reflexes, but a wild thing, a stranger, whose behavior and design provide entertaining variations on the unified theme of life. Communication with different forms of life adds new dimensions to the life of man. New horizons are discovered and infinite possibilities present themselves. Not just one type of world is possible, but many—all sharing the same space. There are more worlds in nature than man can possibly comprehend—a world for each individual desiring to explore it. Why shouldn't they be explored in terms of human interest and curiosity?

As man diminishes his environment, so he diminishes his range of attention. By engaging in a dialogue that forces him to stand over the cash register and dictate to every living thing how much it is worth, he destroys half the beauties and possibilities of the world. What will man have, when left to himself and his own devices?

What is needed is more men who in thinking about the welfare of nature think about the welfare of themselves. Man has so separated himself from nature that he may lack the images necessary to save the natural world. Conservation, along with world poverty, ought to get all the support that is reserved for supersonic jets and war. However, the meaning of conservation has been so dimmed by improper usage that it has lost some of its efficacy. Since conservation is in the public domain, it runs the political risk of having too many faces and facing in too many directions. Too often conservation has resulted in the conserving of nature not for its own sake, but for the sake of "public use." How is public use defined in any other way than in terms of public pressure?

Policy regulating the reconstruction of nature should not be formulated by a public no longer able to interpret or understand the old world. This responsibility would be better relegated to the sciences, biology and psychology in particular. These groups should provide the leadership in education and research that would bring about at least a pastoral reconstitution of man's landscape. Hay's book does not concern itself with a pristine wilderness into which human beings can escape. It is more concerned about an environment to be shared by man and nature, an environment created from the overriding concern of one form of life for another, a world in which man views nature as an essential associate rather than as a competitor or slave. Life, in its finality, is an endless series of mutually beneficial transactions. *In Defense of Nature* reaffirms Marston Bates's desire for man to learn the importance of sharing rather than abusing nature. When interaction and sharing cease, so does life. Man's welfare is assured if nature's welfare is provided for. This is the principal lesson to be learned from past association with the old world. Let us hope it is not the last lesson. —*A. C. Haman*

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Waiting for a "Prize" Prize Play

The 1969-70 theatre season in New York featured a great many plays on and off Broadway, and of a great many different kinds, ranging from revivals of comedies like *Harvey* and *Three Men on a Horse* to the experimental (and almost non-verbal) theatre of Jerzy Grotowski; it was distinguished most of all, perhaps, by the emergence of "black theatre," plays by Negro playwrights or plays about the condition of the black man in America. One can think of fifteen new black plays, at least, which excoriated the innocence of their generally white audiences; one of the most militant of these, but played to an almost completely Negro audience, ended with the audience on its feet cheering so wildly that a march in the street seemed the only logical sequel. The awards for theatre 1970, however, represent a cross section of various kinds of plays performed, rather than the best, the boldest, or most original plays that were produced. It is always a matter of considerable difference of opinion as to which plays are "best," for Off Broadway as well as Broadway is influenced by press agents and newspaper drama critics whose judgments are conditioned to correspond to those of suburban audiences. Clive Barnes of the *New York Times* has mellowed into a kind of stout geniality, and John Lahr of the *Village Voice* is perceptive erratically, so that he could review *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-In-The-Moon Marigolds* as if he had been permitted briefly to visit heaven.

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-In-The-Moon Marigolds was, in fact, chosen by the New York Drama Critics' Circle as the best American play of 1970. It is now being presented at the Mercer-O'Casey theatre in Greenwich Village, in a building, once a fine hotel, which has reached a really gorgeous stage of obsolescence, with great interlocking foyers festooned with gigantic, dusty crystal chandeliers. Its labyrinth-like corridors invoke the social history of the 1890's, the era when Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell dined at Luchow's. They now lead to another area of the floor where a revival of *The Dark of the Moon* is being performed in the nude. Mercer-O'Casey itself is an intimate Off Broadway house, and the night I attended the performance of *Marigolds* Shelley Winters was in the audience—a very appropriate presence, for the leading role, played by Sada Thompson, is tailor-made for Miss Winters. Sada Thompson is a fly-blown mother approaching a terminal stage of dowdiness and frustration; there are little cracks and fissures in her hard disrepair which reveal the beauty she once had, the hope she has lost. A cigarette hanging on her lip, Miss Thompson verbally lashes her two teenaged daughters, who are the scapegoats of her wrath and her fellow inmates in a private insane asylum.

You must add to this depressing scene an ancient boarder named Nanny who shuffles with unbelieveably short steps and with the assistance of a metallic walking frame into the parlor, where she will eat a bowl of gruel, oblivious of reality, and from time to time smile vacantly at the audience, while Miss Thompson addresses her with devastating sarcasm. Nanny's board of fifty dollars a week maintains this family of misfits: the mother who is known in the neighborhood as "Betty the loon"; the daughter Tillie, an awkward introvert sensitive to the beauty of science; a second daughter, Ruth, who is something like a cross between the two. What emerges in the play is the warfare between the mother and Ruth, with Tillie caught in the crossfire. As a project for a high school science class, Tillie grows marigolds from seeds which have been exposed to radiation. She is able to demonstrate that the seeds that have been strongly exposed to gamma rays grow into marigolds which are either dwarfed or do not survive. The success of the project, which wins an award at school, precipitates the play's catastrophe—revealing the mother to herself as a person permanently maimed by her background, and her daughters as stunted and emotionally injured by their mother. *Marigolds* concludes with only the faintest hope for the future; it ends virtually in darkness.

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-In-The-Moon Marigolds has dramatic force, and the performances of Sada Thompson and the others in the all female cast are solidly achieved. Judith Lowry, who plays Nanny, is hardly less than a marvel; she is like one of those afflicted and barely human figures in a Samuel Beckett novel. But the play seems torn between two kinds of theatre—the realistic-naturalistic theatre treating the frustrations of "common" people (Tillie is, in fact, rather too evocative of Laura in Tennessee Williams's *The Glass Menagerie*), and the theatre which goes beyond realism into Absurdism. If Nanny is out of Beckett, the other characters, particularly the mother, have the exaggerated and dehumanized quality of cartoons. The fault of *Marigolds* is not merely its too familiar borrowings from earlier drama or its arch contrivances of plot, but the inability of the playwright, Paul Zindel, to decide how he regards his characters. They are *almost* poignant, but their conception is too impersonal and they are too much like caricatures for one to feel compassion for them.

By contrast, the Broadway production of Brendan Behan's *Borstal Boy*

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is dominated by a convincingly real and human voice—that of Behan himself, with his queer and outrageous gift of gab. The production is an adaptation of Behan's autobiographical account of his teenage years in an English borstal (a prison for young men under eighteen), and has been translated for the stage by Frank McMahon, in association with the Abbey Theatre of Dublin, where it first appeared. It has received the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award for the best play of 1970. As a play, *Borstal Boy* is rather shapeless; in place of a formal dramatic structure, it is made up of a series of vignettes which flow into one another. The book *Borstal Boy* hasn't much form either, except for the author's having lived through a certain experience, and for its unity of tone and feeling. Behan's presence pervades the book —his realistic picturing of life in prison, his command of vernacular speech and penitentiary argot, his view of life that is scathing and satirical, and yet also generous and forbearing. Behan's play *The Quare Fellow* has this same kind of refusal to commit itself to great truths. A man is executed in an English prison, and the play ends; at the same time, and with an understated realism that brought Behan into prominence with Shelagh Delaney, another realist of the contemporary Abbey theatre, a whole sense of life and death in prison has been captured.

Borstal Boy is much the same; it doesn't have much point or ultimate meaning. It is something that happened. The play uses much of Behan's own language from the book, which is not always drawing-room English. "I'll do you, you bastard, see if I don't, you shit'ouse," one character cries. "Get stuffed, you bloody puff," the other answers. Behan sums up for them: "Compliments pass when the quality meet." The chief strategy of the play is the splitting up of Behan into two characters—one the Behan of adult years, a narrative voice, singer of ballads, and commentator; and the other, the sixteen-year-old Behan arrested as a dynamiter for the IRA while preparing to blow up an English shipyard, and sent to Walton Jail and then to Hollesley Bay borstal. The play ends with his release three years later, and his deportation from England to Ireland. In the meantime, we have the whole story of his borstal experience —the brutalities of prison life; the friendships and enmities among the boys; his quarrel with the priests who have excommunicated the IRA; the release of his mate, or china, Charlie Millwall, soon after killed at sea as a sailor; his own release that will lead, as the play does not indicate, to another ten years in and out of prisons.

Borstal Boy as a stage play misses some of the warmth and humanity of the book, and it peters out at the end in a way that, while a calculated effect in the autobiography, is anticlimactic on stage. The play, however, is carried by a strong cast and a really polished professional production. Niall Toibin, who plays Behan as an older man, is Behan's look-alike and is able to mimic his Celtic swagger; and Frank Grimes (whose brogue and personality dominate the whole performance) is Behan as a lad, fiery but vulnerable and tremendously appealing. *Borstal Boy* is not a great play, but it is diverting, in the very best sense, and it is only the honor bestowed upon it as the best play of the year that embarrasses the production. For truly, if this rehearsal of some rather formless experiences is the best theatre in New York this year, it does not say very much about the quality of new American drama being performed.

Yet the Pulitzer Prize-winning play of the season, Charles Gordone's *No Place To Be Somebody*, is even more dismaying, for it is one of the worst and bleakest plays in recent memory. The Pulitzer Prize committee, I believe, is not the boldest group going; one can picture its judicious membership, over their mock turtle soup at the Columbia Club, agreeing on entirely safe and flavorless dramas —and giving no prize at all the year in which they would have had to award it to Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* They have apparently given the prize to *No Place To Be Somebody* this season as a belated recognition of Black Theatre. *No Place* is, after all, about some place —America in the mid-Fifties, and the condition of the Negro at that time. It is, even more specifically, about the dead end faced by the Negro, about his thwarted need for place and position, and the treacherous byways he may travel in an attempt to achieve them. Johnny Williams is a young Negro proprietor of a West Village bar, and he is characterized almost solely by his ambition to rise quickly in the world by whatever means—by cruelty, brutality, even murder. He has the instincts of a cobra, without a cobra's more amiable qualities.

Mixed up in all of this are members of the Cosa Nostra, an ingenuous young girl with WASP credentials whom Williams seduces and exploits, her judge father once the servant of the Mafia, a pair of hookers, a mentally retarded white drummer, and other stereotypes. The play ends as Williams clashes with a Mafia prince, and amid much loud gunfire any number of people are killed. A moral emerges that Williams was corrupted away from the best ideals of his own people by an understandable desperation. Love and endurance, symbolized in the play by soul food and watermelon, are where the Negro's true greatnesses lie; he should cultivate these qualities and find his true *rapprochement* with the white man. It is difficult to know which is worse, the play's clumsy melodrama or its advice to the Negro to remain as simple as chitlins.

In any case, the prize plays of 1970 suggest that it is has not been an innovative year in the theatre, or a year in which life has been dealt with in a way that touches the heart or the mind. The theatre is still very much alive, and there is a great deal of exciting talent in New York; one only minds the sneaking dishonesty of mass media publicity, about all of those "great plays" you must not miss on pain of being found a rustic boor. It is, of course, possible to find truth, honesty, and even-handed justice in Manhattan. But you may die waiting.

—Robert Emmet Long

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